WEEK ENDING MARCH 2, 1929

5c

Liberty

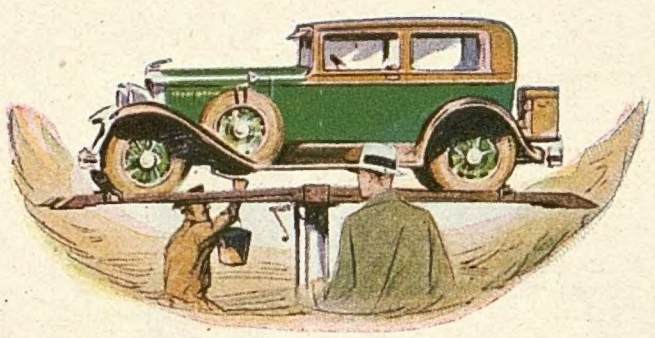
A Weekly for Everybody

Cuba Libre!

ABDULLAH ~ JANIS ~ BENEFIELD ~ HAMILTON ~ GREEN

Take ten minutes—now!

Your engine needs fresh, full-bodied motor oil. Drain out the old. Don't drive now with "winter-worn" oil in the crankcase. Diluted, thinned out by the choke, it no longer has sufficient body to lubricate fully . . . to protect pistons, cylinder walls and bearings.



Stop at the Texaco Red Star with the Green T. Ten minutes at most and you are on your way, crankcase drained, flushed and refilled with full-bodied, heat-resisting Texaco Golden Motor Oil . . . clean, clear, *pure.*

TEXACO
GOLDEN MOTOR OIL

For premium performance—no added price—use the *new* and *better* Texaco Gasoline. Sold in every State.

THE TEXAS COMPANY
TEXACO PETROLEUM PRODUCTS

No wonder the young wife is troubled..

often there is no one to whom she can turn

ALL TOO often the first happiness of married life is marred by shadows of doubt. The young wife is faced by the most serious question she ever met in her lifetime. A question *she* must answer—and answer alone. For it usually happens that she cannot trust the advice of others in a matter as vital as feminine hygiene. Even when her mother tries to be helpful, the daughter's fears are not put at rest.

This problem has long been a source of untold worry. Women of refinement are gravely concerned. They not only desire the daintiness that complete cleanliness gives. They actually feel the necessity for the safety it assures. But how can they accept the caustic and poisonous compounds so frequently used? And when more experienced women are just as undecided, just as fearful, is it any wonder that the young wife is troubled?

Why distrust filled the minds of thoughtful women

It is easy to understand why women were distrustful about the practice of feminine hygiene. The old-fashioned antiseptics would make any thoughtful person uneasy. They killed germs undoubtedly, but the physician shook his head as he explained their further action.

Much as he approved surgical cleanliness, he could not recommend the use of bichloride of mercury or carbolic acid in any of its various forms. And until recently these were the only germicides that were really powerful enough to be effective.

Zonite is safe and effective for feminine hygiene

Fortunately there is at last an antiseptic for feminine hygiene that is praised and acclaimed by everybody. Its name is Zonite and with its coming all risks have disappeared. Zonite clears away all doubts, removes all reasons for fear.

Zonite is effective but *not* caustic; powerful but *not* poisonous. It can do no harm to delicate membranes. It cannot deaden tissues nor form scar-areas. It does not interfere with normal body secretions. These are the dangers associated with caustic and poisonous compounds. These are the irreparable damages that have brought such discredit upon their use.

So many women have welcomed Zonite that it is now for sale at practically every drug store in the country, even in the smallest town or village. What a relief it is for these women! They have finally been blessed with a real germicide that stamps out germs, not merely retards their growth. *Forty times as strong* as peroxide of hydrogen. *Far stronger* than any dilution of carbolic acid that may be allowed on the body. Yet actually soothing to sensitive tissues.

And what a comfort it is to realize that there is no risk of accidental poisoning, particularly when little children play about the home. In fact dentists prescribe Zonite for a mouth wash and for general oral hygiene.

Send for the free book that answers all questions

There has certainly been a crying need for up-to-date, scientific information upon the whole subject of feminine hygiene. To meet this need "The Newer Knowledge of Feminine Hygiene" has been written. Frank. To the point. Absolutely authoritative. This free book contains all the facts and the detailed directions that cannot be given justice in any advertisement. Sent on request. Check coupon below and mail at once to: Zonite Products Corporation, 250 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y.

Use Zonite Ointment for burns, abrasions, skin infections or chapped skin. Also as a powerful deodorant in greaseless cream form. Large tubes, 50c.

Zonite takes the place of several other products

In many households, three or more antiseptics are in daily use. Zonite answers every purpose for which these different products are bought. Unlike other powerful germicides, it may be safely held in the mouth. Use for oral hygiene, sore throats, cuts and wounds, feminine hygiene, and wherever the menace of germs exists.

In bottles: 30c, 60c, $1
Both in U. S. A. and Canada

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250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Please send me free copy of the Zonite booklet or booklets checked below. 30-J

- ☐ The Newer Knowledge of Feminine Hygiene
- ☐ Use of Antiseptics in the Home

Name _____
(*Please print name*)

Address _____

City _____ State _____

(*In Canada: 165 Dufferin St., Toronto*)

"Your service could not be duplicated"
says the Gamble Robinson Co.
and with 80 *Internationals* they should know!

Perishable fruits, vegetables and groceries come from all over the world to the Gamble-Robinson Company of Minneapolis. They do a tremendous wholesale business in delicacies that must be delivered promptly. And so they operate a great fleet of trucks out of 62 distributing points spread over 7 northern states and into Canada.

For 15 years the Gamble-Robinson Company has been using trucks. Many makes have been tried, to find the one that would best stand the strains imposed by the severe northern winters —*and now* 80 *trucks of the fleet are Internationals.*

A report of the company's experience:

"In sending you a photo of our latest International we wish to express our appreciation for the efficient service which your organization has rendered us through your various branches in the Northwest and Canada, assisting us to operate our fleet of eighty International Trucks on a most economical basis during the year. We believe that the type of service you have rendered us could not be duplicated by any other truck manufacturer."

Thousands of owners — users in every type of business — will testify that the service delivered by Internationals would indeed be hard to duplicate. Use Internationals and you, too, will agree. We pledge all of our Company-owned branches to help every International owner get the utmost in hauling satisfaction from his trucks.

INTERNATIONAL

The International line includes the Special Delivery for loads up to ¾-ton; the 1-ton Six-Speed Special; 4 and 6-cylinder Speed Trucks of 1¼, 1½ and 2-ton sizes; Heavy-Duty Trucks ranging from 2½-ton to 5-ton sizes; Motor Coaches, and McCormick-Deering Industrial Tractors. Sold and Serviced by 172 Company-owned Branches in the United States and Canada, and dealers everywhere.

INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER COMPANY
OF AMERICA
(INCORPORATED)
606 So. Michigan Ave. Chicago, Illinois

INTERNATIONAL TRUCKS

MARCH 2, 1929

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

VOL. 6 No. 8

Editorial, Executive, and Advertising Offices:
247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y. Telephone: Ashland 4160.
Branch Offices—Chicago: Tribune Tower, Tribune Square. Detroit: General Motors Bldg. Boston: Rice Bldg. San Francisco: Kohl Bldg.
Please address all communications to 247 Park Avenue, New York City

"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong." —*Stephen Decatur.*

OUR COVERS

Some time ago it was discovered by comic artists on various newspapers that people are much more interested in continuous "strips," with the same characters day after day in different situations, than they were in the old type of comic whose daily joke had nothing to do with what had gone before. After a time we advanced from cartoons which merely kept the same characters to those which, nowadays, tell a connected story.

Along in 1926 a thought occurred to the learned editors of this publication. If the connected story idea goes well in a comic strip, why wouldn't it go well in a series of magazine covers? Three years of it have convinced us that on the whole the idea is a success. In general, people seem to like Mr. Thrasher's Lil and Sandy. But there is still some dissidence as to what they should be doing.

It is obvious that if you portray the day-to-day and week-to-week life of a young man and his wife and child, there must be tears as well as sunshine, frowns as well as smiles. Well, it has been astonishing, even in optimistic America, to note the complaints that come in from time to time regarding LIBERTY'S covers when something appears that is not all sweetness and light.

For example, when Lil was going to have a baby we had a number of complaints from anxious mothers who feared we were putting wrong ideas in childish heads.

Another time, when Sandy told Lil to go to h— (we didn't even spell it out on the cover) there was a flood of protests to the effect that this was indecent, un-American, etc., etc. Now we all know, folks, that husbands and wives *do* have quarrels. And the next picture showed a reconciliation. But the protests came just the same.

Again, we wanted to get Lil and Sandy to Florida for a little fun. We wanted to give them some money. We thought they had been poor long enough. The quickest way to give them money was to have Sandy's great-uncle die. The old gentleman was about ready to die, anyway. So he did—and people wrote that it was "depressing," "horrible," "opened old wounds," etc.

We don't understand why people are quite so Pollyanna-ish. If you are going to have life you must have hope and fear, birth and death, happiness and despair.

Sandy and Lil would be true to life if they were in the divorce court. That part of it we are leaving in doubt. They haven't been married long enough.

But why this great desire to escape the facts of life on a magazine cover? Magazines must have them inside. Without them you would have no contrast, and without contrast you have no art. Covers without them have merely the monotony of pretty girls and sunshine.

Perhaps this is not worth an editorial, but facts are facts. Children are born, old men die, and husbands do tell wives to—

Go to hell.

EDITOR'S NOTE—In Sidney Sutherland's recent article concerning the murder of Dot King it was not the intention of the author to cast imputation upon the integrity of Assistant District Attorney Pecora of New York.

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Cover by Leslie Thrasher

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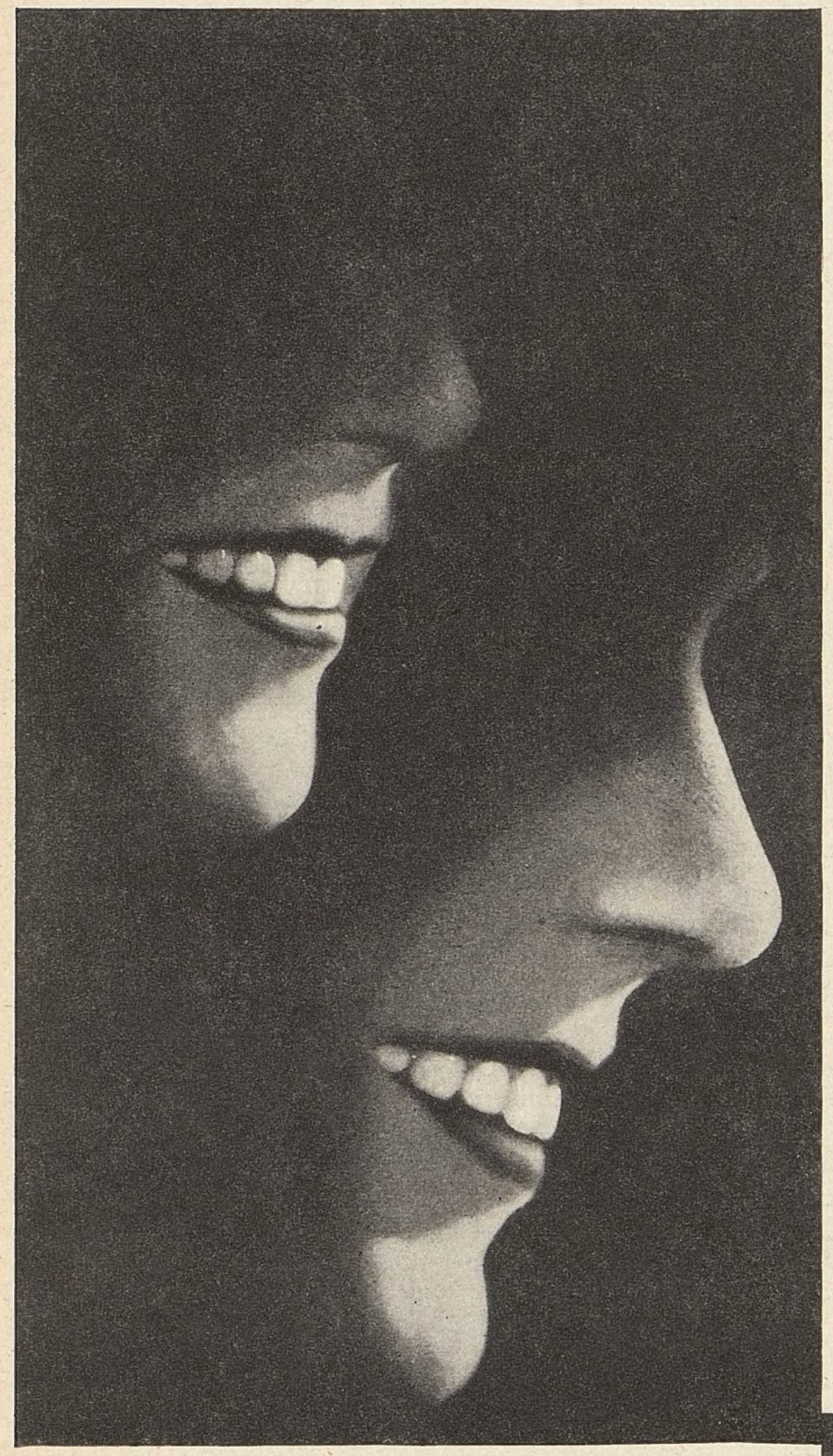
Five cents a copy. By mail, $2.50 a year in the United States, Canada, and Mexico. No subscriptions less than one year. Address Subscriptions, LIBERTY, 247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y. Allow four weeks for change of address.

Why this penetrating foam



CLEANS WHERE TOOTHBRUSH CANNOT REACH

In a dramatic way science now proves what millions of people know—that Colgate's cleans teeth better.

A scientist recently made an important experiment with toothpastes.

He measured their power to penetrate the thousands of tiny crevices which are found in normal, healthy teeth and gums.

He found that some dentifrices merely scrub the outer surfaces of the teeth. Others go partly down into the larger crevices.

Then he discovered that Colgate's has a higher penetrating power than any of the leading dentifrices on the market today.*

This is the secret of Colgate's remarkable ability to clean—it gets down deep into the hard-to-clean places where the toothbrush cannot reach; where ordinary toothpastes do not go.

Colgate's penetrating power is due to the fact that it contains the world's greatest cleansing agent.

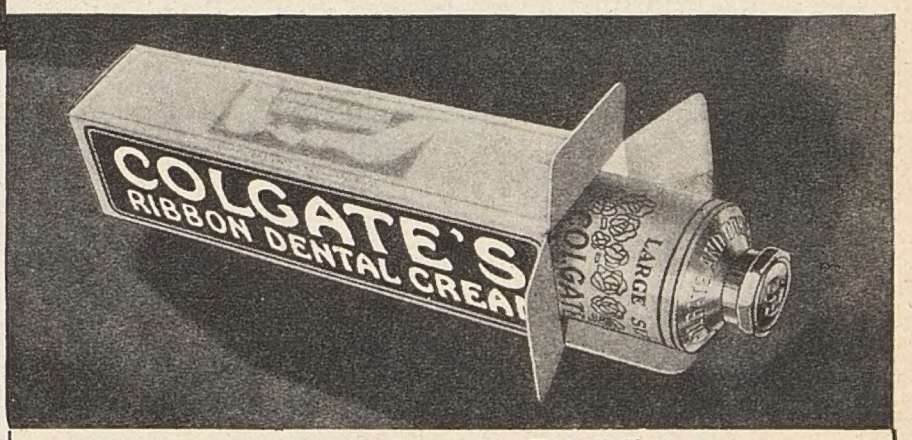
When brushed, this cleansing agent instantly bursts into a sparkling, snow-white foam that surges over teeth and gums. This foam possesses a remarkable property (low 'surface-tension') which enables it to go deep down into the tiny tooth crevices where decay may start. There, it dislodges clinging food particles and mucin, sweeping away these impurities in a detergent wave.

In this foam is carried a fine chalk powder—a polishing agent prescribed by dentists—which polishes the enamel safely, brilliantly.

Thus Colgate's cleans and beautifies; purifies and refreshes the entire mouth restoring natural loveliness of teeth and gums.

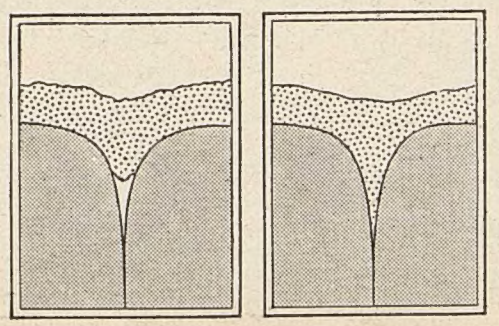
If you have never used Colgate's, please try it. Mail the coupon below for a generous free tube.

The function of a dentifrice is to *clean* the teeth. No dentifrice can cure pyorrhea; no dentifrice can correct an acid condition of the saliva; no dentifrice can firm the gums. Any claim that any dentifrice can do these things is false and misleading. The highest dental authorities support this statement.



*How Colgate's cleans where toothbrush cannot reach

Greatly magnified picture of tiny tooth crevice. Note how ordinary, sluggish tooth-paste (having high "surface-tension") fails to penetrate down where decay may start.



This diagram shows how Colgate's active foam (having low "surface-tension") penetrates deep down into the crevice, cleansing it completely where the toothbrush cannot reach.

COLGATE, Dept. B-1613, 595 5th Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Please send a free trial tube of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream, with booklet, "How to Keep Teeth and Mouth Healthy."

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The Breckinridge NECKLACE

The Story of a Girl Who Played with Love and the Law

By

ACHMED ABDULLAH

Pictures by FORTUNINO MATANIA

Mary Norton bent over the unconscious woman—slim fingers working to loosen the dress.

"SO you're back at your old tricks, eh?" demanded the stout, middle-aged woman with the South African twang and the decidedly unbecoming Joan of Arc costume, pointing an accusing finger at the young man who was dressed as a seventeenth century Puritan cleric—a quite good-looking young man with blue eyes, aquiline nose, and the kind of diminutive, honey-colored mustache which compels one's attention without losing one's respect.

He did not reply. He seemed ill at ease, listening with half an ear to the jazz that hiccoughed in from the ballroom of the Great Semiramis Hotel; the same hotel you see advertised in a dozen newspapers and magazines as:

THE RITZ
of the Orient!
Rising Fascinatingly,
Bewitchingly,
Luxuriously,
amidst
the Ancient Mosques, Turbans,
Scimitars, Perfumes, and Quaint Lore of the Near East!
Come to This Delightful,
Unique, Entrancing, Vacation Spot!
Enjoy Golf among the Regal Palms!
Play Tennis among the Camels and Elephants!
Come to Fulahistan, the Pearl of the Orient
—and Live!!

And although the hotel was owned by Messrs. Katrevapopoulos, Zadikadjian, and Hajjib, the first gentleman being a Greek, the second an Armenian, and the third a Syrian, the advertisement spoke the truth. There were golf and tennis. There were mosques, turbans, scimitars, camels, exotic scents. There were luxury, excellent cooking, and a bar that would have done credit to Chicago in its palmiest pre-prohibition days.

There was, finally, tonight—to wind up the season—a

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE BRECKINRIDGE NECKLACE]
Continued from page seven

fancy dress ball, with the entire lower floor thrown open for the occasion, while a number of smaller rooms and alcoves had been thoughtfully set aside for private supper parties, private love-making, or private quarrels—as in the present instance, with the woman insisting:

"Hear what I said, Freddie?"

"Right-o! But what do you mean?"

"You know jolly well what I mean. You flirted with all the zest of an undergraduate. You made love . . ."

"You wrong me frightfully, old sweet."

"I do not. I saw you—sitting out three dances with the little Norton girl."

"You must be shortsighted."

"Not as shortsighted as you hope."

"But, I swear to you . . ."

"What difference does *that* make?"

"Good heavens, Gwen! Would you doubt my solemn word of honor?"

"Every chance I get!" came Mrs. Halsted's uncompromising rejoinder.

"Oh . . . but I say . . . dash it all . . ."

"A lie in time saves nine—isn't that your motto, Freddie darling?"

LORD FREDERICK AUGUSTUS STANHOPE was silent for a moment. He helped himself liberally to champagne. It encouraged him, and he looked up, staring at his fiancée. She stared back at him, stonily, inexorably, with chilly, steel-gray eyes.

He knew those eyes and he quailed; in spite of the fact that, not ingloriously, he had seen service during the war in the Dragoon Guards; in spite of the further fact that he came of ancient, tough South of England fighting stock: the Stanhopes of Burleigh Wold who—to quote his own words—had "eaten Sussex mutton and drunk Sussex ale long before William the Conqueror stuck his ugly Norman beak across the Channel."

Still, there were those eyes. So chilly they were, so penetrating, and he groaned.

"Look here!" he began after a while. "Even suppose I made love to her . . ."

"Aha!" Mrs. Halsted interrupted triumphantly. "Then you admit it?"

"Well . . ."

"Do you?"

"Yes, yes. But it was a brotherly sort of love."

"Brotherly!" she echoed cynically.

"Call it what you dashed feel like." He was growing impatient. "Anyway, she didn't react worth a damn. Therefore no bones broken, eh what?"

"Aren't there, though! Remember our bargain?

"What bargain?"

A file of native soldiers tramped in, led by an Arab officer. They

"Our engagement."

Lord Stanhope was shocked.

"My word!" he exclaimed. "Holy matrimony-to-be! Blissful hymeneal wot-d'ye-call it! Voice that breathed o'er Eden! All that sort of very proper thing! And you—why you speak of a bargain . . . as if we were buying soap or ribbons or toy Pekingese or . . ."

"Don't be a sentimental ass, Freddie! Bargain. That's precisely what it was. My money against your title; and no flirting, no gadding about with other women." She raised her voice. "If you do . . ."

"I know," sighed Lord Stanhope. "No wedding bells for me and a penny in the pound for my creditors."

He refilled his glass.

bodies rigid, eyes staring, mouths gaping.

"Beastly sorry, old thing," he continued presently. "Forgive me, won't you?"

"I shall—this once more."

"Thanks awfully." He kissed her hand, and she smiled at him, quite affectionately.

"I like you," she said, "even if you are rather a dreadful little rotter."

"And I like you—even if you are rather . . ."

He slurred, stopped; and she demanded sharply:

"What?"

"Oh—rather colonial. Rather no end South African."

"Meaning?"

"Meaning you are—pardon me if I seem tactless—but you are rather a bit of a vulgarian."

"Oh"—indignantly—"how can you?"

"For instance—your costume tonight. Who ever heard of Joan of Arc sporting a diamond necklace?"

She fondled the necklace. "How do you like it, Freddie?"

"It's superb."

And it was. There were fifty evenly matched, four-carat stones, rose-cut, blue-white, and flawless. It was evidently an antique, the graceful, old-fashioned setting toning down the shimmer and glisten and glitter. It might have graced the neck of a queen or of a great Virginian lady of former days—had, in fact, done both in the past—and it seemed somehow out of place clasped about Mrs. Halsted's plump throat.

"How much is it worth?"

"It's insured for fifty thousand pounds."

"Good Lord! What an extravagant woman you are!"

"I didn't buy it. Henry got it."

"Oh! Your late lamented husband?"

"Yes. Shortly before he died. It belonged originally to an American, a Mr. Breckinridge from Virginia. It was a family heirloom of his. He wasn't very wealthy otherwise . . ."

"And then the poor blighter met dear old Henry and, I fancy, got into a business deal with him, and put up the necklace as security?"

"Yes." She laughed reminiscently. "Henry was such a smart business man."

Which was a mild way of putting it.

BORN not far from Oxford Street, in a particularly odorous London alley once known as Hog Lane, the late Mr. Henry Halsted's earliest recollections had had something to do with a bony, pimply-faced woman who had addressed him as "yer bleedin' little darlin' hyngel" in moments of alcoholic tenderness; had given him clouts on the side of the head when the barmaid over at the Rose and Elephant had put too much gin in her good-morning half pint of swipes.

At the ripe age of twelve he had run away from home and board school, had sailed before the mast for a number of years, arriving at Capetown at the high tide of the De Beers diamond boom. Promptly he had deserted ship, had joined the South African Argonauts who had pushed north to the veldt, and, to believe certain tales that were rampant in Lombard and Threadneedle streets, had laid the foundation of his vast fortune by the nefarious process called I. D. B.—illicit diamond buying—from thieving Kafirs and Cape boys working in the Kimberley fields.

By devious means and methods—coming frequently within hailing, though never quite within catching distance of the criminal law—he had caused to grow and multiply every farthing that had ever come his way. At fifty, he had been a multimillionaire. Still, he had not become a snob, either socially or financially. If unable to get a peer of the realm to split a magnum of champagne with him, he had not been above sharing a pint of gin with stoker or navvy; and if unable to pile up another million pounds sterling, he had not deemed ten thousand pounds, or a thousand, or as little as a hundred beneath his notice.

"All's fish that comes to net—chiefly suckers!" had been his commercial slogan; and thus, when he had met John .S. Breckinridge of Virginia, he had taken his measure at once, had done to him what he had done to many others.

A charming gentleman, this Breckinridge; rather eighteenth century in his actions and reactions; rich in pride and tradition, but poor in worldly goods except for his family heirloom, the diamond necklace, which had miraculously survived the storm and stress of post-Civil War reconstruction and depression, and which he had never been willing to sell.

The meeting between Virginian and Cockney had been like a meeting between the age of steel and the age of paper—with, of course, the age of paper winning out. A business deal proposed and accepted; the heirloom put up as security; and, presently, the American consulting an eminent British barrister.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE BRECKINRIDGE NECKLACE
Continued from page nine]

The latter had shrugged his shoulders; had replied:

"Mr. Halsted acted legally."

"He is a thief, sir!"

"He is a legal thief. The law cannot touch him."

So the Virginian had contented himself with horse-whipping the Cockney soundly—which, doubtless, had given him a good deal of moral satisfaction, but had not given him back the heirloom.

He had returned to Virginia; had died there not long afterward. Now Henry Halsted, too, was where his millions would hardly benefit him; and here was his widow wearing the necklace of the Virginia Breckinridges.

"Henry had meant to sell it," she told Lord Stanhope. "But death intervened and . . ."

"Pardon!" a metallic voice cut in.

They turned; saw a tall, gaunt Spaniard in the gaudy scarlet and yellow of a toreador, who had entered.

He bowed; added:

"My dance, I believe, Mrs. Halsted?"

"Yes, Don Sigismondo."

She took his arm and crossed the threshold with a parting word of advice to her fiancé:

"Remember our bargain, Freddie!"

"Absolutely, dear old trout!" he promised—to forget all about it a minute or two later.

For, going from room to room, he came on a young girl who was sitting by herself in an alcove, partly hidden from the ballroom by a screen of potted palms; an exceedingly pretty young girl in a Pierrette's black and white that brought out the gold of her bobbed locks, the ivory sheen of her small, oval face, and the depth of her bluish-black eyes.

"HULLO! Hullo! Hullo!" he greeted her. "How do you frightfully do, Miss Norton?" He sat down by her side.

"My word!" he continued. "If Romeo had seen you first he'd have torn up Juliet's address."

She laughed.

"Good thing Mrs. Halsted can't hear you."

"What's the idea of you bringing up such a tragic subject just when I'm beginning to enjoy myself?"

"Tragic? You mean . . .?"

"I mean Gwen!"—with British directness.

"But I thought you and she . . ."

"Yes," he sighed. "We're engaged to be married. And, really, I like her. She's jolly."

"And rich!"

"I'd like her even if she didn't have a penny."

"But if she didn't you wouldn't marry her."

"Of course not. Don't be silly. Why"—naïvely—"I need money, and I'm not one of your brainy lads. Anyway, I don't love her, so that's that. And if you should ask whom I *do* love—"

"I'm not asking you."

"Not a bit curious?"

"Not a bit."

"Very well." He paused; went on: "Extraordinary!"

"What is?"

"How devilishly I feel like kissing you!"

"Fast worker, aren't you?"

"Kiss whom you please, but please whom you kiss."

He took her hand. She withdrew it the very next second, whispering sharply:

"Look out!"

For just then Mrs. Halsted came tangoing past the alcove with Don Sigismondo; and, at once, the Englishman ducked out of sight.

A moment later Mrs. Halsted had disappeared and he sat up straight again.

"I wish she wouldn't dance," he commented.

"Jealous?" smiled Miss Norton.

"No. Æsthetic reason." And he explained ungallantly, "Makes her look so damnably like one of those broad-beamed Dutch frigates, sailing hull down before the wind. And then that enormous necklace of hers—fifty diamonds . . ."

"Oh"—the girl interrupted rapidly—"is she wearing the Breckinridge necklace tonight?"

"You know about it?" Lord Stanhope was surprised.

"Well"—she seemed slightly flustered—"I've heard of it. It's famous in America."

Quickly she changed the conversation.

"Amazing party, isn't it?"

"Top hole! Shows how up to date the Orient's getting to be."

INDEED, the fancy dress ball at the Great Semiramis Hotel did not differ essentially from many a fancy dress ball given perhaps that very night in Paris or Vienna, Berlin or Budapest; given, that is, by the more neurotic, more vicious, therefore more hidden social strata of almost any Continental metropolis.

The only difference was that nothing was hidden here—this being Maluk Salah, the capital of Fulahistan, a Near Eastern sultanate which still retained its independence.

You could buy opium by the pound and hashish across the bar. You could arrange with the head porter for the services of a professional murderer as easily, and nearly as reasonably, as you could hire a donkey boy. You could get whatever your desires dictated as long as you had the money. And you could get drunk as riotously as you wished, break the furniture, and beat up any one of the three Levantine gentlemen who owned the hotel—again, as long as you had the money.

But, otherwise, the party was just as it might have been in Berlin or Budapest.

The same electric blaze leaping about the same chandeliers. The same decorations, a pitiless medley of Peking, Cairo, Moscow, and Grand Rapids. The same confused reek of alcohol and overspiced food. The same sting of perspiring perfumes. The same stumble of tinny, insolent laughter. The same people in the same costumes.

A giddy grandmother advertising the fact that her legs were still slim, with the help of spangled, salmon-pink tights. Her youthful, sleek-haired gigolo, in a gorgeously embroidered mandarin robe, debating after the fifth Charleston with her if manual labor might not be an easier way of earning a living. Three young women, whose combined garb would not have been large enough to pass the New York theatrical censor, stalking a banker of international fame and culpability who, even in a Harlequin's patched motley, carried a check book in his hip pocket. A tourist from Kansas City, in Sioux blanket and war bonnet, splitting a quart with a French cocotte dressed as a lily. . . .

Many, many others. Twisting and turning and shoving and pushing about the waxed floor as once more the orchestra started its crazy, braying, syncopated jazz.

Yes. Jazz in the Orient.

Negroes on a platform, tossing their instruments in gleaming circles, swaying in their chairs, bobbing frantically up and down. Jazz—hiccoughy, jungly. Africa's sardonic gift—perhaps in fair exchange for whisky—to modern civilization. Africa translated by a Russian Jew, who musically should have known better, and filtered through Tin Pan Alley across the Atlantic and the Mediterranean.

"Tarara-a-a-a!" boomed the saxophones' triumphant hiccough.

And people kept on dancing; bodies gesticulating their hectic passions; faces glued together, contorted into stark grimaces of rapture.

"Tarara-a-a!"

So obvious—most of the men; and the women—most of them—even more obvious.

"Tarara-a-a-a-a-a-a-a!"

Dancing; drinking; yelling; making love discreet and indiscreet; and all paying handsome tribute in cash to the three hotel proprietors, while the latter, in their turn,

paid handsome tribute to His Royal Highness, Sultan Abdelkader Waly ed-Din, the ruler of Fulahistan.

A Sultan with an eye for business and not a single scruple. A Sultan who, as long as his revenue paralleled his extravagant mode of living, believed in running what used to be called a wide-open town in the good, or bad, old days. A Sultan who, though a direct descendant of the Prophet Mohammed, would have been judged brother-under-the-skin to the late Boss Tweed of Tammany and would have been hailed with open arms by the toughest Chicago gangster that ever tossed a pineapple. A Sultan who at this particular moment, in his palace at the other end of Maluk Salah, was having a rather heated argument with his Grand Vizier, Mustaffa el-Terek.

"Heaven-born!" said the latter. "I implore you, do not sign this paper!"

"I have already signed it, O creature."

"Then be pleased to tear it up. I have warned you . . ."

"And who are you, O son of a noseless mother, that you should warn me?"

"Are we not both Moslems?" Mustaffa countered with dignity. "Consider, Heaven-born! This mosque is an ancient and most sacred building."

"It is no longer in use."

"Yet none the less sacred!"

"We have an abundance of mosques. More than enough. And the hotel owners offer a most excellent rental."

The Vizier was deeply shocked.

"Ah!" he exclaimed. "A mosque turned into a dancing pavilion for foreigners, unbelievers . . ."

"Unbelievers who pay much money! Money which I need!"

"But the people of this land . . ."

"Wah"—arrogantly—"what do they matter to me? I am the ruler of Fulahistan. My will is law."

"Again I warn you, Heaven-born!"

The Sultan rose, livid with rage.

"Away, O brother to seven naughty sisters!" he shouted. "Away, O goat of a smell most goatish! Or your head on a pole and your heart to the vultures!"

"Insh'allah!" murmured Mustaffa resignedly; and he shrugged his shoulders, salaamed, and left.

IN the outer hall a green-turbaned Moslem priest was anxiously waiting.

"What has the Heaven-born decided?" he asked.

"He will not change his mind."

"You warned him?"

"I tried to. Can you quote wisdom to the buffalo about to gore you?"

"Then . . ."

"There is no other way, O son of Adam!"

And Mustaffa walked out of the palace, mounted his horse, and galloped straight to a squat, gray building not far from the Great Semiramis Hotel. Indeed, had they looked from the window in the alcove where they were sitting, Lord Stanhope and Mary Norton might have seen, shortly afterward, the Vizier enter the place; might have seen him come out a few moments later accompanied by half a dozen bearded, burnoosed natives.

Taking different routes, these half dozen men went all over town; and, wherever they went, certain words echoed and reëchoed, drifting through mazed bazaars and market places, through coffee shops and mosques and the brass-studded portals of small, whitewashed Moslem houses.

And presently there was the tramp-tramp-tramp of marching feet, the clatter of hoofs, the thunder of drums, the bull-like roar of long-stemmed trumpets, though in the Great Semiramis Hotel nobody heard—the jazz was too loud—the laughter and shouting too hectic—

The Sultan rose, livid with rage. "Away, O brother to seven naughty sisters!" he shouted.

On, in there, with the dance!

Sensuous pattern of swaying bodies. Blonde heads riveted against blue-shaven cheeks. Men and women gyrating in an ecstasy of desire and abandon.

"Top hole!" again commented Lord Stanhope.

"Tarara-a-a-a-a-a-a-a!" the saxophones' whining belch.

Louder. Ever louder.

THEN, suddenly, tragically, outside, a shot:

Crash!

A window splintered.

Another shot:

Crash!

Another and another:

Crash! Phutt! Crash! Phutt!

"Dear God!" cried Mrs. Halsted hysterically, falling in a faint directly in front of the alcove.

Lord Stanhope ran out to help her. So did Mary Norton. She bent over the unconscious woman — slim fingers working to loosen the dress—touching the Breckinridge necklace.

No longer gayety; but tragic, bitter surge of fear. People rushing about, panic-stricken, pressing, cursing, fighting, hurting each other.

"I say!" exclaimed a young Englishman, trying desperately to keep the flint in his eyes. "Why doesn't somebody—ah—'phone to somebody?"

"Oh—*misericordia!*" shrieked an Italian. "I shall complain to Mussolini!"

"Soldiers! We need soldiers!"

"*Ja natürlich!*" agreed a German. "Soldiers and cannons! Big cannons."

The Kansas tourist was pale, but kept his sense of humor. "Like an old-fashioned Fourth of July!" he observed while outside the rifle fire was drowned by an artillery salvo, an immense burst of sound waves like a giant beating a huge drum.

Again people rushing about crazily, aimlessly. Hungarian banker, exhausted, crying great tears, sitting down in an enormous silver punch bowl. Hebraic gentleman in kilts engaging in a fist fight with Roumanian gentleman dressed as Uncle Sam. Pierrot kicking cannibal queen in the shins. Napoleon bumping against, and swearing at, Miss Norton who was bending over Mrs. Halsted.

"Let's carry her to the alcove," she suggested to Lord Stanhope.

The man from Kansas lending a hand, they lifted the unconscious woman across the threshold. They rubbed her wrists and fanned her, while presently, in the main room, the hysteria of yells was succeeded by a worse hysteria of stark silence, the hysteria of rushing about by a hysteria of hopeless standing still, rooted to the spot.

Not long afterward, with the firing drawing farther and farther into the distance, the front door opened and a file of native soldiers tramped in, led by an Arab officer.

"Listen, ladies and gentlemen!" he said in excellent English.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE BRECKINRIDGE NECKLACE]
Continued from page eleven

They faced him, bodies rigid, eyes staring, mouths gaping with great, red slants; and he continued:

"A revolution against the Sultan has broken out. We of the revolutionary party have the whip hand. By tomorrow night there will be a popular government, and everything in proper order."

He went on that, for the next twenty-four hours, hotel guests as well as servants should consider themselves in strict quarantine. Nobody would be allowed to enter or leave. A cordon of soldiers would enforce this rule.

"For we want no accident; want no foreigner injured; want no European power to use it as an excuse"—he smiled ironically—"to increase its colonial possessions. Good night, ladies and gentlemen!"

And, followed by the soldiers, he left, while a wave of violent relief, violent reaction, surged over the ballroom. They laughed. They chattered. They jested. Champagne corks popped. Half a dozen love affairs were finished, another half-dozen begun. Gayety, the madness of febrile, bacchanalian gayety, invaded every nook and corner of the Great Semiramis; invaded the very kitchen where the pompous French chef forgot his professional dignity, balanced a scullery maid on his knee, and whispered to her of love.

"On with the dance!" cried the Hungarian banker.

The orchestra led away with sensuous syncopation.

"On with the dance!"

"On with the dance!" echoed Mrs. Halsted, who had regained consciousness.

She rose; thanked Mary Norton; thanked the man from Kansas; turned to Lord Stanhope:

"Let's Charleston, Freddie darling!"

Then suddenly, she screamed:

"Oh!"

"What's the matter, old thing?"

"My necklace—my diamond necklace—it's gone!"

"No!"

"Yes!"

"Good Lord!"

They searched in the alcove; in front of the alcove where she had fainted; found no trace. Commotion. Excitement. Lord Stanhope advising this, the man from Kansas that, only Miss Norton offering a practical suggestion: "Send for the hotel owners."

They came shortly afterward, the three of them, Greek and Armenian and Syrian. They listened sympathetically while the situation was being explained to them.

"I am sorry!" exclaimed Mr. Katrevapopoulos.

"I am desolate!" declared Mr. Zadikadjian.

"I am in tears!" chimed in Mr. Hajjib.

"But," exclaimed Mr. Katrevapopoulos, "what can we do about it?"

"We can do nothing," declared Mr. Zadikadjian. "Alas, nothing at all!"

"We have no responsibility!" chimed in Mr. Hajjib.

"Jewels must be put in the hotel safe!" added Mr. Katrevapopoulos.

They bowed politely. They shrugged eloquent shoulders. They gesticulated with hairy hands. And again the Englishman advised this, the man from Kansas that, and again Miss Norton took the helm.

"MRS. HALSTED fainted when the firing began," she said, "about fifteen minutes ago. I went to help her. I loosened her dress. Saw the necklace with my own eyes. Now it is gone. Thus—in the last fifteen minutes—either she lost the necklace and somebody picked it up, or it was stolen."

"You would have noticed!" interrupted Mr. Zadikadjian. "You were with her."

"So was Lord Stanhope. But we wouldn't necessarily have noticed a thing. There was such a turmoil. People stumbled over us, knocked us about. All were terribly frightened, and—which is the important point—nobody left the hotel while the shooting was going on. Didn't dare. So it's evident that the jewels are still here in the building. On the other hand, nobody is permitted to leave the place during the next twenty-four hours. Therefore, we'll get the necklace back."

"How?" asked Mr. Hajjib.

"Post a notice in the lobby."

"And accuse one of our guests—any guest—of being a thief? Impossible!"

"Don't say the necklace was stolen. Simply say it was lost. Suppose it *was* lost—and found by somebody."

"But suppose it wasn't! A thief—if thief there was—would keep quiet," argued Mr. Zadikadjian.

"All you have to do is spread word through the chambermaids, the other servants, the usual backstairs gossip channels that if the necklace is returned, no questions will be asked. If it is not returned, every guest and his baggage will be searched."

"Again impossible! We cannot insult our guests. It would ruin our business."

"You won't have to search them, actually."

"How then?"

"The warning itself will be sufficient to the guilty. And the innocent will not mind—will, in fact, feel safer because of it."

"Darned good bluff!" said the man from Kansas.

"Amazing bean you have!" exclaimed Lord Stanhope admiringly; and even Mrs. Halsted forgot her jealousy.

"I am so grateful to you," she told her; added: "I hope I'll get the jewels back. It was an heirloom."

"Of the Breckinridge family!" commented Mary Norton under her breath. She turned to the hotel owners: "You'll do it?"

"Yes."

SO the next morning they posted the notice and gave certain instructions to the servants, causing quite a little stir among the guests when they came down with splitting headaches and furry tongues, to order rather sketchy breakfasts consisting mainly of black coffee, brandy, and cigarettes.

"Extraordinary, isn't it?"

"Worth fifty thousand pounds!"

"We'll all be searched, my chambermaid informs me."

"How thrilling! I must put on my laciest undies!"

"Wonder who . . ."

"Not I! Though I would have been tempted."

"Publicity stunt, I fancy. Maybe she's an actress."

"Pulling the usual bilge. Stolen jewels."

"Made of paste, I wager!"

And more whispers and laughter as Mrs. Halsted entered the breakfast room to be met by Lord Stanhope who said to her:

"Straight back to bed with you!"

"But, Freddie . . ."

"Absolutely back to bed!" he insisted, leading her toward the elevator.

"Why?"

"Not a peep out of you, old turnip! You look pale. Yesterday's excitement, I fancy. Can't have you waggle about like a sick sheep with the mumps and—oh—break my heart."

"You're so thoughtful," she sighed happily.

"Thoughtful my left eyeball!" was the unspoken comment, while she retired to her room with a pound of candy, a box of cigarettes, and an armful of the more naughty French weeklies.

Immediately afterward he went on a hunt for Mary Norton and found her near the deserted back veranda.

"Been looking for you!" he announced.

"And *I* for *you!*"

"Good! Clear field. Sent the old girl to bye-bye."

She laughed; and he pointed to the veranda.

"Just the place for you and me," he continued. "We can watch the cunning little birdies and smell the wot-d'ye-call-'ems—honeysuckle."

"Have you been reading poetry, Lord Stanhope?"

"No. Been dreaming of you. Dreaming of you always makes me so dashed lyrical. Now"—as they sat down—"remember what I told you last night?"

"About?"

"About whom I really love. I've been thinking . . ."

"Yes?"

"May I be outspoken?"

"Please!"

"Are you rich?"

"B-but . . ." she stammered, utterly amazed.

"Thought you said I could be outspoken. Therefore —are you rich?"

"I'm poor."

"Poor from an American or a European viewpoint?"

"From a European viewpoint. Honest-to-goodness poor."

"Damn!"

"What has my poverty to do with you?"

"Lots. I'm poor myself. How, with both of us poor, are we going to live?"

"We?"

"You and I. Together."

"Is this a proposal, Lord Stanhope?"

"Sort of."

"But Mrs. Halsted . . ."

"Oh"—cheerfully—"I'd give the old girl her marching orders in no time if you had money. Are you sure you haven't?"

"Quite."

"Rotten bad luck! Because —well—I love you. Upon my word I do!"

He said it naïvely, sincerely; and she smiled. In a way she liked him.

She did not reply; and, after a pause, he went on:

"Never mind the money. I can't give you up. I'm mad about you. I'll go and get me what you Americans so quaintly call a job, and perhaps my uncle, the Duke, will kick through with a check for a wedding present and . . ."

"I don't love you!" she interrupted.

"You may change your mind."

"I won't. Besides," dropping her voice to a whisper, "even if I did love you I could never be your wife."

"Why not?"

"Because—and that's what I meant when I told you a while back I was looking for you—I have a confession to make."

"Oh!"

"I—I am a thief."

"Don't be silly!"

"A thief!" she repeated. "I tried to bluff it through —tried to get away with it."

"With—for heaven's sake—with what?"

"With Mrs. Halsted's necklace. I stole it when she lay in a faint."

"I don't believe you."

"Don't you? Look!"

SHE opened her pocketbook and he saw there a shimmer and glitter and glisten.

"Good Lord!" he demanded. "What did you do that for?"

"Oh—temptation. I am so poor. I've just enough money to settle my hotel bill and pay my fare back to New York." She gave the necklace to him. "Take it! Please, please—do it for me! Remember—no questions asked if it is returned!"

He slipped the jewels in his pocket.

"Very well."

"So you see," she went on, "I could never be your wife."

"You are right." He spoke with sudden dignity. "I'm rather a rotter. I know it. But, no, I couldn't marry a thief. And yet, dash it all, I love you just the same."

She smiled.

"Freddie," she said, calling him by his Christian name for the first time, "you *are* a dear!"

And she kissed him.

It was several weeks later that Mary Norton stepped into a crowded express elevator of the Mammoth Building on West Forty-seventh Street. She was glad to be home—she had returned three days earlier—glad of the tense, bustling American business world of which she was a part.

She got out, rather, pushed, jerked, elbowed her way out at the seventeenth floor, walked down a long corridor, and opened a door marked:

M. NORTON—
DETECTIVE AGENCY

In the reception room a young woman, very shingled, very blue-serge smart, looked up at her from behind a mahogany railing and said:

"Mrs. Breckinridge is up from Richmond."

"Is she here?"

"In your private office."

Mary Norton crossed the farther threshold. A frail, elderly woman rose and came up to her with outstretched hands.

She spoke in a soft Virginian drawl: "I received your telegram. Is it really true?"

"Convince yourself."

MARY NORTON opened a small safe, took out a package, and undid the string. The Breckinridge necklace was there.

"I am so deeply indebted to you!" The older woman was almost in tears. "Ah, you have no idea. . . . It isn't the value of the thing . . . it's . . ."

"I know. An heirloom. The tradition and pride of it."

"Yes, yes. And—the bill . . ."

"Will be mailed to you the end of the month. Lucky, wasn't it, that you had a paste duplicate that I was able to exchange for the real jewels?"

"Yes. You must give me Mrs. Halsted's address. I shall write to her; thank her for her generosity."

"No!" Mary Norton interrupted hurriedly. "Promise me you will not write to her, not a word. Nor ever mention the subject to a single soul. She—she doesn't wish to be thanked. Doesn't want the subject referred to by anybody. Perhaps"—with a fleeting smile—"she doesn't like people to know that her own necklace is an imitation. You see she *is* a nouveau riche."

"Very well. I shan't say a word. And thanks again, a thousand times!"

Mrs. Breckinridge left; and, later in the day, Mary Norton said to her confidential secretary:

"If ever Mrs. Halsted finds out that the stones are paste, I wager she'll accuse the late Mr. Halsted of having made the substitution. You see, he was such a crook . . ."

Miss Reilly gave a little laugh.

"What would you call your own—oh—method? The way you got the necklace?"

"Quite against the law! And quite, quite proper! After all, Mrs. Breckinridge *ought* to have the necklace, and . . ."

"She *has* it!"

"Exactly!" agreed Miss Norton.

"But there is still a certain danger."

"How?"

"If Lord Stanhope discovers that . . ."

"He won't tell Mrs. Halsted. Two reasons. The first is that he—well, he cares for me. And the second is that I've got too much on him."

She looked at a sheaf of notes on her desk; went on:

"Take this letter, Miss Reilly."

THE END

NEXT WEEK—

Beatrice Grimshaw

tells a bizarre tale of terror—

The Blanket Fiend

BEATRICE GRIMSHAW

Walton Green

contributes

Prohibition "As Is"

—the plain facts about one man's experience as an enforcement officer

ELLIOTT WHITE SPRINGS

Elliott White Springs

offers a sparkling short story—

The Frame-up

Jack of All Maids

Being a Record of Certain Things Mr. Barrymore May Have Forgotten

By Elsie Janis

Elsie Janis, the author.

TWENTY years' devotion—
It sounds dull, but that all depends on how diligently you work at it.

In picking John Barrymore for my first love, I maintain that I started where most girls would be delighted to finish. Please don't think I'm being coy when I say I was only a kid, for years, after all, mean nothing when you are ambitious—and I was all of that. I don't believe any woman has written her Barrymorean memoirs as yet—but amateurs rush in where experts fear to tread. So here goes. . . .

I say he was my first love. I hasten to add that he will probably be my last—for once you start loving any of the Barrymores you find that, like jungle fever or lumbago, "it" comes back on you every now and then.

Before you take me too seriously and imagine that the real answer to my consistent celibacy is about to be given, let me assure you that this story is supposed to be humorous and that one customer whom I hope to amuse—is the younger Barrymore himself.

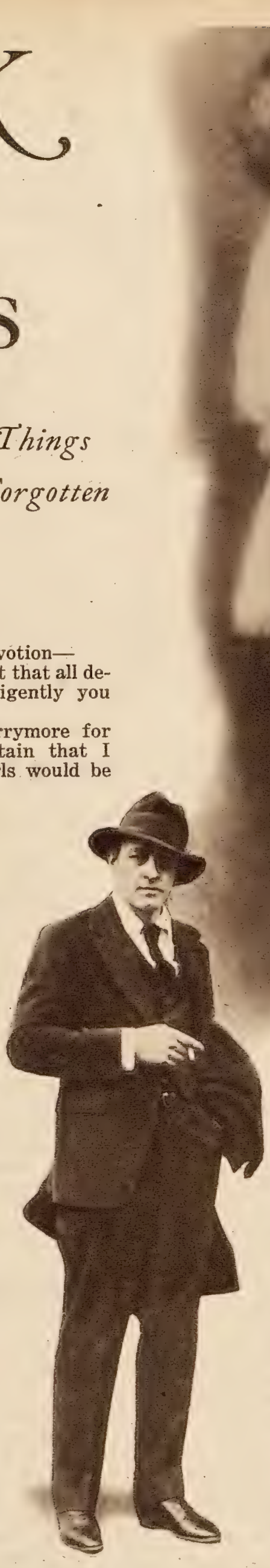
I can't remember where we first met, but, wherever it was, I'm sure that to me Jack was just Ethel Barrymore's brother.

He never remained just that for long. It may have been his entrée in those days, but, before he made his exit, the young man had usually done something to distinguish himself—not always advantageously. His wit, then as at present, though well polished and smooth, cut now and then. He was strangely frank, even when he couldn't afford it.

In my diary of 1909 I find these lines:

"Chicago. Nothing exciting, except Jack Barrymore is in town."

Of course, today, they have machine guns out there, but in those days John



Int. Newsreel

Melbourne Spurr

One of the good reasons for John Barrymore's $300,000 a year: his profile. At the left: all six feet of him.

Barrymore was known to be almost as devastating and not half so noisy.

The next day my diary reports:

"Went to Rector's. Jack Barrymore was there. He came over to our table. He is wonderful."

Imagine my knowing it so quickly!

JACK was playing in A Stubborn Cinderella. As far as I know this was his one and only dash into the realm of musical comedy. And, as far as he was concerned, it was much more comedy than musical. He nourished an infinitesimal and silky mustache in those days, with which he toyed—much in the same nonchalant manner that has since helped to make Adolphe Menjou what he is today.

I remember well that it was almost a year before I could believe that a man's face without a "fitting" had any charm.

We saw a great deal of Jack that season, and though he has undoubtedly

[CONTINUED ON PAGE SEVENTEEN]

Enjoy refreshment and be refreshed for enjoyment

The Coca-Cola Company, Atlanta, Ga.

SOME part of each day is spent in waiting, when time drags and dulls the edge of anticipation. Then is the time for a refreshing drink—to enjoy refreshment and be refreshed for enjoyment. ▼ ▼ "Refresh yourself" has come to mean "Drink Coca-Cola." That tingling, delicious taste and its cool after-sense of refreshment have made it the one great drink. All the world knows that its natural purity and wholesomeness are protected by the highest standards of manufacture. ▼ ▼ Enjoy it at home as millions do at soda fountains. Order from your grocer and serve it ice-cold from the family ice-box.

THE BEST SERVED DRINK IN THE WORLD

A pure drink of natural flavors served ice-cold in its own bottle—the distinctive Coca-Cola bottle. Every bottle is sterilized, filled and sealed air-tight by automatic machines, without the touch of human hands—insuring purity and wholesomeness.

IT HAD TO BE GOOD

OVER 8 MILLION A DAY

TO GET WHERE IT IS

For 30 years pianist cries "Encore!" to his favorite pipe-tobacco!

1035 Geary St.,
San Francisco, Cal.
August 8, 1928.

Larus & Bro. Co.,
Richmond, Va.

Dear Friends:

I have been a very heavy pipe smoker for the last thirty years, and have always used Edgeworth Tobacco (Plug Slice) and find there is no other tobacco like it for a cool and well flavored taste.

I am in the vaudeville business, and have traveled all over the world with my brother, and always have had very great pleasure in recommending your tobacco; and many a time I have had to pay double the price in different countries for it, but I would sooner do that than smoke anything else, as I have tried all different brands. I generally buy a one pound tin and roll it up, and believe me, gentlemen, it is real tobacco.

With best wishes from
Yours sincerely,
Sam La Mert
(La Mert Brothers' Piano Novelty Act)

Heavy pipe-smoker finds soothing harmony in this cool, well-flavored smoke

IF we are any judge of world-traveling pianists, Mr. Sam La Mert knows his notes—and knows, too, after thirty years of smoking, a sweet note in pipe tobaccos when he strikes one.

Like other members of the Edgeworth Club—musical or otherwise—he has found that Edgeworth Pipe-Tobacco contains that certain "something" —that likable quality which makes you cry for an encore pipeful.

There's only one way to find out whether Edgeworth sounds the right note in *your* pipe. That is—try it. Let us send you, free of charge, some trial pipe-loads of Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed and Edgeworth Plug Slice.

Simply write your name and address to Larus & Bro. Co., 40 S. 21st Street, Richmond, Va., and you will receive generous helpings of both. If you like them, go and buy a tin of Edgeworth. It will be just as good as the samples; and so will each succeeding tin—for the flavor of Edgeworth Tobacco *never* changes.

Both Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed and Edgeworth Plug Slice are sold in various sizes from pocket packages to pound humidor tins; and also in several handy in-between sizes. "Plug Slice" Edgeworth is packed in thin slices—for smokers who like to "rub up" a pipeful at a time.

On your radio—tune in on WRVA, Richmond, Va. Wave length 270 meters. Frequency 1110 kilocycles. Special feature: The "Edgeworth Club" Hour every Wednesday evening at nine, Eastern Standard Time.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FOURTEEN]

known women with more fascinations, I'm sure he never knew one with more relatives.

One night he took me to supper, chaperoned by one Mother, two Aunts, one Cousin, one Leading Man, and a Business Manager. He couldn't afford it then. Of course, now that he has annexed about $300,000 a year—and I have learned that if three is a crowd, eight is a "supper production"—he doesn't invite me, but that's another story.

At least four of the party who ate a large slice out of his bank roll told Mother it was obvious that I was very much in love with Jack, and added that it was a dangerous business. Our "little lily" must be protected from the bold, bad Barrymore. Young girls, after all, are so susceptible to evil influences, etc., etc.

Jack's evil influences consisted of bringing me, one day, a wonderful copy of The Ancient Mariner with illustrations by Doré, and the next day an original edition of The Girondists, which we read aloud with Mother sitting in the next room. Yes! We kept on reading out loud.

In those days people rode around in automobiles for pleasure. We had a big Thomas Flyer which seated seven, and how! Jack used to be sandwiched in between Mother and me, while friends and relatives filled the other places, very often taking their first ride in a motorcar!

As I look back I marvel at the beauteous Barrymore wasting his time on a half-baked and entirely surrounded young person. Maybe he was taking a rest cure. We used to spend a lot of time on the telephone, a habit that since has grown on me until, today, I claim to be the undefeated champion of long-distance and long-winded telephone conversations.

My record is two hours and thirty-three minutes from Tarrytown to New York City, and one hour and twenty from Chicago to New York.

A screen Adonis scores as a monster: John Barrymore in the film Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde.

THERE was a very nice young man in Chicago during that unforgettable season, who was what one might call "runner up" and who, though he quite saw Mr. Barrymore's undisputed charm, and absolutely believed in his histrionic ability, resented thoroughly his "telephonic invasions."

Every time this nice young man would call, it seemed odd to him that the telephone would ring and the young person with whom he was discussing Hockey, Skating, Football, and other safe sports would disappear, while he would stroll about the room idly, hearing now and then the gurgles, whispers, shrieks, and long silences that are part of a "telephoniac's" existence.

"Elsie," he said to me one evening, "will you do me a favor?"

"Sure!" I answered. (Just a big-hearted little girl.)

"Will you," he continued, "tell Barrymore not to telephone when I'm there tonight? I want to talk to you and—"

"Jack will think that funny," I interrupted.

"I don't care what he thinks as long as he doesn't try to tell you tonight."

My nice young friend seemed quite serious.

I tried tactfully to explain to Jack, who, as usual, was about ten jumps ahead of any situation.

He was greatly amused, but agreed not to telephone.

That night, after the play, we were sitting in our living room. My nice young man had a lot of ideas and without interruption he was placing them, one by one, no phone call to cramp his style. Mother, who liked the young man very much, was playing cards in the next room and had closed the door. (What is known as giving the young folks a chance.)

Everything seemed perfect. A knock at the door leading into the hall. The nice young man scowled. My heart did a back flip.

"Come in," I said.

A bell boy handed me a note.

I knew the handwriting. I knew well that those notes invariably were amusing little cartoons that Jack drew so cleverly.

"Excuse me," I said.

My nice young friend sighed. He had almost finished what he had wanted to say, but not quite. He never did finish it, for there is nothing like laughter to crush sentiment.

THE cartoon was a perfect one of the nice young man kneeling at my feet ardently asking for my heart and hand, etc., while I, with eyes cast down, was apparently listening to reason.

On the wall hung a telephone which was madly ringing *brrs* and sparks denoting bell noises, while down in the corner was a most perfect likeness of Jack himself in a telephone booth, trying to get a number, while words slightly soiled but not unfamiliar were leaping from under the tiny mustache.

Not a word of writing—but an entire dictionary of words strung together by any monarch of prose could not so beautifully have sent the nice young man's ideas back to wherever they came from.

Time came for Jack to go to New York. Only the fact that I was following shortly kept me from throwing my rather gangling torso into the overcrowded Chicago River.

The sight of a Barrymore prancing about in a minuet, as a bewigged Prince Charming, didn't impress New York too much, so A Stubborn Cinderella did not remain on Broadway as long as the name might suggest. However, Jack was still there when I arrived a month later and I must drop back to a line I managed to decipher in my diary.

"New York—Jack came up. He looks well, but I think I am over it."

Little optimist! The truth probably was that Jack was tired of reading aloud.

My show was a success and I, having had a taste of expert tutoring, was adding a few new courses to my education. Just when I would imagine I had found a new and satisfactory teacher, the Maestro would stroll into the picture, and we would pick up The Ancient Mariner just where we left off. The Albatross, after all, is a fascinating bird!

Since those days I have met men with whom I have talked more, danced more, flirted more, and even grieved more, but never one with whom I have laughed more. My imitation of Sister Ethel was considered rather uncanny. Jack used to say, "Do me!" and I, dragging one of my curls across my mouth as a mustache, would stand beside him in front of a mirror, the two of us mugging and doing imitations of dear "Uncle" John Drew.

It's odd that, after all my years of devotion, the reward should evidence itself. You see, in a way, Jack helps to support me now. Don't misunderstand. I only mean that my impression of him is about the most

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY]

MAYOR WALKER CHRISTENS AS NEW YORK THRONGS

15 Cars, 19 Pilots Start Gruelling Transcontinental Run

Carry Nation's Good Will Greetings Across Country to Los Angeles' Mayor

60 Goodrich Tires Bear Brunt of Coast-to-Coast Battle Against Roads

Massed thousands craned curious necks and watched in City Hall Park . . . Mayor James J. Walker of New York City, lifted the traditional bottle . . . Fifteen cars, gleaming in new, fresh dress of silver paint, stood waiting, engines throttled down.

Crash! The bottle smashed on the radiator of the foremost car. A cheer rose from thousands of throats.

The Silver Fleet was christened!

Little time was spent in ceremony. Mayor Walker shook hands with the fleet commander. Signed New York's "good will" greeting to the Mayor of Los Angeles.

Pilots slid behind their wheels. Engines hummed a higher tune.

Then, one by one, like airplanes taking off, the cars wheeled into line, swung away on the first leg of a journey lasting many months . . .

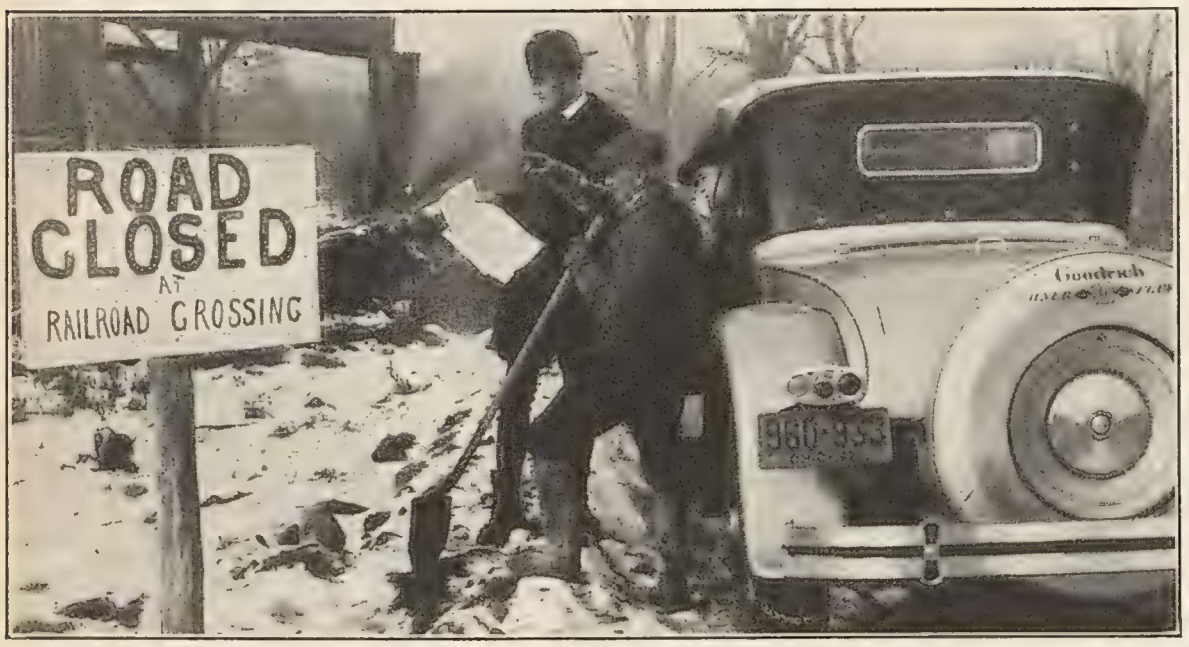
Dramatically, thus began the most thrilling endurance demonstration any manufacturer has ever undertaken.

Not a demonstration of cars . . . but of the tires they roll on!

Not a single car . . . but fifteen . . . stock models of the leading makes.

A dramatic performance run . . . to demonstrate stamina . . . wear . . . durability . . . in the face of overwhelming odds.

CRASH! THE FLEET IS New York ceremony snapped just traditional bottle over the Flag-



"BETTER GO THIS WAY!" *A native advises a better route . . . but the pilots can't be swerved from their course. A closed road means a tough road . . . so the Fleet rolls on! That's just the kind of going they're looking for.*

Down the Atlantic Coast to Florida, the fleet will swing. Around the Gulf to New Orleans. Across Texas, New Mexico, Arizona . . . into California.

Then back . . . in a zig-zag course across the country, that multiplies the continent's width many times.

Months of the most gruelling tire punishment the Fleet pilots can find.

Through every climate, every weather, the country knows. Over roads the nation boasts about . . . and over back trails where only trouble is encountered.

Through slush and snow, rain and mud. Ice-sharpened ruts and glassy-wet asphalt. Cold and snow in the mountains. Heat and sand in the desert. Good roads . . . bad roads . . . no roads . . . but always plugging on, de-

THE SILVER FLEET CHEER OFFICIAL SEND-OFF

CHRISTENED (above). Here's before Mayor Walker broke the ship of the Silver Fleet.

liberately seeking the hardest test of man and car and tire . . .

And why?

Simply that you and your fellow motorists everywhere may have brought home to you . . . conclusively! . . . the sort of stamina that is built into every Goodrich Tire!

That you may follow, month after month, the record of Goodrich Tires *under far harder service conditions than you will ever have to face!*

That you may see, in short, proof of the unsurpassed dollar value of the tires bearing the Goodrich name.

Talk to your Goodrich dealer about the Silver Fleet. Ask him about its schedule . . . when it will arrive in your city. See the same tires that the Silver Fleet rolls on . . . identical casings directly from his stock. Let him point out why Goodrich can undertake such a tour.

Then when the Silver Fleet rolls in . . . be on hand! Pick out the companion car to the one you drive. Talk to its pilot. Watch his demonstration. Ask him about the conditions he has had to face . . . and contrast them with your own.

Lieut. H. R. Schaeffer, Fleet Commander

In the meantime, you can follow the thrilling progress of the Silver Fleet in the pages of this magazine.

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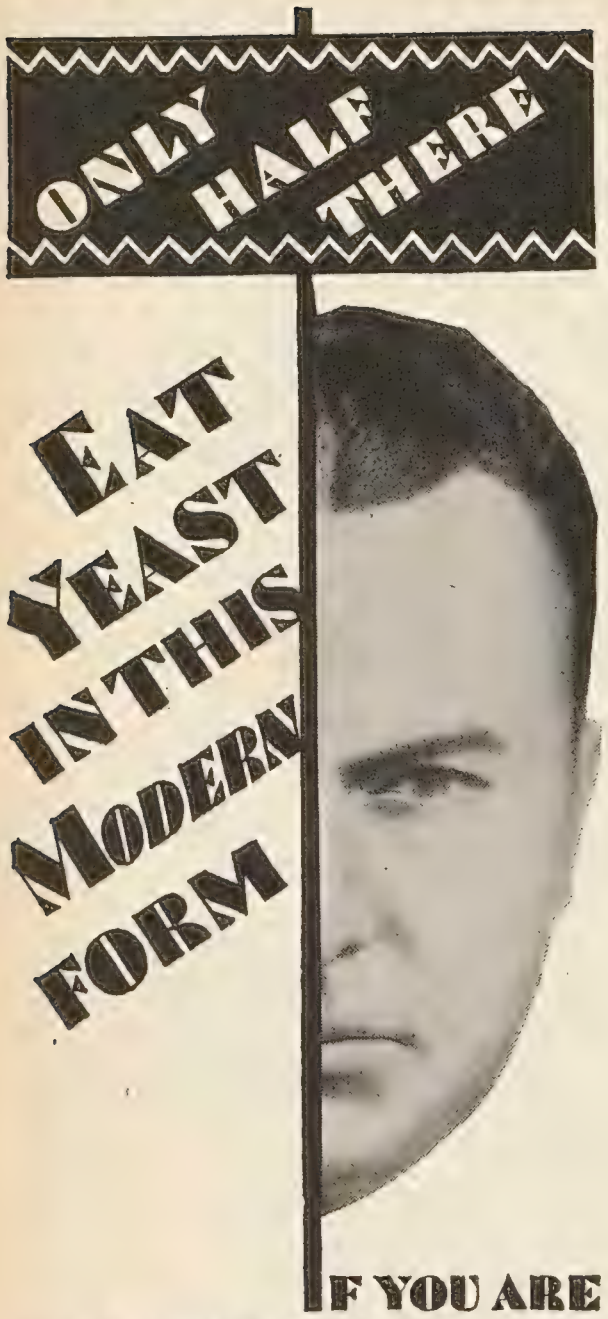

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Eat these tablets of pure yeast for constipation, indigestion, skin disorders, "nerves," run-down conditions. As to their quality and effects it is enough that this yeast is used by leading universities and by the U. S. Government in their Vitamin B studies.

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[JACK OF ALL MAIDS Continued from page seventeen]

popular one I give nowadays. When Jack saw me do it last season, he said, "Do you think your Mama knew my Papa?"

I had to admit that Mother had told me of seeing Maurice Barrymore once, back in Columbus, Ohio, and dreaming about him for weeks. Maybe dreams do come true. The only catch in that theory is that they say I look like Will Rogers, too—and he is supposed to be an Indian. Oh, well! It's getting too involved. Let's go back to Jack. I always do.

AFTER proving that, if he wanted to do so, he could light up most any musical comedy, and, I imagine, raising his salary quite a bit, Jack began to step into the niche which seemed to belong to him by right of name and ability: that of America's leading young light comedian.

Years were dashing by, as is their rather depressing habit. We met now and then, here and there, always able to continue our conversations started at a former meeting. Here my memory makes an exception and contributes an item which, at the time, seemed too unhappy to be believed. Jack got married. The blow was softened a little by his coming to tell me of his intentions.

My feelings toward the bride-to-be were heartily hostile, and then Jack, with his unfailing sense of humor and his equally invisible sense of shame, took the apartment underneath us down in Gramercy Park, and brought his bride there.

I now had another reason for loving Jack: his wife. She was a darling and we became great pals. She and I used to discuss him, sometimes favorably, then again bitterly—according to how he was behaving. Jack now was coming over — dramatically! Regeneration, Peter Ibbetson, and other triumphs. Just like him to step from leading comedian to leading tragedian in a season!

More years volplane by. We live at the old Manor House — Philipse Manor. On Sundays the Barrymores come out. Other guests are Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks. There is chatter about how wonderful Jack would be in the films.

It seems such a little while, when I return from one of my thirty-four trips to Europe and find that he has made one of the best films of the year: Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. It is understood that he is undoubtedly a Cinema King.

I think he is set. I turn my back. Several big events are taking place, including a war. Another year. I return from Europe. (Notice I always return.) A depressing rumor is afloat: Jack Barrymore is going to tackle Hamlet. His enemies gloatingly murmur something about his Waterloo. His friends tremble apprehensively and I tremble most of all.

I don't dare go to the first night. I can't bear to see the debacle. After the performance I hang about the famous Algonquin Hotel, waiting to ask someone how it was.

John Barrymore in the scene from the movie, Tempest, that made Elsie Janis weep.

I don't get a chance to. The swinging doors whirl and crowds of maniacs rush in, raving. "The greatest Hamlet!" they shout. "Not the greatest Hamlet since anyone — just the greatest."

For two weeks after I saw Hamlet, I went about the house posing in front of mirrors as John Barrymore. Jack of the same name was buried beside the Albatross.

Barrymore to play Hamlet in London? My incredulous eyes popped. An American going to throw Shakespeare right into John Bull's rather prominent teeth. "Is there no limit to the man's courage?" I thought. But I was not afraid for him. He only played a few months, but such an idol did he become that the last time I played there I announced my impression of him to great applause. And when I took my position and assumed the Barrymore frown, they cheered.

LAST spring, on the train en route to California, I said to myself very confidentially: "Hey! Hey! I shall see Jack—beg pardon, John."

I spent the summer there. I saw him twice—once at a large party given for a celebrity. We talked vaguely. He appeared to be nervous and distrait.

"I'm going to duck," he said in a most un-Shakespearean tone.

And he did, before the guest of honor arrived.

"He looks old," I whispered—again favoring myself with my conversation. "How could I ever have thought . . .?"

The celebrity arrived and I forgot John Barrymore and Jack.

The day I was leaving California, an attractive old *roué* of eighteen named Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., said, "Let's go over to the studio and say good-by to Dad and Mary."

"Barrymore's working today," somebody said, as if it was a great event. "Want to watch him?"

Doug Jr. said, "I don't care." I answered, "I've been doing it since before you were born." I really didn't care.

On the set we found crowds of Russian Cossacks surrounding a handsome young man whose tight-fitting uniform clung to his slim and muscular figure like a vine.

"Camera!" the director yelled. We tiptoed in and stood watching. A brutal officer walked up to the young man and tore his decoration off. The young man's firm chin was well in the air. His blue eyes stared straight ahead, tragic and unflinching.

"Your sword!" the brutal officer yelled.

The young man gave it to him.

The metal snapped. The officer had broken the sword across his knee.

The young man shuddered slightly but did not move. Two great tears escaped from the blue depths of his eyes and rolled down his cheeks. The young man was being brave. He did not dare cry.

Well, there was no camera on me, so I cried.

"Cut!" yelled the director.

The young man brushed a tear off his cheek, and turned.

"ELSIE!" he cried, literally leaping toward me. "Why don't I see anything of you?"

"I don't know. I'll bite! Why?" was on my tongue, but I said, "That scene was splendid, Jack."

"Thanks," he said. "This damn collar is choking me. Say, I want you and Mama to come out on my boat."

"Thanks," I said. "We are leaving this evening."

"You're not!" He looked really hurt.

"That's rotten," he added. "Why don't you come out here and live?" he asked. "It's great. The beard gets shorter every day."

"Maybe we will," I said.

"I wish you would," he answered in a most convincing tone.

"Camera!" The lights flared.

"Good-by," I said.

"Good-by, dear. So long. S'long."

We left him standing there in the brazen lights—very little make-up, short hair for a change. Blue eyes smiling good-by.

He was going to cry again. So was I, but not there.

"Isn't he marvelous!" Doug Jr. said.

"You can't know the tenth of it," I answered.

"He looks about twenty-five," Doug said.

"Dorian Gray!"

Doug looked at me suspiciously. "You like him, don't you?"

I smiled, very Mona Lisa-ly, and said:

"Well, I think I could learn to, in time."

But now he's married—again!

THE END

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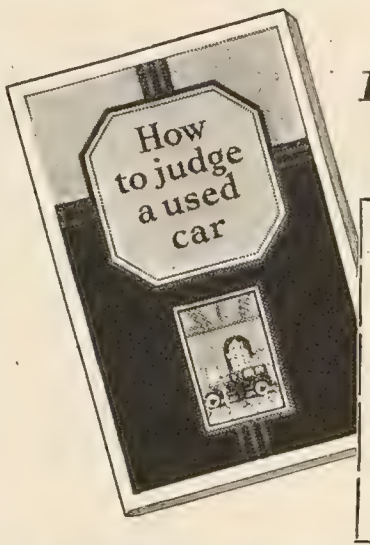

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Wall Street and Gay Paree as the Movies See Them

A Page of Reviews by
FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

George Bancroft, who plays the title rôle in The Wolf of Wall Street, and above, Baclanova as his erring wife and Paul Lukas as the other man.

In the following reviews the photoplays are rated by stars. One star preceding a review means fairly good; two stars, good; three stars, excellent; and four stars, extraordinary.

★ ★

IN these mad days, when your mother-in-law plays on margin so successfully, Wall Street is no longer a mere boulevard name to general America. From the corner druggist to the elevator starter, they're all playing the market.

It was inevitable that a bulls and bears film would emerge. Here it is: Paramount's The Wolf of Wall Street, starring George Bancroft.

Bancroft is a big roughneck who plays checkers with America's financiers. While he gloats over crushed millionaires, he takes off his boots and throws his necktie into the wastepaper basket. He has a wife, a former Russian acrobat. She plays fast and loose with one of the rich wasters in the Wolf's crowd.

The Wolf ruins the villain in Utah Copper in the Street and then makes him take wifie away with him.

This is an all-talkie film and, like its predecessors, drags and drags while the repartee jells. Still, the sinister Mr. Bancroft growls a lot of effective gutturals, the vivid Baclanova sings several songs, and Paul Lukas lends suavity to the rôle of the serpent in the Wolf's den. Nancy Carroll does a bit well.

The Wolf of Wall Street points its moral: the danger of playing on margin. Unless, of course, you possess the nerve and the bark of a Bancroftian Titan.

There's nothing of the red menace about Olga Chekova, who stars in Moulin Rouge, an imported film.

★ ★

Moulin Rouge is the first imported film of a new organization, World Wide, bringing foreign pictures to buck the American market.

Some of the scenes of Moulin Rouge were made in the Paris music hall itself. The cast is a cosmopolitan one. The star, Olga Chekova, is a Russian.

The yarn tells of a Paris revue star who unwittingly wins the love of her own daughter's sweetheart. The lad decides to kill himself. He loosens the brakes of his racing car, but daughter innocently steals the machine. She ends up in a hospital with the young man properly contrite.

Mlle. Chekova, whose name has been simplified from Olga Tschechowa for the American market, looks a little like Pola Negri would look if she hadn't heard of calories for a considerable time.

The real Moulin Rouge revue moves in the background. It will discourage the hinterland about Paris. Flo Ziegfeld, Jr., and Earl Carroll do these things better.

★

Marquis Preferred, Adolphe Menjou's newest Paramount film, on the other hand, shows Paris through the eyes of Hollywood.

Menjou plays another bankrupt nobleman. This time his creditors organize Marquis Preferred to further a wealthy marriage. The victim is Chester Conklin as an uncouth nouveau riche American. But instead of falling in love with papa's daughter, the marquis loses his heart to her penniless companion.

This revolves between sophisticated comedy and slapstick. Menjou needs better stories, better acting support, and better direction.

Personalities—

Nora Lane, who doesn't do so well opposite Menjou in Marquis Preferred, used to be a model. Back in 1907 in St. Louis she was christened Nora Schilling. . . . Eve Gray, the daughter in Moulin Rouge, is an English actress and very popular in British films. . . . Jean Bradin, the lover of Moulin Rouge, is a Frenchman. . . . Menjou declares he is going to quit American films and make his own in England, where spats are spats.

Who Questions the Power of Nature to Heal Herself

MORE years ago than any one can count, Mother Nature received her laws of life and the authority, within those laws, to grow, to multiply and to *heal.*

The gardener who wars with weeds and grasses knows that if their roots remain they quickly grow again. So long as sap flows in the tree it lives, puts forth new foliage and works persistently to heal its hurts. The crayfish can replace his lost sight with new eyes, the injured animal seeks quiet, licks its wounds, and waits for Nature to conduct repairs.

In all living things outside of man, dependence on the healing power of Nature is instinctive and complete. Man has observed that Nature allots a beginning and an end—summer and winter, day and night, birth and death. Man has observed also, that within this normal span of life Nature does everything possible to protect it. We have learned that she opposes illness and repairs damage with a healing power a thousand times more marvelous than our greatest works.

THE FIRST GREAT TRUTHS

Yet it is only recently that we have grasped the first great truths about her work as it concerns ourselves. It is only a few years since we first realized that fever is only Nature's bonfire to burn up poisons in the system, that swellings are caused by sudden crowds of tiny workers sent by Nature to repair an injury, that pain is only Nature's way of warning us that all is not well within that wonderful organization we call the human body.

The second truth we have discovered is that illness is simply the failure of some part or organ to maintain the *normal* condition and function which every one calls *health.*

And the third great truth on which all educated men agree is that man's power over health and illness is simply his capacity to cooperate with Nature and give freedom to her work. *Nature, alone,* can heal.

THE VITAL PRINCIPLE IN MAN

You may think of your body as a marvelously designed *machine*—God's greatest work. You consider its bones the framework, its muscles and organs the motors, its nerves the lines of communication between the body and the great central dynamo which is the brain. Marvelous as such a conception is, it falls far short of the whole truth. For the body possesses, in addition, an unique power, a *vital principle,* which governs and coordinates all these parts and the myriad cells from which these parts are made, that harmony will prevail and the body live its *normal* life. Unlike any machine it can grow, unlike any machine it can give life to others, when necessary it can furnish, for a time, its own fuel and motive power; it can, *so long as the lines of communication are kept open,* make its own repairs.

The existence and function of this vital principle have been taught since the days of Aristotle in ancient Greece. It is the fundamental of Chiropractic Philosophy which today teaches that the body is governed by the flow of impulses to and from the brain through the nervous system—that so long as there is freedom of communication, the intelligent *vital principle* within the brain maintains and protects normal life—that when these vital impulses are restricted or modified by pressure or any other interference, abnormal conditions are then created, functions become deranged and the barriers with which we all resist disease go down. If that point of interference is located and relieved before the damage is irreparable, Nature, and Nature only, can accomplish its own healing work.

HEALTH THROUGH CHIROPRACTIC

A more complete explanation of these principles and the answers to many questions which this article must necessarily leave unanswered may be obtained in a booklet "Health Through Chiropractic." It is an authoritative statement of chiropractic principles by those who practice them. Its reports of cases will be found particularly interesting. "Health Through Chiropractic" will be mailed, without cost or obligation, to any one requesting it of the Educational Committee, The American Society of Chiropractors, 390 East Broad Street, Columbus, Ohio.

The AMERICAN SOCIETY OF CHIROPRACTORS

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Song in the Dark

A Story of Hidden Happiness

By

BARRY BENEFIELD

Pictures by RAY SISLEY

ANNIE MAY was on her way to visit her Aunt Amanda in Brooklyn. The trip was a long-promised reward from her father for graduation from high school in the small South Carolina town. But she was already twenty, because only five years before had her parents moved down from the mountains to the foothills, and school terms up there in the deep green valley had been brief matters of three or four months.

She held herself still in her day-coach seat while the hot July hours passed and the train clickety-clacked toward the fascinating and fearsome city.

She was a trim little figure with a fair, quickly flushing face, and the flirtatious oily-haired butcher boy persecuted her for a few hours under cover of solicitations to buy candies, novels, and spotty bananas. She finally wore him out with voiceless shakes of her yellow head. He was not attractive to her, and besides, her mind was on a really great matter of the beckoning future. Her father thought she was going away merely for a month's vacation; she and her mother hoped she might be rushing toward rich romantic possibilities in the fabulous city.

In high school she had included typing and shorthand in her studies and, when it was nearly time to go back home, she ventured one day across the bridge to Manhattan, and returned with a job. She was to work for Charles Seeley & Co., wholesale musical instruments, on lower Fifth Avenue; and her immediate boss would be Mr. Gottschalk, department of wind instruments.

The office alliance of Annie May and Old Gotty was probably as nearly a perfect thing as happens in a world not quite perfect. She had speed enough for him, and neatness, accuracy, promptness, and unfaltering loyalty. He had kindness, consideration, and a courtly meticulous courtesy. Sometimes he invited her and several other girls out to his house in Bloomfield for Sunday week-ends, and his large, hearty wife was as lucky a find for Annie May as he had been. She had never dreamed that people so much like home as the Gottschalks could be part of the huge, barbaric city.

So Annie May stayed in the department of wind instruments until she was thirty-two. But no one ever called her Annie May now. Her parents had died, first her mother and then her father, when she was twenty-five and twenty-six; and her Brooklyn relatives had moved to the Northwest.

She could count—and sometimes at night now she did count—no less than eight beginnings of the situation in which a man could justly use the name of Annie May as often as he liked; and this did not include several

"Good Lord, Miss Weaver, I'm glad it's you. But what are you doing here this time of night?"

specimens who had been jolly and extravagant, but obviously not serious.

Oh, yes, she had had chances enough, she would tell herself with defensive emphasis, and that in spite of the fact that she had to wear spectacles, which she had heard girls say was a handicap. Though none of the eight promising situations had been quite what she and her mother had pictured down home, and though none of them had developed so very far, yet she was sure they had been real beginnings. Somehow some little thing had always happened.

Take Mr. Dennis, for instance. She still called him Michael in her mind. She met him on an outing of her aunt's church in South Brooklyn. He rushed her, and once in the park he kissed her. It gave her the same breathless, deliciously intoxicating sensation that holding a soft baby close against her breast gave her; and that was a funny thing to Annie May when she thought of it. She had never felt a kiss that way before.

Michael had faded out when she failed him on a Saturday afternoon date for a trip up the Hudson on a fat side-wheeler. She had voluntarily stayed overtime at the office to get out a bunch of circulars. She had explained the circumstances to Michael, and he had said in his quick, ardent way, "Oh, sure—I know about business"; but he had held off after that. And then he had moved his boarding place to Manhattan. He had done well in his line—so she had heard.

Annie May often wondered if Charles Seeley & Co. had somehow cramped her style in a certain direction. She knew she had never let herself go as some girls did. But, shucks, she couldn't soldier on the job just to please every stray man that came along.

And when she was thirty-two a splendid event came to pass that seemed to her a complete and comforting okay of her course of conduct since her crossing of the bridge that July day twelve years before.

OLD Mr. Seeley was a demon of temper with a clubfoot and a thumping walking stick. One January day he discharged his secretary for making him say on a memo to a department head that he "would tolerate" something or other, whereas what he had distinctly said was that he "would not tolerate." Then he demanded of Mr. Bondy, the office manager, a secretary who could get down on paper "the few easy, clearly enunciated words" that he dictated.

So Annie May left the department of wind instruments to be the president's secretary. Old Gotty patted her on the shoulder, his puffy, waxy face quivering with good will and the pain of losing her.

"Now," she said to herself, "Annie May, you must get out more; you really must." Her mother would have understood what she meant. She moved from Brooklyn to a higher priced "sunny" room in a large Manhattan boarding house where there were quite a few "gentlemen guests." And while the impulse lasted she bought a good many new clothes, including an expensive pale blue evening frock, with expensive accessories, for the ever-possible occasion of social splendor and promise that she and her mother had dreamed about down home that summer when they were snatching time to make her clothes for the New York venture.

But business was not a thing of impulse and chance—it was a steady, absorbing process. Annie May loved the shop more than ever as the president's secretary. She had power. To say "Mr. Seeley wants" moved mountains there among the musical instruments. Even pompous old Bondy, who feared and so hated all women, was gracious to her now. And office boys were almost obsequious. She knew about large, exciting events before the department heads did. She often felt as if she were taking part in Mr. Seeley's imperial gestures.

The old dictator never complained of inattention and inaccuracy in Annie May. Frequently as the years flowed on—sweeping on now—he foamed at the mouth because he said she had interfered in something with the notion that she was called upon to save the firm.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[SONG IN THE DARK
Continued from page twenty-five]

Then he would order Mr. Bondy to get him a new secretary and to make a place in the general stenographic room for Miss Weaver; but after a few weeks he would reinstate her in the little room adjoining his.

And one August day, when old Mr. Seeley was just past his seventieth birthday, and Annie May was at his house in East Seventy-third Street taking death-bed memos for his business lieutenants, he called in his son, recently invalided back to New York by England, whose army he had joined before the United States went into the World War.

"Charlie," he said, "you don't know as much about the company and its affairs as a jack rabbit; but it'll go on—there are people down there who do know. I've seen to that. But you could captain the thing if you would. In my day, a fellow had worked through his hooch-and-hussy period by the time he was twenty-five. You're thirty-five and still going strong. Maybe it's war nerves, as your mother says; I don't know. And maybe you'll make one of your quick changes soon and in the right direction. My God! it's time!

"Anyway, you'll be worth a good deal if only as a lightning rod to draw off the devilment of the department heads. If you weren't there they'd be so jealous and so busy fighting among themselves they might let the business go to pot.

"Yes, you'll be president, Charlie, and Miss Weaver here will be your secretary. She knows a million things about the business, and what I think about all sorts of people and policies you'll run up against in the office. And she doesn't want to be president. Forty times she has come near sending me to the bug-house with her mothering of the company, but I'll bet she'll not worry you that way.

"Now go on away and leave me alone. . . . Miss Weaver, take memo Mr. Bondy: 'Beginning Monday, Jan. 12, Miss Something-or-Other Weaver's salary—you fill in your Christian name—will be forty dollars a week.'"

She hid in a locker until old Curtain went away. Then she came out for another gorgeous, stolen night.

SO Annie May's salary had run so fast it had caught up with her age. It had needed only twenty years to accomplish that feat. She was sorry her parents could not be there to share in her good fortune.

Mr. Charles—Annie May had always called him that—was an easy boss. He wasn't in his office a great deal; he dictated comparatively few letters and memos; and he meddled little with the small details of the business. But Charles Seeley & Co. was well equipped with people expert in details; and Mr. Charles, for all his hooch and hussies, had the sense to ask his loyal lieutenants for opinions when an important decision was needed, and then the great executive gift of saying yes or no at once and standing by his word.

Annie May was nearly satisfied with him as president. She told herself that Mr. Charles might be better in time. She thought of him as only a big six-foot boy as yet, and she liked to hear his loud, spirited laughter.

She did worry about some of the men who came to the office to sprawl and smoke in the deep leather chairs. They had better haircuts, shaves, and clothes than the queer musical people who used to visit and argue passionately with old Mr. Seeley, though somehow these new friends reminded the country girl of hawks—even of buzzards.

She worried about the too-variously named women who telephoned him and to whom he talked at unbusinesslike length and in disgustingly honeyed tones. She worried about the size and frequency of the personal checks he asked her to have the auditor cash for him. But whenever she heard the girls in the restroom gossiping delightedly about his reputed gay goings-on and saying his face was "dissipated," she told them nothing and rebuked them as scandalmongers. Gossip might hurt the company.

SHE was very busy, and she never carried out her resolution to "get out more." She went out even less these days than ever. Mrs. Gottschalk had died, and Old Gotty had retired to a Hoboken boarding house. Her own boarding houses—she had changed three times in ten years—were not so friendly and "mixy" as those in Brooklyn had been for her; or it may have been, she sometimes told herself, she was getting old and less attractive.

The gray in her hair was not pronounced; it just gave a rusty, faded tinge to the bright yellow crown of her younger time. There were already about her blue eyes the beginnings of the scorched, brown rings that had been about her father's; and the glassy outward-rounded lenses of her spectacles did not conceal the weak look of her eyes. There were several sharply cut little wrinkles in the back of her neck and a faint sinking of the temples, though she could hide this last evidence by dressing her hair low. But her face still flushed as instantly as it ever had for, in some sweet, secret, shaded place of her heart, she was still Annie May.

Often, in her little office, she blushed while listening to Mr. Charles' sugared accents as he talked over the phone in the next room to one of his fast lady friends. She would tick her tongue impatiently against her teeth and force herself to work. These women had a negative reference to the business, but she could find no satisfactory excuse for speaking about them even by implication, and she was an adept at implication.

She liked Mr. Charles, though, for never pretending they were young cousins or other innocents in whom he had a noble interest; and he liked the delicate, hard line she drew between business, as to which she could make all manner of suggestions directly and indirectly, and his shabby personal affairs, as to which she would make none.

So they got on well together through the years, and one day when her shorthand notes looked as if they were melting and running together, and she could not make them come clear in the usual ways, by blinking her eyes

repeatedly, or resting them under the shadow of her hand, or washing them in cold water, the first thought that stabbed her was that she had already decided to tell the candid Mr. Charles a lie in case she could no longer be his secretary.

Sitting there in her room she went over her plan of action. She had had occasion to map it out before. At the last two annual visits to the oculist he had made no change in the lenses of her spectacles. He had merely talked about taking long vacations and "toning up" her system. If now he could do no more than that, she would tell Mr. Charles she had rheumatism in her hands and ask for a simple job in the outside office—a "temporary job," she would say.

She had set her mind on carrying the sorted mail from the incoming desk to the various department heads and collecting the outgoing mail from their baskets. She would not need all her old sight for that, because she knew the office better than any other place in the world. She had been in it twenty-eight years.

ANNIE MAY could not face the probable result of telling Mr. Charles the truth. He was overpowering as well as generous, and he would surely put her away in that old ladies' home up the Hudson to which he had already sent Miss Weed and Miss Opie. But *they* were awfully old, she said to herself, while *she* felt as young as when she first came to the company. No, she would not risk going to any old ladies' home, at least not yet—not yet.

So she told her lie with a crimson face, presented her petition, and the mail girl was promoted, and Annie May had her wish. Now, she knew again the heady surge of a conqueror's pride. She could soon walk her route with her eyes closed, proving that even if sometime the blackest shadow should fall around her, still she might be with Charles Seeley & Co. and helping with the business.

Often Mr. Charles sent for her to ask about some old matter that other people had forgotten or never knew. And everybody inquired kindly about her rheumatic fingers, and the new secretary stated openly in the girls' restroom that she was only a substitute.

But, even after a year, Annie May could not report that her fingers were any better. She said it was an agony just to type out one time on her old machine, that now was the time for all good men to come to the aid of their country. And then another year passed, and another, and she was an accepted fixture as the mail girl; and people almost never asked any more about her rheumatism.

Annie May watched her steps carefully, meeting a great many satisfactions as she picked her way along, thinking triumphantly that she might be with Charles Seeley & Co. a long time yet. But one day when she was fifty-one years old she found the girls in the restroom fluttering with ex-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

"I light a Lucky and go light on the sweets

That's how I keep in good shape and always feel peppy."

Al Jolson

Al Jolson,
Famous comedian
and star of song.

Al Jolson
as he appears in Warner Bros. Vitaphone success, "The Singing Fool."

Reach for a Lucky instead of a sweet.

The modern common sense way—reach for a Lucky instead of a sweet. Everyone is doing it—men keep healthy and fit, women retain a trim figure. Lucky Strike, the finest tobaccos skilfully blended, then toasted to develop a flavor which is a delightful alternative for that craving for fattening sweets.

Toasting frees Lucky Strike from impurities. 20,679 physicians recognize this when they say Luckies are less irritating than other cigarettes. That's why folks say: "It's good to smoke Luckies."

Note: Authorities attribute the enormous increase in Cigarette smoking to the improvement in the process of Cigarette manufacture by the application of heat. It is true that during 1928, Lucky Strike Cigarettes showed a greater increase than all other Cigarettes combined. This surely confirms the public's confidence in the superiority of Lucky Strike.

"It's toasted"

No Throat Irritation—No Cough.

Coast to coast radio hook-up every Saturday night through the National Broadcasting Company's network. The Lucky Strike Dance Orchestra in "The Tunes that made Broadway, Broadway."

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Who's Who on Brunswick

Electrical Records

2—Good Selections on Every Brunswick Record—2

NICK LUCAS

"The Crooning Troubadour"

Nick Lucas recently scored a remarkable success at the Cafe de Paris, London, and in addition gave a private recital for the Prince of Wales and Queen of Spain. "The Song I Love" and "My Tonia" (theme song of the movie "In Old Arizona") are two recent recordings by Nick Lucas. Brunswick Record No. 4141.

Nick Lucas

CHESTER GAYLORD

"The Whispering Serenader"

Chester Gaylord

Gaylord never had to leave home in order to make a name for himself. He is chief announcer at Station WTAG, Worcester, Mass., his native city. Gaylord began his musical career as a pianist. His voice has won him fame via the radio. He sings "My Inspiration Is You" and "Me and the Man in the Moon." Record No. 4138.

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Eddie Dunstedter

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[SONG IN THE DARK Continued from page twenty-seven]

citement because the offices were to be moved to a brand-new building on Fourth Avenue beyond Madison Square.

Annie May said, "Oh, that'll be fine!" and then lay down on the couch which was called "the soldier's bed"; and when they jollied her for soldiering on the job she laughed, too.

The party quickly broke up lest Old Bondy miss too many girls from their desks and go on a rampage and send in a sarcastic message. But Annie May lay still, thinking. A new office and a large one—could she learn it well enough to walk her mail route before the night came on her eyes? Up there in that strange place she would be bumping into people and things at every turn, so that she would be suspected, watched, and discovered.

While the impulse lasted she bought a good many new clothes.

She was in a panic, and she shivered as the soft spring air washed in over her. South wind was always home wind to her, raising old memories of tenderness and safety; so Annie May shivered and was cold, having no home now. But after a while she lifted her body and went on about her work.

In the new place she simply must make opportunities to practice her route unobserved until she could do it as well as if she were still in the offices where she had been for over thirty years. If she couldn't—well, never mind that. Now she must act as if nothing had happened; she must march on as before.

CHARLES SEELEY & CO. was to move in the coming slack summer season. Annie May moved at once to a new boarding house. Though it wasn't nearly so good as her last one, it was less than two blocks from the future offices, and she would need to cross only one line of traffic—on Lexington Avenue. She told herself it was probably just fear making her think so, but she did think that the world was a little grayer than it had been a few months before; so that she must make herself ready to begin practicing the minute she got the chance.

Well in advance of the northward move, Mr. Bondy showed Annie May a vast blue print of the floor plan, saying she would please notice that the various departments would be arranged quite differently from those in the old building, and that there would be five new departments. He got some obscene, sadistic satisfaction out of frightening subordinates, and he especially liked to talk down to them as if they were mentally deficient; and besides Annie May was no longer the president's secretary. But she listened gratefully, greedy for anything that might somehow turn out to be helpful information.

As for the floor plan, it was for her, standing there by his desk, merely a blue expanse with dim, white lines and letters on it. She thought she might make something of it if she could get down within an inch of it with her powerful reading glass. She noted the drawer in which he placed it, and often stole it out after closing time to study in her room.

AND yet, when finally it did come, the first day in the new building wasn't so bad. The rack in which the incoming mail was placed by the three sorting girls was the same black-oak piece that had been down on lower Fifth Avenue, and she quickly located the mail for the five new departments, knowing how the first letters of their names fitted into the familiar scheme. To make certain, though, she pointed and asked one of the sorting girls, and the good natured, bantering answer came back, "Sure—can't you read?"

"Of course not, Betty; I'm going blind."

Annie May laughed. Annie May had it in her to laugh!

She was very slow the first day, and asked a good many shrewd questions, but she made her voice sound as if her questions were simply amiable joking gestures to pass the time of day; and she committed only three mistakes in delivering the mail. These were quickly rectified by departmental secretaries, who jollied Annie May, but said nothing to their chiefs.

She waited in an agony of suspense for the office to close so that she could begin the practice that might keep her a long time yet close to Charles Seeley & Co., wholesale musical instruments.

When the 5 o'clock rush was over Annie May was fussing about in the mailing room, pretending a pressing busyness. Here and there in the half block of floor space, some stenographer, shipping clerk, or department head toiled feverishly to finish the day's work and get out before the three cleaning women came in at 5:30 with their dust and clatter. At 6 o'clock, the restroom having been swept and swabbed, Annie May was in there, shut in an iron locker—waiting.

She knew that Mr. Curtain, the ancient factotum who directed the cleaners, would visit every room after they went out to make sure windows and doors were closed, lights and fans turned off. Then he, too, would go.

But, even after that she could not be sure the office was all hers. Only Mr. Charles and old Curtain had keys for the stairway doors, but if a person were important and behind on his work, he could stay till after midnight if he liked and telephone the superintendent to let him out. The superintendent here lived with his wife in a house that was almost a mansion up on the roof. Annie May had gone up with a party of girls during the lunch hour. Well, anyway, she would simply have to take a chance at finding the office empty. She could wait. Time was nothing to her when she was on the company's business. She could not feel that her business and the company's were very different things.

But it was hot and cramping in the small metal locker, and it was new, and she was sure her clothes were sticking to the paint, and her left shoulder hurt. She passed the hour saying over in her mind the names of the departments, inserting the new ones in their proper places. Then old Curtain rushed in, slammed down the windows, and hurried out. Annie May staggered from her hiding place.

SHE was wet through with sweat, and sore and weak. She tiptoed to the door, opened it, and listened. She thought she could hear a fan buzzing somewhere; that wouldn't be going unless someone was still there. She propped open the door a few inches, and bringing a chair sat down by it.

She kept a tense guard until a little after 8 o'clock, when an elevator came up and took down Mr. Wingo of the wood winds. She heard him speak to the elevator man. Then she stole out of the restroom and went sneaking from office to office, listening, and then going in to make sure no one else was there.

Now at last Annie May was ready to begin her secret practice. Starting at the mail rack, she put a package of marked envelopes in each compartment and then, closing her eyes and saying over the names of the departments, she took the packages out one by one and arranged them in her big basket. After that she delivered them to the twenty-four desks. Then she went over her route once more and, with a flashlight under her reading glass, looked at the identifying numbers on the first envelope of each package to be sure she had made no mistakes. And then she took the packages back to the mail rack and started all over again.

Back and forth from mail desk to the room of the president's secretary, to wind instruments, to string instruments, far out to the shipping room, back to radios, phonographs, and all the rest, the little figure went slowly weaving her way through the

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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DOUGLASS

Press the trigger, there's your light!

THE DOUGLASS CO., WATERBURY, CONN.; SAN FRANCISCO. A. W. K. KYLE CO., MONTREAL

[SONG IN THE DARK Continued from page twenty-nine]

dark. By midnight she had done thirty rounds with only five mistakes, and she thought she was entitled to a rest, for the July night was hot and steamy and Annie May realized that she was tired and hungry and weak. So she went into the restroom, raised a window, and with an easy conscience laid her body down on the soldier's bed.

But she did not fall asleep—she was too tightly keyed up for that. She lay with her eyes open, listening to the giant city growing quieter and quieter; slipping off into its colossal slumber. Oh, she loved this city, now, and she loved this company, and with her hand touching the hem of a new victory, she was exalted and they both seemed very dear to her.

After a while she lifted her body and went to investigate the ice box. The restroom was also a lunching place for the girls. Annie May called them all girls no matter how old they were, feeling herself one. Some brought food with them, and the company supplied a table, a two-hole gas stove, and an ice box for their bottles of milk. On the remnant of a box of crackers and the last of a quart of milk she dined there in the dark; and strummed her fingers on the table and hummed bits of song, as is the way of the solitary who is happy.

Then she cleared away, washed the glass, and took to her rounds again; and by 5 o'clock she had done sixty rounds in all, though after the fiftieth her head had begun to swim and she had to hold to partitions, chairs, and desks to keep from falling.

One day she found the girls fluttering with excitement because the offices were to be moved.

THEN she sat by an open window in the rest-room and waited for the morning of a new day. The earliest girl, coming in at 8 o'clock, said, "Why, Miss Weaver, you look as fresh as a daisy, and I know I'm a fright; I had an awful time sleeping, it was so hot and sticky."

Annie May said, "Oh, that's too bad. Yes, I had a gorgeous night."

She had more gorgeous nights. She was seeking nothing less than perfection in her technique as mail girl against a dark time that might be coming. In the long, still hours, when the company seemed in her care alone, she felt even closer to it. And besides, she escaped the terrible trial of crossing Lexington Avenue twice whenever she stayed at the office. So she fussed about every day until after 5 o'clock, and whenever she found by shrewd questions that no one else was staying for extended overtime she hid in a locker until old Curtain went away. Then she came out for another gorgeous, stolen night.

Once, she heard Mr. Winchell of radios jollying Mr. Hamer of phonographs for working overtime, saying he ought to bring his bed and live there. Annie May didn't think that would be at all bad.

She contrived to snatch two or three nights every week, so that her coarse landlady hinted that she was lucky to be able to be so wicked and happy, and she so old and gray and no bigger than a cake of soap after a hard day's washing.

WHEN autumn came, Annie May secreted a blanket in her locker, and when winter roared in she brought another. She saw to it that there were always milk and crackers left over in the restroom. She did not practice so hard now, though she made at least a dozen rounds on her lucky nights with the company, just to keep her speed up. She slept a good deal on the soldier's bed, and probably, when she had marched beyond the gate of dreams, she let herself go and swaggered outrageously through the fairy white streets—a fighter undefeated.

Still, for all her sleeping and light practice, there were a good many hours to be filled. Annie May filled them easily and richly. For her the office was a high place of a thousand delights.

For instance, she would take out of a tall glass showcase a small, exhibition guitar, strung with a red ribbon and patterned with bits of pearl sunk in its wood. She could achieve a few chords, and she remembered the words or the tunes of many old songs of the mountains; and often as she went floating through the corridors a faint music went with her. She dared no more than brush the strings and whisper, for this was the top floor and the superintendent lived on the roof and might hear her; so that her songs in the dark were as soft as the sound of little wings.

When a new year comes, many people take stock of themselves, their certain past, and their possible future. Annie May determined to go into hard practice again. She stayed

more nights, even when she had to hide in the restroom until very late.

In her hours of rest and recreation she liked to sit in one of Mr. Charles' old leather chairs, or in his secretary's room where her substitute still held sway.

Late one January night, when 12 o'clock had come and she felt entitled to a rest, she swung the dainty little guitar across her shoulders and moved down the main corridor, her felt slippers silent on the linoleum floor. Noiselessness was now a mastered art for Annie May. She always put the president's mail on his secretary's desk, so she had already been in the little room several times on business. But she would pay Mr. Charles a personal visit.

Easing open the door, she passed around to the deep chair by the radiator and curled herself in it like a kitten. Mr. Charles had pulled his window shades all the way down, and she was glad of that because it made her seem more shut in and secret.

SHE lay curled in the chair a little while, then she brushed the strings and sang—words that had been sung to her many years ago in the deep green valley; words she had herself sung to a long line of dolls with hair as yellow as once hers had been. Her music was no more than tiny ripples across the soft silence, and the listener scarcely knew when the last one had slipped on beyond his straining senses.

But presently he laughed loud and shatteringly. "Well, they say a man has to be at least temporarily insane to do it, so I guess I'm ready that way. Last week I was seeing green monkeys, now I hear an elf singing in the corner. Go on, elf; but don't sing my mother's songs—for God's sake *don't* do that! Sing For He's a Jolly Good Fellow. Go on, little elf; don't desert me, the monkeys stay a long time when they come."

But Annie May lay still, her fingers frozen on the strings. He turned on all the lights and stood peering down at her.

"Good Lord, Miss Weaver, I'm glad it's you. But what in the kingdom are you doing here at this time of night playing on that doll-baby guitar? Say something, or I'll think you're a green monkey in disguise."

And remembering his opening words, the first thing Annie May could think to say was, "Oh, Mr. Charles, there's nothing the matter with the business, is there?"

He laughed in great relief at that, and sat down again in his chair by the desk. "The business is booming, Miss Weaver. I'm the one that's gone blooey. But tell me what you're doing here. I don't understand." He spoke as the president now.

So then, at last, Annie May had to give up, after all her pains to hide it, her secret; and as she was telling it, sitting straight in the chair and hugging the doll-baby guitar close against her breast, he jumped up sud-

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

TOMORROW!... Which One of These Will Suffer?

EXPOSURE — frosty chilling winds—wet feet—and the possibility of Head Colds, Chest Colds, Sore Throat, or even worse. Be prepared at all times to check a cold at the start. Why suffer loss of time — pleasure — good health—when quick relief may be right at hand in your own medicine cabinet? Everyone should keep a tube of BAUME BENGUÉ handy at all times for its quick action, when you need it most.

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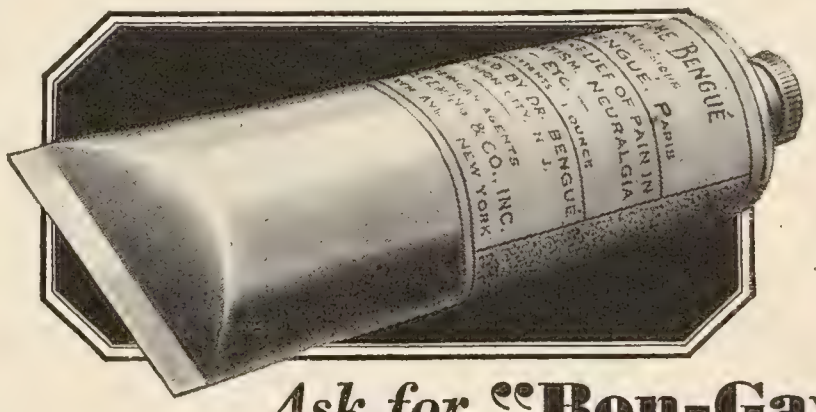
For Head Colds:
Inhale the vapors of BAUME BENGUÉ by mixing ¼ teaspoon in a bowl of steaming water. Cover the bowl with a cone made from tough paper and cut a hole in the top large enough to allow both nostrils to fit into it. Watch the stuffiness disappear; see how freely you breathe again.

For Chest Colds:
Apply a hot towel to the chest and back. Dry thoroughly and rub in BAUME BENGUÉ freely. Then spread a thin layer over the entire area and cover with absorbent cotton or cloth. Cover yourself with warm blankets. In the morning, the soreness and congestion will be greatly relieved.



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[SONG IN THE DARK Continued from page thirty-one]

denly and turned off the lights. "They hurt my eyes," he said. "I've been sitting here in the dark so long. I sneaked up here an hour ago. You don't mind not having the lights, do you, Miss Weaver? Please go on."

At the end she drew a long sigh, and dropped her voice a note lower. "Well, I reckon I know what's coming to me after this, Mr. Charles. But please don't do anything about me for a month. I need that to get ready. And don't tell Mr. Bondy or anybody on me. Somehow I couldn't stand for everybody to know it now, all at once. I'll tell the girls one by one and ask each of them to keep it a secret. Of course they couldn't keep it long, but it won't be so bad that way. Let *me* tell them, Mr. Charles.

"And please do let me go on for a month just as if nothing at all had happened. Why, a month is such a little thing—won't you give me a month, Mr. Charles?"

He felt that she was standing up and holding out her hands to him there in the dark. But he did not answer her question. After a while he said, "You and your stolen nights! My God, what a thundering sport *you* are, Miss Weaver!"

Then he asked her a great many questions about herself and about her stolen nights; and she answered everything straight out without quibbling or dodging—a criminal caught off guard and utterly resigned at last. Then, without turning on the lights, he said, "I'm going now. But you stay on by the business, Miss Weaver. I think it would be lonesome without you."

WITHIN a week carpenters and plumbers were at work on a room adjoining the girls' restroom, and often Mr. Charles drops in at night for long talks with Annie May, especially about the company in other days.

She has her meals with the superintendent's wife in the mansion on the roof. Once, recently, when she was telling the girls about her wonderful new room with bath she said, "And the view across the East River last evening was simply grand, with the moon and the boats and everything."

That was not to fool them, of course. She herself had given the office her secret before that. She speaks such things with a sly chuckle and a gallant gay little smile, trying to make the girls know she isn't downcast about anything lest they worry about her. When she passes along the corridors walking her rounds with the mail there are eyes always on the watch to see that she does not stumble over things carelessly left in her path or bump into some stranger who does not know about Annie May. She goes slowly but certainly, with never a mishap; and with a high head and a shining pride—as if holding the business by the hand.

THE END

TWENTY QUESTIONS

(Answers will be found on page sixty-two)

1—Which is called the Equality State?
2—What is the name for an animal or plant on which a parasite subsists?
3—What is toxicology?
4—What is common to the following names: Kiowa, Sac or Sauk, Hopi, Crow?
5—Why is a palm tree so named?
6—What is a chaise longue?
7—What is a cartographer?
8—What does extralegal mean?
9—In the United States army which is the higher rank, lieutenant general or major general?
10—How did Mary Queen of Scots meet her death in 1587?
11—What is an acute angle?
12—What is the fluke of an anchor?
13—What character in fiction tilted with windmills?
14—What is a boniface?
15—In what city is Piccadilly Circus?
16—What is a lodestar?
17—Which state borders upon the greatest number of the Great Lakes?
18—What is the form of government of Finland?
19—What is a sycophant?
20—Who is said to have rid Ireland of snakes?

My 10 Rules of Training

A Guide for Athletes and Others

By JACK DEMPSEY

1. Keep clean, inside and out, and in normal condition all the time. Never let fat gain headway. Walking, light exercise, normal eating of plain food, will maintain condition and save work of getting it back.

2. Sleep on a firm, not hard, bed under warm light covers. Don't jump out of bed. Before arising take stretching exercises with windows wide open. Raise legs to full length and touch feet to pillow alongside head. Stretch arms wide and wave them. Get the circulation started and the muscles stretched.

3. Eat a good breakfast: plenty of fruit, cereal, toast, eggs; but go light on the meat at any meal. Do not start work too soon after breakfast, and never start violently. Warm up slowly by walking or moving around. Get the muscles limbered and ready for the strain of harder work.

4. Road work, plenty of it. The best system, if you are a sprinter, boxer, or any other athlete, is to run a bit, walk a bit, sprint a bit. Start from any position, jump from one gait to another—AND DON'T TIRE YOURSELF TO ANYTHING LIKE THE EXHAUSTION POINT.

5. Condition yourself for the kind of work you have to do. If you are a business man, don't try to follow a boxer's system, or a sprinter's, or any other athlete's. You are conditioning yourself for your work just as I used to for mine. But whatever condition you may desire, point your exercises toward that gradually and adapt standard exercises to your own needs. Remember it is dangerous to take off weight too rapidly.

6. I am a great believer in preparing for the real job. If you are a sprinter, get into condition by sprinting; if a boxer, fight your way to condition; if a football player, play football. Ordinary exercise, and very little of it, will keep a man in condition, but only hard work and sacrifice will put him back into shape if he permits himself to get out.

7. Work for coördination of eye, brain, and hand, whether you are training to box, to play ball, or to keep your business in running order. Unless eye and brain are clear and healthy, the hand will not do its work.

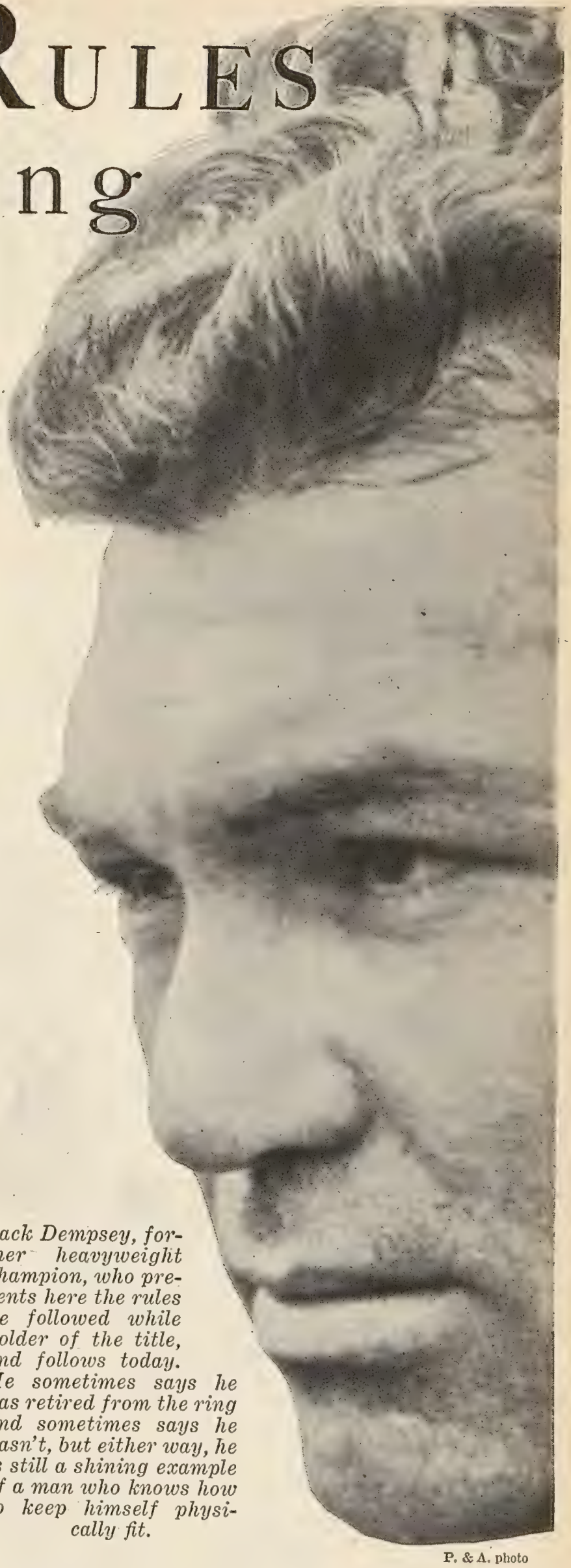
8. Increase the amount of work and the variety of exercises every day, very gradually, and stop work when you feel yourself approaching the condition for which you are working. No one can tell you when that is—but you will feel it. When training becomes drudgery, alter it. You can tell when you are "fit" because when fit a man enjoys his work.

9. Watch your mental attitude toward the end of training for any special event. If you get grouchy, "crabby," and hate the work, you are nearing the danger line and may get stale. Stay "short of the pink" at all times. If you go stale either in training for boxing or for business, it is worse than being "short."

10. Eat vegetables, greens, and fruit—plenty of fruit. Use water and don't abuse it. Frequently rinsing out the mouth with water will satisfy thirst. Don't water-log yourself while working, but drink slowly and frequently, at least eight pints a day, more when perspiring heavily.

And finally, have yourself examined from your scalp to your toes at least once a year by a competent physician, and DO WHAT HE TELLS YOU TO DO.

THE END



Jack Dempsey, former heavyweight champion, who presents here the rules he followed while holder of the title, and follows today. He sometimes says he has retired from the ring and sometimes says he hasn't, but either way, he is still a shining example of a man who knows how to keep himself physically fit.

P. & A. photo

The Mystery of the Puritan Girl

Did Lizzie Borden Kill Her Parents?

By SIDNEY SUTHERLAND

PROBABLY the most widely discussed, hotly controversial, and weirdly perpetrated murders in the endless annals of American crime were the mystifying assassinations of Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Jackson Borden in Fall River, Massachusetts, on August 4, 1892.

Hazy in the minds of the present generation, these homicides, and the subsequent trial of Lizzie Borden, daughter of the victims, are still green in the memories of men and women past middle age, undimmed by the passing decades and the sensational murders which have followed in appalling succession.

Mr. Borden was seventy years of age when he died. He was a director in several banks, president of one, and a director and shareholder in numerous textile and realty enterprises. He was worth half a million dollars, equivalent to several times that sum today. His hair was white, a snowy beard fringed his face, he wore no mustache, and he was a tall, silent, dour descendant of his Puritan ancestors.

Mr. Borden's second wife—he had buried the mother of his children several years before Appomattox — was Miss Abby Durfee Gray, as uncompromising a lineal replica of her Pilgrim forebears as the banker. The second marriage was made in 1865, and Mrs. Borden was about sixty-four years old when she was chopped to death with a hatchet.

Mr. Borden had two daughters: Emma L. Borden, about thirty-seven at the time of the tragedy; and Lizzie Andrew Borden, five years younger.

Between Mrs. Borden and her stepdaughters no affection existed. There was an unconcealed resentment, on the one hand, by daughters whose father had taken unto himself a successor to their mother, and on the other hand there was resentment of that resentment. Add to this an actively nourished and growing mutual dislike; mix in a female rivalry for the old man's fortune; make allowance for the close and daily contact, in one small house, of an unyielding attitude and the sour introspection of a mildewed Puritan blood line, and you have a situation pregnant with violent possibilities.

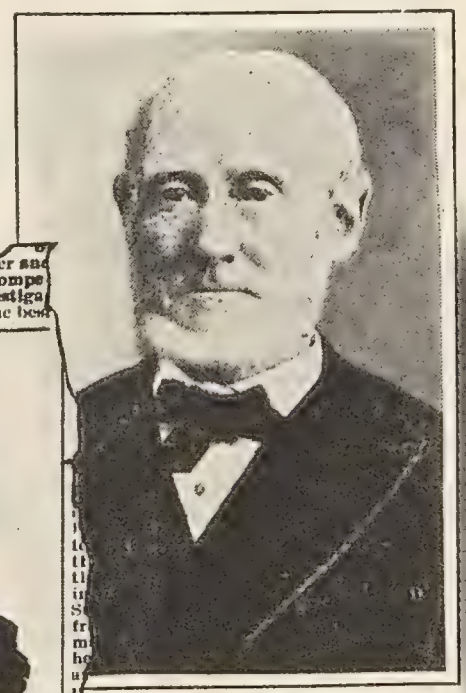
So harsh and vindictive had the household discord become that it was seldom that the younger women ate at the same table with their elders; and Lizzie never addressed or alluded to her stepmother except as "Mrs. Borden." With Bridget Sullivan, a servant, these four persons lived in a frame dwelling at 92 Second Street.

An interesting feature of the mystery is the fact that in half a dozen known generations of Bordens and Morses —the name of the first Mrs. Borden—there never had appeared the faintest semblance of lawlessness. Indeed, in New England Puritanism there may be meanness and narrowness and intolerance, but there is not likely to be the emergence of jungle traits that contemplate, plan, and execute major crimes.

There were few recognizable preliminaries to this double murder; that is, there was no outbreak of passion,

Courtesy Fall River Herald-News

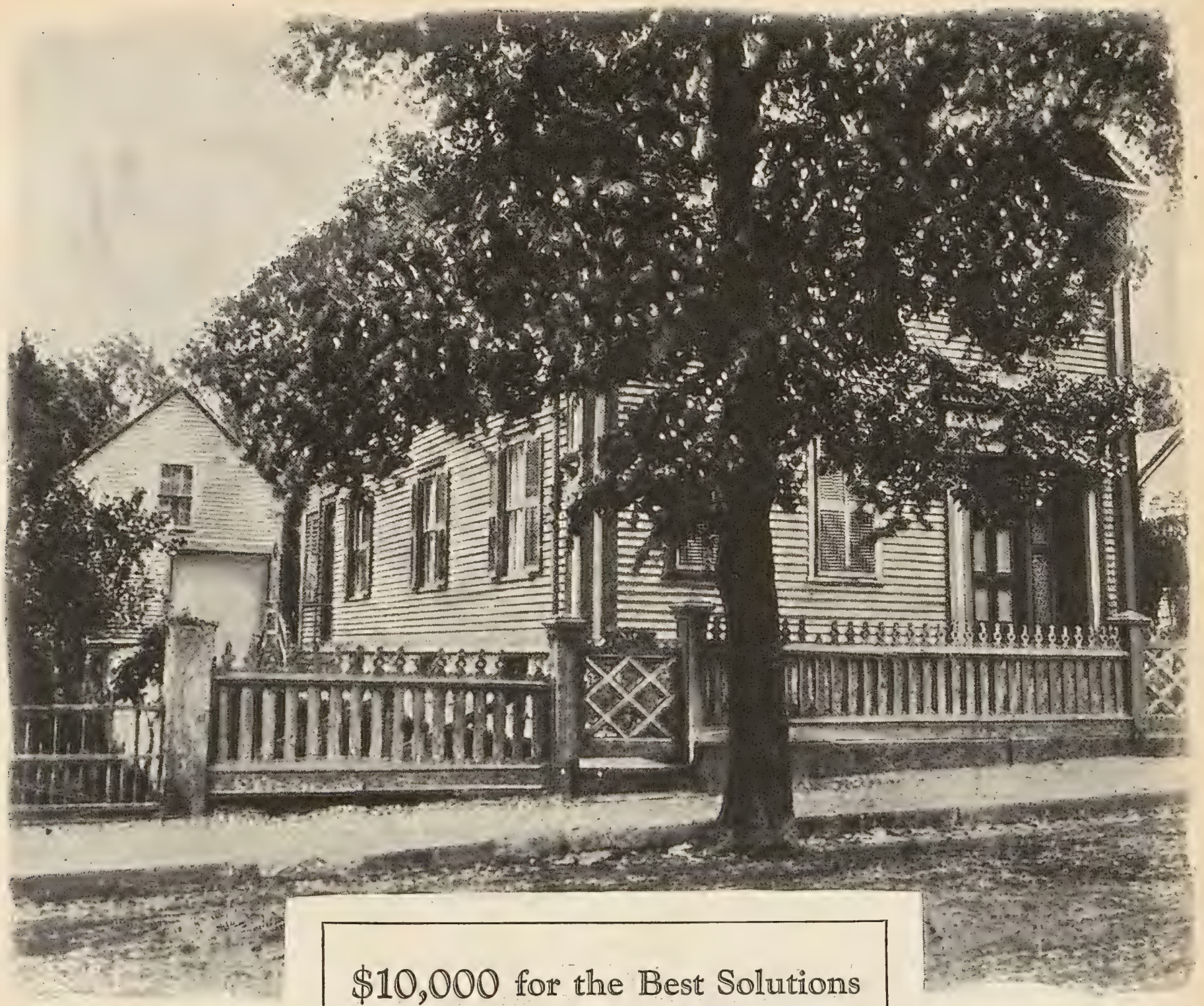
Mrs. Andrew J. Borden, Lizzie Borden's stepmother, a murder victim.



P. & A. photo

Andrew J. Borden, Lizzie Borden's father, who was murdered, and at the right, Lizzie Borden, who was tried and acquitted.

N. Y. World photo



P. & A. photo

The Borden house in Fall River, Mass., as it looked in 1892 at the time of the double murder.

no sex complications, no love, no jealousy, no overt signs of insanity, no serious quarrels, no single premonition that would have prepared the family or the neighborhood or the busy seaport for the stupendous horror of the murders. It came suddenly and unheralded; and when it came it rocked the country, dividing the adult population into two camps —those who blindly believed Lizzie Borden innocent and those who with equal conviction and no little cynicism believed that nobody else could have committed the crimes.

On Tuesday, August 2, Mr. and Mrs. Borden had been very ill after eating supper. Lizzie said she had been, too. John Vinnicum Morse, a brother of the first Mrs. Borden, was visiting the family, but arrived too late to partake of that meal. Emma Borden was visiting friends in Fairhaven, a nearby town.

On Wednesday Lizzie called on Alice Russell, her best friend, in her home a block or so away. They talked of this and that, and referred to a vacation which Lizzie had looked forward to.

"But," said Lizzie, "I am worried. I feel as if something was hanging over me that I can't throw off."

The prosecution was presently to dilate on that remark as significant, as well as on a previous boast of Lizzie's, that "she always had her way when she once made up her mind."

Lizzie also told Miss Russell of the strange illness of her parents the night before; and voiced a suspicion that "somebody was putting poison in our

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

$10,000 for the Best Solutions of TEN REAL LIFE MYSTERIES

THE Mystery of the Puritan Girl is the sixth of a series of ten stories of celebrated, never solved detective problems.

Since everybody is a detective at heart, it has occurred to the publishers of this magazine that interest in the stories—most of which will be told in this series from beginning to end for the first time—may be pleasantly heightened by offering cash prizes for the best feats of detective reasoning.

LIBERTY therefore is giving its readers $10,000 in prizes for solutions of these ten mysteries. There will be eight prizes for each mystery: one of $500, one of $250, one of $100, one of $50, and four of $25. In case of a tie, the prizes will be duplicated.

Read the story, figure out who killed the Bordens, and mail your solution to me in care of LIBERTY, 247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

You don't have to be a professional writer, or even a subscriber to LIBERTY. Everyone except employees of LIBERTY and members of their families is eligible. *What* you say will count, not *how* you say it. It might be well to say it within 500 words, simply telling who you think did the killing, and why you think so.

Neatness, brevity, logic, originality of deduction—these will count with me in considering your contributions. The publishers have decided that I am to have the only and final say as to the winners.

To be considered, any solution mailed to me must be postmarked within four weeks after the date of the issue in which the story appears. Names of winners will be published as soon after they are selected as is mechanically possible in the printing of a weekly magazine. SIDNEY SUTHERLAND.

[THE MYSTERY OF THE PURITAN GIRL]
Continued from page thirty-five

milk." She then went on to say that her father had an enemy, and had quarreled with a man who had called to see him about some real estate. Also, Lizzie continued, there had been some burglaries in the house, and Mrs. Borden's purse had been opened and several dollars taken from it.

"Why," quoth Lizzie, "I'm afraid that some time they'll burn the house down."

She did not then identify "they," but later said she meant "foreigners." There were many foreigners in the mills and other Fall River industries, and they might easily have suspected that the wealthy old banker kept some of his wealth in his home. Most of the crimes in Fall River were committed by this foreign element.

The next morning, the 4th, Bridget went downstairs at 6 o'clock and prepared breakfast. And what a priceless commentary on Puritan menus it is, that breakfast that Mr. and Mrs. Borden and Mr. Morse ate together—sugar cakes, bananas, mutton broth, mutton, unbuttered bread, and black coffee! On a torrid August morning!

Courtesy Fall River Herald-News

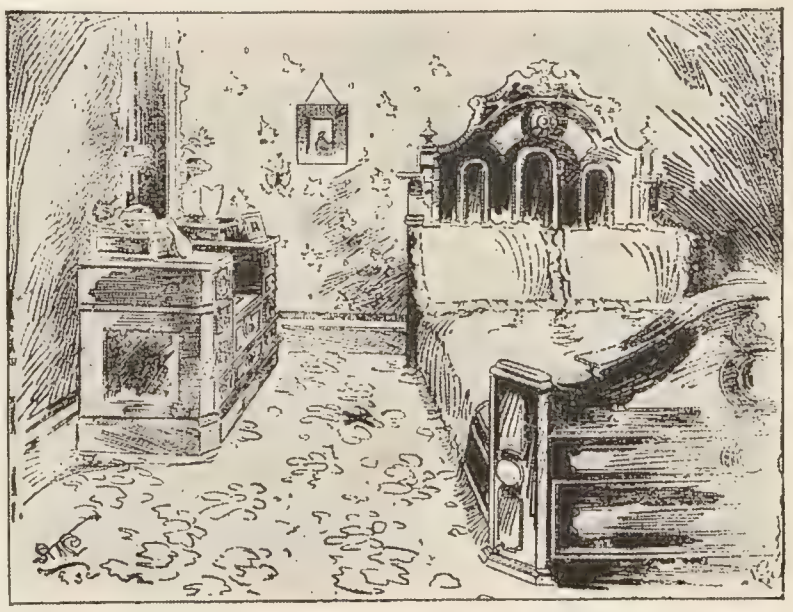
The living room where Mr. Borden's body was found. It lay on the sofa, the head hacked beyond recognition.

At 8 o'clock Mr. Morse left to visit relatives on the other side of town. We know he was with his kinsfolk, and so he passes out of the picture as a possible assassin.

Following his departure Lizzie came down. She told Bridget she wanted only coffee and cookies. While she ate, Mr. and Mrs. Borden performed their usual chores, emptying slop jars and so on, for Mr. Borden was so penurious that he would tolerate no bathroom. At 9:30 he went down to his office in the Union Savings Bank, of which he was president.

A little later Mrs. Borden came into the kitchen and told Bridget and Lizzie that she had just made the bed in the guest room and was going back up there to put fresh slips on the pillows. She gave Bridget orders about washing the downstairs windows and went upstairs. She was not again seen alive.

Bridget went to the barn and to the cellar for rags, pails, and dry cloths. When she returned, Lizzie had vanished. Bridget went outside and washed the windows, stopping at times to gossip with a neighbor's servant.



The guest room where Mrs. Borden was struck down and mutilated as she was in the act of changing the pillow slips.

WHEN she finished out there, she carried her impedimenta within. It was about 10:45 o'clock. While getting ready to wash the windows inside, she heard fumbling at the front door. She opened it and admitted Mr. Borden. They were surprised to find the door had been triple locked on the inside with bolt, key, and spring lock. Mr. Borden had already been to the side door, but had found the screen caught fast inside by its hook. He commented on the fact that locking that screen door with its catch was contrary to custom.

Precisely at that moment they both heard Lizzie laugh. She was at the head of the front stairs and was coming down. She joined her father in the dining room, talked about the morning mail, and when he asked where Mrs. Borden was, replied:

"She has gone out. Somebody came with a note that somebody was sick, and she went away. She'll be back for dinner, she said."

Mr. Borden then ascended the back stairway to his room, remained there a moment, and came down, going to a chair near the living-room window. Bridget went on with her window cleaning. Lizzie went to the kitchen, got an ironing board, and took it to her dining-room table, where she began to iron some handkerchiefs.

"Bridget," said Lizzie, "are you going out after dinner?"

"I don't know," said Bridget. "I don't feel very good."

"Well, if you do go out, don't forget to lock the door, as Mrs. Borden is out on a sick call and I may go out, too. By the way, Bridget, there is a sale of dress goods at Sargent's today; it's selling at eight cents a yard."

BRIDGET then went up to her room and lay down for a short nap before fixing the noon meal. She said that soon after she closed her eyes she heard the Town Hall clock strike eleven. She dozed off, and about ten minutes later she heard Lizzie call out to her from downstairs, "Bridget, come down, quick!"

"What is it, Miss Lizzie?" she called back.

"Hurry down. Father is dead. Somebody came in and killed him."

Bridget flew down and started to enter the sitting room, when Lizzie, who was just outside the door, stopped her.

"Oh, Bridget, don't go in there. I must have the doctor. Run quick and call him."

She meant Dr. Bowen, the family physician. Bridget ran to his house, across the street and up the block a bit. Mrs. Bowen said he was out, so she ran back.

"Where were you, Miss Lizzie, when this thing happened?" she asked—the first of countless times Lizzie was to hear that question.

"I was out in the yard under the pear tree. Suddenly I heard a groan and came in. The screen door was wide open. Bridget, run over and bring Miss Russell."

Bridget ran. Meanwhile, a neighbor, a Mrs. Churchill, noticed the excitement and looked across the narrow space between the houses. She saw Lizzie standing near the screen door and called across to her.

"Mrs. Churchill," cried Lizzie, "do run over! Somebody has killed father."

Mrs. Churchill came over and said: "Where were you when it happened?"

"I went to the barn to get a piece of iron," said Lizzie.

Mrs. Churchill went out to get another doctor and asked some men at a nearby stable to help. One of them telephoned Police Chief Hilliard. This was at 11:15 o'clock. Events had moved swiftly since Mr. Borden returned from his office a little before 11 o'clock!

A few moments after Mrs. Churchill returned, Dr. Bowen reached the Borden house. Before the police arrived they entered the living room. On a sofa across from the windows lay the body of Mr. Borden, his head

and face so cruelly chopped that his features were obliterated. He had donned a woolen house coat and under his head he had folded his coat before lying down for a brief rest before dinner. He had not struggled after the first blow had split his skull. There had been no need for further blows, but it was evident that some mutilating fiend had been abroad in that fearful house.

While Dr. Bowen covered the body of his friend with a sheet, Mrs. Churchill and Miss Russell, who had also arrived, were comforting the bereaved daughter. They rubbed her wrists and fanned her face and hovered about. There really seemed small need for these feminine ministrations, since Lizzie did not cry or shudder or manifest any emotion at all.

After a moment or so, Lizzie remarked that somebody ought to tell Mrs. Borden about the affair. She said that maybe Mrs. Borden had returned, because "I think I heard somebody come in." Bridget and Mrs. Churchill went up the front stairs, and as their heads reached the level of the second floor they glanced between the banister railings through the open door of the guest room, and saw a woman's body on the floor beyond the bed.

THEY entered the room, rounded the bed, and found Mrs. Borden's corpse. Her head and face had been hacked until she was unrecognizable. She lay in a pool of coagulated blood. She had been dead nearly two hours.

Joseph Allen, the first policeman to reach the premises, was a simple chap, and at the sight of Mr. Borden he ran back to the police station to notify his superiors. No guard, therefore, was stationed in the house to prevent further concealment of clews or to try to find out who slew the couple. Indeed, there had been time enough between the moment Bridget went upstairs and the moment Lizzie called her—fifteen or twenty minutes—to dispose of all clews.

Within an hour after the police arrived, all the clews that ever were to be found had been gathered. Dr. Emmett Dolan, the coroner, examined the bodies. Mr. Borden's pockets had not been rifled. Mrs. Borden had evidently been struck down while putting the fresh slips on the pillows.

Told of the strange illness that had seized the elderly couple two days before, Dr. Dolan took samples of the milk for analysis, and later examined the stomachs. He was to find no poison in either.

The next morning the Fall River Globe contained a notice signed by Emma and Lizzie Borden offering $5,000 reward for apprehension and conviction of the culprit.

Reluctantly, the police finally were compelled to question Lizzie. From the moment the bodies were discovered until the jury returned its verdict nearly a year later, the good

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[THE MYSTERY OF THE PURITAN GIRL]
Continued from page thirty-seven

people of Fall River, including most of the authorities, strove to protect "that poor, innocent, godly girl," Lizzie Borden, *ætat* thirty-two, against insinuations of the skeptics—and weight of circumstantial evidence.

Following the double funeral on Saturday, the 6th, Mayor J. W. Coughlin and Chief Hilliard went to the Borden home. Coughlin asked the inmates not to leave town for a few days.

"Why," exclaimed Lizzie, "is anybody in this house suspected?"

The mayor hesitated and then replied: "Miss Borden, I'm sorry, but I must say that you are."

"I am ready to go now," said Lizzie.

But the official merely asked her not to leave the house, and promised the family full protection against the curious crowds outside.

ON Tuesday the investigation began. It lasted until Thursday, and was participated in by District Attorney Hosea M. Knowlton, the chief, the mayor, the coroner, Albert E. Pillsbury, attorney general of Massachusetts, who had stepped into the case because of its notoriety, and the Borden family. Lizzie was represented by Attorney Andrew J. Jennings.

Among the witnesses at this inquest were Eli Bence and Fred E. Hart, clerks in D. R. Smith's drug store on South Main Street, and Frank H. Kilroy, a citizen who had happened to be in the pharmacy on Wednesday, August 3.

These three men testified that Lizzie Borden, whom they had known for years, had that day tried to buy prussic acid, giving as her purpose the killing of moths in her sealskin coat. The clerks had refused to sell her the poison. We shall see what happened to their testimony at the murder trial.

Following the inquest, Lizzie was arrested for the murder of her father. No mention was made in the charge as to Mrs. Borden's death. The next morning she was arraigned before District Judge Blaisdell. She pleaded not guilty, and preliminary hearing was set for August 25. She was taken to the jail at Taunton, and was returned to Fall River on that day.

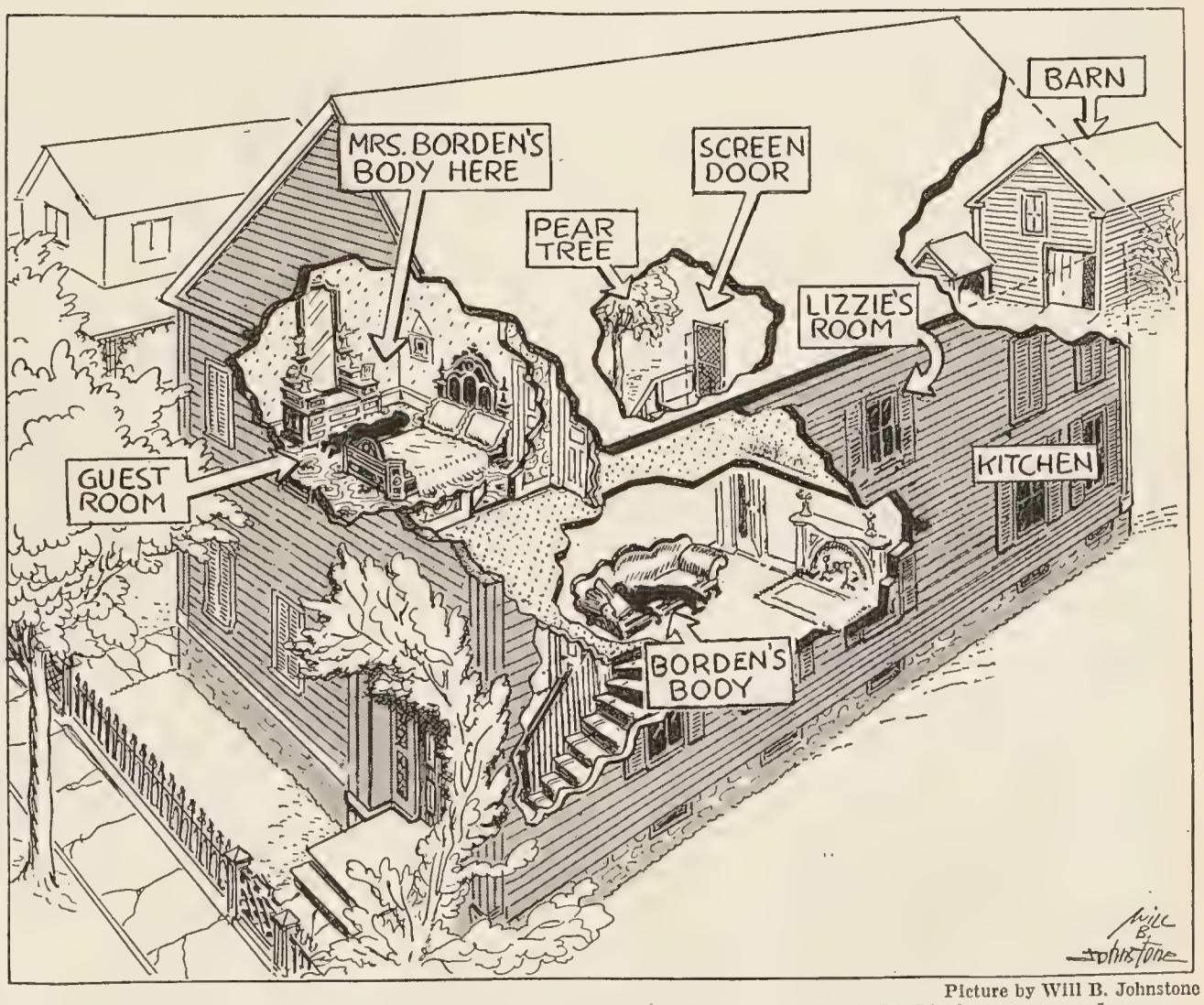
Lizzie declined to take the stand. Indeed, following her statement at the inquest, she never again referred to the mystery in public. The state's case consisted largely, after a few witnesses were heard, of a résumé of all the statements she had made to friends and neighbors and police and inquest inquisitors. This, abbreviated, is what The People submitted as proof that Lizzie should be held to the Superior Court for formal trial:

"My father married my stepmother in 1865," said Lizzie, volunteering information and answering questions. "I don't know how much he was worth. He once sold me and my sister a farm and later bought it back. I never knew he had made a will until Mr. Morse, my uncle, told me recently.

"My father had trouble with a man several weeks before his death. He came to the house and I heard them talking about a store. My father ordered him out of the house. The man said he would be back to talk to father. Father also had trouble with Hiram C. Harrington, who married my father's only sister, but I don't think it was serious.

"About five years ago I had trouble with Mrs. Borden about her stepsister, Mrs. George Whitehead. After that I did not regard Mrs. Borden as I did my mother. I did not call her mother because I did not want to.

"The day they were killed I had on a blue dress. I changed it in the afternoon to a print dress. First time I saw father Thursday morning, he was reading his newspaper. The iron wasn't right, so I didn't finish ironing the handkerchiefs. I was in my room upstairs



Picture by Will B. Johnstone

A diagram of the Borden house, showing the guest room and the living room downstairs, in which, respectively, Mrs. Borden and her husband were murdered; also the pear tree and the barn, mentioned in Lizzie's conflicting alibis, and the screen door through which, her lawyers contended, a murderer could have entered.

sewing on a piece of lace when my father returned around 11 o'clock.

"I last saw Mrs. Borden when she said she was going upstairs to put on the pillow slips. I don't know when she went out, or if she went out at all; but she did tell me she had received a note from a sick friend and was going out.

"I DID no more ironing after father returned. He sat on the sofa and I told him I was going to the barn to get some lead for a sinker so I could go fishing. I went upstairs in the barn, unhooking the screen door when I left the house. I had no fishing apparatus at the house, but I had some at the farm. It is five years since I used that fishing line.

"I stayed up in the loft about fifteen or twenty minutes looking for the lead. Also I ate some pears. The loft was frightfully hot. No, I did not have any hooks or line to fish with, but I intended to go down and buy some, and thought I could save some money by using the lead in the barn for a sinker. I picked the pears from the ground on my way to the barn.

"I don't know where Bridget was all this time, but when I returned from the barn I took off my hat and then found father dead and called her. I saw one hatchet not long ago on the chopping block in the cellar. I don't know how many axes or hatchets there were down there. If there was a hatchet there with blood on it, or

recently washed and scrubbed with ashes, I don't know anything about it.

"The screen door was wide open when I returned from the barn. I gave the police officers the skirt I wore that day. I wore black tie shoes and stockings. I was under the pear tree four or five minutes on the way to the barn. The white-and-blue striped dress I wore in the afternoon is home in the attic.

"I never went to any drug store to buy prussic acid, and did not go into the guest room where Mrs. Borden was killed all that day.

"One night not long ago I saw the shadow of a man near the house as I was coming home. I hurried in the front door. I saw somebody run around the house last winter and jump over the fence. I know nothing about the unfortunate murders."

After the defense called Hilliard and Dr. Bowen, the latter especially solicitous in protecting Lizzie, Judge Blaisdell somewhat apologetically held her to the Superior Court for formal trial.

On December 2 the grand jury found three indictments against Lizzie, one for killing her father, one for killing her stepmother, and one for killing both of them. She was arraigned before Superior Judge Hammond in New Bedford on May 8, 1893, pleaded not guilty to the writs, and was ordered to trial on June 5.

ON June 5 there were three judges on the bench—Chief Justice Albert Mason and Associates Caleb Blodgett and Justin Dewey. Knowlton led the prosecution and was assisted by William H. Moody, afterwards in Roosevelt's cabinet and on the United States Supreme Court bench.

The defense was headed by George R. Robinson, thrice governor of Massachusetts, aided by Jennings and Melvin O. Adams.

Twelve jurors were selected from a panel of 108. Forty newspaper reporters were present, almost all of them reflecting popular feeling in their respective communities by frantically defending Lizzie and frantically denouncing the prosecutors.

The state strove to prove: that Lizzie had the motive for the crime—the fear that her stepmother would be favored in the distribution of the Borden fortune; that she had exclusive opportunity to commit it, the means and the capacity; and that she had betrayed consciousness of guilt.

P. & A. photo

Bridget Sullivan, the Borden family servant at the time of the murders.

Premeditation was alleged in the conversation with Alice Russell and the effort to get Bridget out of the house by sending her to buy dress goods.

Exclusive opportunity was insisted on by the prosecution; physically she was capable of committing the murders; and the handleless hatchet produced in court might easily have been the weapon. The handle had been chopped off recently, and it appeared to have been washed and scrubbed with ashes.

Consciousness of guilt was shown, the state held, by her falsehoods as to the note sent Mrs. Borden—since nobody ever appeared to say he or she had taken such a note to the house; and by the conflicting stories she told as to her whereabouts when the old man was killed—having said she was in the yard, under the pear tree, in the barn—and also about the groan and the screen door.

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

White Teeth Deceive 4 out of 5

NOBODY'S IMMUNE*

**The Disease-of-Neglect Ignores Teeth, Attacks Gums—and Health is Sacrificed*

DON'T let white teeth deceive you into thinking that all is well. Provide protection now. It is easier than relief. For when diseases of the gums, such as Pyorrhea, are once contracted only expert dental treatment can stem their advance.

Have your dentist examine teeth and gums thoroughly at least once every six months. And when you brush your teeth, brush gums vigorously. For complete prophylaxis use the dentifrice made for the teeth and gums as well . . . Forhan's for the Gums.

Once you start using Forhan's regularly, morning and night, you'll quickly note an improvement in the condition of your gums. They'll look sounder, pinker. They'll feel firmer.

As you know, Pyorrhea and other diseases seldom attack healthy gums.

In addition, the way Forhan's cleans teeth and safeguards them from decay will delight you.

Don't wait until too late. To insure the coming years against disease, start using Forhan's, regularly. Get a tube from your druggist. Two sizes, 35¢ and 60¢. Forhan Company, New York.

Forhan's for the Gums is more than an ordinary tooth-paste. It is the formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S. It is compounded with Forhan's Pyorrhea Liquid used by dentists everywhere. You will find this dentifrice especially effective as a gum massage if the directions that come with each tube are followed closely. It's good for the teeth. It's good for the gums.

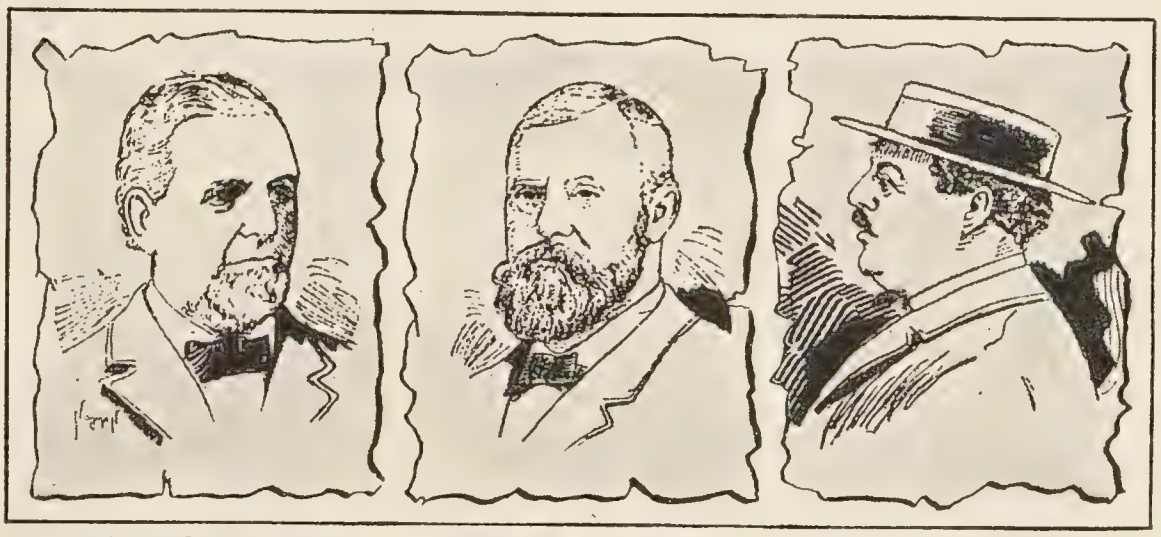
Forhan's *for the gums*

YOUR TEETH ARE ONLY AS HEALTHY AS YOUR GUMS

[THE MYSTERY OF THE PURITAN GIRL
Continued from page thirty-nine]

Alice Russell was an unexpected and important witness for the state. She had not previously testified to anything of importance save Lizzie's ominous conversation. Now she testified that when she reached the Borden house that morning she asked her friend why she had gone to the barn, and Lizzie replied: "I went to get a piece of tin or iron to fix the screen."

On the Sunday following the homicides, Miss Russell said, she went into the Borden kitchen and saw Lizzie with a dress in her hand approaching the stove. Emma Borden asked, "What are you going to do?" Lizzie said, "I am going to burn this old thing up; it is covered with paint." Miss Russell said she remarked: "Lizzie, I wouldn't let anybody see me ripping and burning a dress, if I were you." Lizzie said nothing.



District Judge Blaisdell — Hosea M. Knowlton — Dr. Emmett Dolan

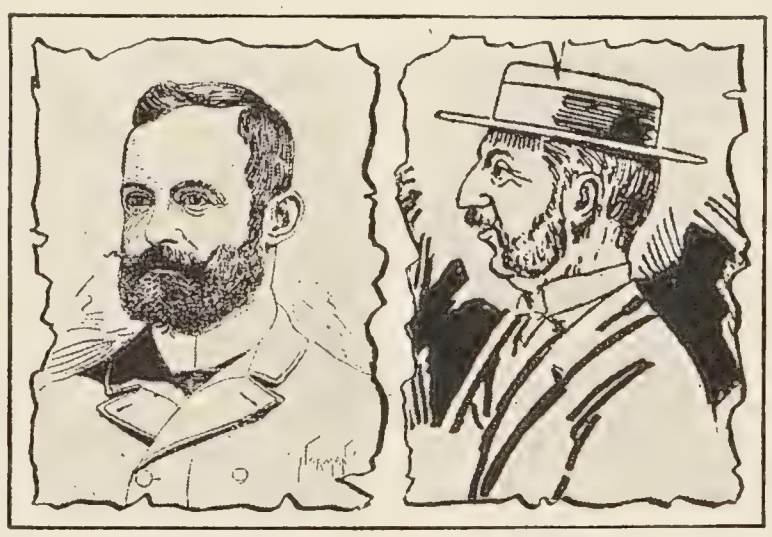
Fall River officials who figured in the Borden investigation. Lizzie Borden was arraigned before Judge Blaisdell, Mr. Knowlton was district attorney, and as coroner, Dr. Dolan had examined the bodies.

Courtesy Fall River Herald-News

Miss Russell described the dress as a "cheap cotton Bedford cord with light blue ground and a small dark figure on it."

Mrs. Churchill testified the dress Lizzie wore that morning was a "light blue and white background with a dark navy blue diamond on it." Shown a dark blue dress which Lizzie had given to the police as the one she had on when she found her father slain, Mrs. Churchill said it was not the one Lizzie wore that day.

The prosecution suffered a severe blow when the three judges, all of whom were noticeably favorable to Lizzie's legal battalions, excluded the prussic acid testimony of the drug-store clerks and the bystander. Indeed, the prosecutors halted the trial forthwith while they discussed the propriety of refusing to continue. They refrained from taking this step for fear the judges would merely turn to the jury and order it to acquit the defendant.



Mayor Coughlin — Dr. Bowen

The Mayor reluctantly told Lizzie she was under surveillance. Dr. Bowen was the Bordens' family physician.

THE defense, having scored mightily by this ruling, proceeded to attack The People's case. It showed that the screen door had been open and that the slayer could have entered, thus proving that Lizzie did not have exclusive opportunity. It showed that nothing had been produced to prove the weapon was among the hatchets and axes in court. It showed there was soft lead in the barn loft, fit for making into sinkers. It showed that in the excitement any woman might have told conflicting stories.

Its strongest point was made when the first five or six persons to see Lizzie after the murders were unanimous in swearing that she had no bloodstains on her person or clothing, experts having previously testified that in hacking a person so brutally it was almost inevitable that some blood should splash on the assassin.

Finally, the state was shown to have failed completely in producing one single bit of direct evidence connecting Lizzie with the crimes. Circumstantial evidence in abundance, yes; but nothing of a genuinely direct nature.

The defense called few witnesses, the defendant's previous good character having been conceded by the state. One or two persons told of seeing strangers, foreigners, lurking about the premises from time to time; and Emma Borden completed the list of witnesses helping her sister by bravely admitting strained relations with her stepmother while insisting that Lizzie had "made up" with Mrs. Borden.

Lizzie did not take the stand.

Following prolonged and passionate arguments to the jury, Judge Dewey read the charge. That charge has been the topic of heated controversy in legal journals and among lawyers for nearly thirty-six years. The mildest comment made about it by disinterested authorities is that it was extremely favorable to the prisoner's case.

In any event, the jurors retired from the courtroom at 3:24 P. M., June 20, the thirteenth day of the trial, returning at 4:30 o'clock with a verdict of not guilty.

EMMA and Lizzie continued to live in the house of tragedy for several years, but finally quarreled over the estate and separated. Emma went to Providence, Rhode Island, to live, and Lizzie removed to a larger dwelling about two miles from her former home. There she lived under the name of Lizbeth A. Borden.

In February, 1897, Lizzie made the newspapers again. A warrant was said to have been sworn out by Tilden-Thurber Company, silversmiths, charging Lizzie Borden with the theft of two paintings from the store. The shoplifting episode was finally adjusted, officials of the company reported, and the warrant was not served.

Everybody connected with the case is dead. All the judges, the police officials, the politicians, the lawyers, the preachers, the neighbors, the witnesses, all are dead.

On June 1, 1927, Lizzie died in Fall River, sixty-six years of age, alone and friendless, all the shouting and protesting adulators and partisans in her crisis having quietly withdrawn their friendship. Her will left most of her fortune to animal charities, and cut her estranged sister Emma off without a penny.

Nine days later Emma died in Newmarket, New Hampshire. She had lived there in seclusion for many years, her mind affected by the long years of brooding over the tragedy.

Today, Emma and Lizzie and their father and mother and their stepmother sleep eternally side by side in the Borden family plot in the Fall River cemetery.

Another famous detective problem will be presented by Mr. Sutherland next week.

When four o'clock seems like seven

Mid-afternoon—but your appetite thinks it is suppertime and says so in a famished voice. A "gone" feeling that tells thousands it is time for Baby Ruth. For the busier you are, the more you need the quick energy found in this tempting dollar-a-pound quality candy. Here are plump, crisp nuts, nestling in amber colored caramel of creamy mellowness and covered with as fine a chocolate as can be found in all the world. In these pure and nourishing ingredients you recognize the reason why Baby Ruth is the best of all four o'clock bracers. Treat yourself this afternoon.

CURTISS CANDY COMPANY, CHICAGO
OTTO SCHNERING, President

A one pound package to keep in your desk for 40c; or buy this handy individual packet . . . . . 5¢

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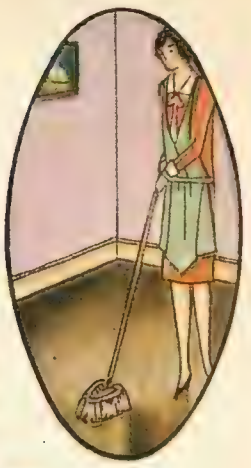


Beautiful Floors . . .

so quick and easy . . .

with an O-Cedar Polish Mop

O-Cedar Polish Mops are shaped to clean the corners

MOST housewives know that O-Cedar Mops and O-Cedar Polish are the way to more hours of leisure and brighter, cleaner, more beautiful floors.

No wonder women prefer the famous O-Cedar Mop with its patented triangular shape. It is designed to reach into corners and other places hard to get at—under the beds—under the bathtub—under the radiators.

The O-Cedar Slip-on Mop saves time and labor

No home should be without it. The patented mop pad is instantly removable for laundering. It is replaced as quickly. Then renewed with O-Cedar Polish this remarkable mop is again ready for service.

O-Cedar Mop pads are made of the finest grade of cotton yarn, chemically treated to prevent linting and to make sure that every speck of dust is gathered up. O-Cedar Mops are light, durable and simple in construction. Handle and frame are of the best materials.

For floors, baseboards, tile and linoleum—O-Cedar Polish Mops! For renewing polishing mops—O-Cedar Polish!

O-Cedar Polish for your furniture "Cleans as it polishes"

When applying O-Cedar Polish to furniture; first dampen cloth with clean water; then add a little O-Cedar. It cleans as it polishes and quickly and easily gives a dry, hard, lasting luster. Safest for furniture—and best.

Everywhere the name O-Cedar is a guarantee of excellence — a name to remember when buying—a name merchants are glad to recommend to customers.

Buy an O-Cedar Polish Mop today. Have a cleaner, brighter home this year, with much less effort. Ask for O-Cedar Mops and O-Cedar Polish at department, grocery, hardware, drug and other stores. There's a dealer near you. O-Cedar Corporation, Chicago, Ill.

381 Lucky Women will win $5,000.00 in this O-Cedar Prize Contest

Would you like to be one of them?

First Prize:	Second Prize:	Third Prize:
$1,000	$500	$250

378 other cash prizes starting at $100

Simply take 5 minutes now. Write us a letter on "Why every housewife should use O-Cedar Mops and O-Cedar Polish"

DID you ever notice how many people win contests of this sort who have never tried anything like it before? In this contest there are surprisingly few rules. All you have to do is sit down and write us a letter telling us "Why Every Housewife Should Use O-Cedar Mops and O-Cedar Polish." Use pencil, pen or typewriter. No fine writing is necessary. No need to be "clever."

We want to know what housewives think about O-Cedar. How and when they use O-Cedar Mops and O-Cedar Polish. What they save in time and energy. How easily these mops are cleaned and washed, and how they are renewed with O-Cedar Polish. Anything which may help other housewives to new hours of leisure and to cleaner and more beautiful homes. Tell us your own experience—or ask your friends who use O-Cedar Mops and Polish. But remember, you do not have to buy any O-Cedar Product to enter this contest.

O-Cedar pointers that will help you win!

O-Cedar Polish Mops dust and clean as they polish. Patent triangular shape makes corners easy to clean. New improved construction, practically unbreakable. Mops are interchangeable, washable and renewable. New O-Cedar Slip-on Mop pad quickly removable for cleaning and washing.

O-Cedar Polish is best for renewing any polish mop. Unequaled for furniture. Apply on cloth dampened with clean water.

Observe these easy rules!

Contest closes May 31st. Midnight of that date is the latest post-mark acceptable. Address Contest Editor, Dept. J-3, O-Cedar Corporation, Chicago, Ill.

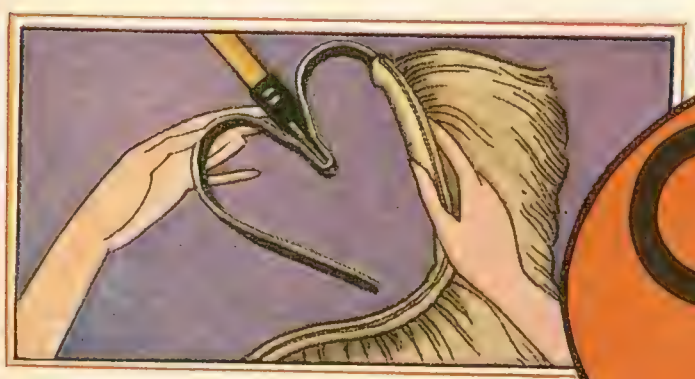
Unnecessary to buy O-Cedar Products to enter contest.

Put name and address at top of *each* sheet. Write only on one side of sheet.

In case of tie for any award full amount will be given to each of tying contestants.

Winners will be announced at earliest possible date—but prize money will be mailed winners as soon as judges make decisions.

Judges will be Katharine H. Fisher, Director of Good Housekeeping Institute; Della T. Lutes, Housekeeping Editor of "Modern Priscilla"; and Cora F. Sanders, Associate Editor of "Woman's World." Their decisions will be final.



Gentle pull at front point of O-Cedar Slip-on removes pad from frame for cleaning. As quickly replaced and renewed with O-Cedar Polish. O-Cedar Mops, big values, at 75c, $1.00, $1.25, $1.50.

O-Cedar Polish Mops

O-Cedar Polish is best for renewing any polish mop. Applied to furniture on a damp cloth it always gives hard, lasting luster. Preserves finish. "Cleans as it polishes." 4-oz. bottle, 30c; 12-oz., 60c.

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Air Conscious LIBERTY

In all directions the lengthening skyways of the nation reach to the horizon . . . *Let's fly!* is supplanting *Let's go!* as the national call to action. More than any general magazine, LIBERTY has helped to bring about this national air-mindedness. LIBERTY has gone to great pains to secure exclusive stories of the world's great air-adventures and adventurers. LIBERTY is telling its readers what it feels like to fly, from the viewpoint of an air editor new enough at the game to retain the average man's slant. LIBERTY'S air-mindedness is a natural corollary of its fundamental policy of being *in tempo*—a swift-moving, modern magazine reflecting *today!* LIBERTY more than any magazine in the field is charting changing times!

Tail-Spins and Tire-Carriers

THE CITY is ahum with excitement. Word has gone out that zero hour for the cross-country take-off is drawing near. From every direction come cars, cars, and more cars . . . Ritzy roadsters and snooty sedans . . . snappy sixes and flashy fours . . . Hour after hour, Sunday after Sunday, America's air-minded thousands are riding to the flying fields not by bicycle, not by tally-ho, not by dog-sled—but by the only practical way to get there—by motor car! Believe it or not, traffic cops go mad at our big air fields as easily as they do in the city traffic jam. Every flying tournament is an informal auto show, although unheralded and unsung.

Air enthusiasts are automobile enthusiasts without exception. Most of them above the age of 21 are car owners. The people who fly, the people who long to fly, the people who flock to flying fields by the thousands to watch others fly, *go by car!* In many cities there is no other way of reaching the local airport.

These people talk naturally in terms of lubricating oils, high test gas, carburetion, suspension springs and piston rings.

With many of them, interest in machines that fly the airways is but a natural outgrowth of a long-standing interest in machines that speed along the groundways.

Flying fans—and their number is rapidly increasing—constitute the livest body of automotive prospects that can be found!

Talk to them through LIBERTY—their favorite magazine.

LIBERTY
GUARANTEES
2,000,000
average net paid circulation for the second six months of 1929 and guarantees at least
1,750,000
average net paid circulation for the first six months of 1929
No increase in Advertising Rates

Liberty
A Weekly for Everybody

The TROUBLE SHOOTER of the Air

Al Williams Flies the Navy into Safety

By

RICHARD CARROLL

THE other day I stood with several others at the Naval Air Station at Anacostia, Washington, D. C., watching an airplane maneuvering overhead. The ship dived and rolled and turned and twisted. No bird could have been more graceful in flight; none more daring.

Sometimes the ship would swoop down for earth, coming at tremendous speed. When apparently ready to drive into the ground it would flatten out, the nose would pull up, and the ship, a streak of speed materialized, would shoot into the sun, engine roaring, straight up and up until it wavered, power gone. A few fluttering moments as it poised, hanging by its propeller to the skies—then, as though tired of the sport, it would flop over on its back and, like a wounded eagle, tumble toward the ground, only to spring suddenly to life in descent and dart away, gracefully, powerfully wild and free.

"That's Al Williams."

There was vast pride in the voice of the mechanic who spoke. To him, at any rate, that name explained the marvel of the performance. We watched.

In all his spectacular flying, Williams has cracked up but this one plane—and this time he did it on purpose, in the course of an experiment.

Al Williams, the ace of Naval Air Service aces at speed flights and stunting.

Now the ship was streaking along at level keel, 5,000 feet up. The roar of the engine came to the watchers on the ground, swelling as she dived, full throttle on, in a long slant toward the ground. Halfway down she turned on her back. She was doing all of 200 miles an hour. Still on her back, the nose went up until she was climbing straight into the sky. At the very top of the climb she wavered, seemed to hang motionless for an instant before the nose pointed over and she came down. She gathered speed again. Down—down. The nose turned under and she was again on her back at the bottom of the loop.

She righted herself and headed for the field. Again she rolled over, coming in upside down. Scarce 100 feet above the landing field she gently rolled into normal flying position, and then dropped gracefully to earth and came to rest.

We had witnessed that most daring of all air maneuvers, made by only two or three of the world's greatest fliers, the inverted loop. It is made as the ordinary loop is made, save that the ship begins and ends upside down, with the pilot riding the outside of the circle. That exception, any pilot will tell you, represents all the difference between life and death.

Some time later, when he had changed his flying togs, washed and dressed, returned the iodine and emergency bandages he always carries to his locker, I was introduced to Lieutenant Alford J. Williams, U. S. N., holder of America's speed record and ace of the Navy's fliers.

The man I met was the perfect aviator type. He was

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE TROUBLE SHOOTER OF THE AIR
Continued from page forty-five]

tall and fair and blue-eyed, carrying his six feet of athletic body jauntily and gracefully. A lot of his 192 pounds was in his shoulders, broad and strong. The firm face was ruddy with health. The eyes were wide set and clear. His hair, cut close in military fashion, was light and without any indication of curl. His voice, though not sharp, held that penetrating quality that comes to men trained to command. He was thirty-four years old.

I had expected to see some ill effects from his outside looping. When Williams and Lieutenant James H. Doolittle had first performed the stunt, they were reported as suffering from all sorts of physical ailments. One enterprising reporter put Doolittle in hospital with several broken blood vessels and described his eyes as bulging out so far they were only held in by his goggles. Nose bleed, to judge from the reports, was the least that could happen.

Williams showed not the slightest effect. He had not even a red circle around his eyes. He greeted me casually and somewhat distantly.

"Come along and I'll run you into town."

WITH visions of a comfortable speedy ride and a chance to study at first hand and in action this man whose name was synonymous with speed, I accepted with alacrity. Lieutenant Williams passed up all the new, snappy-looking cars parked near the hangars. He stopped before a Ford sedan that looked as if it had seen its none too good best days back in 1919. It was frowsy, dilapidated, and, when we got going, wobbly. Williams treated it with affection.

"Mrs. Williams uses the big car. This is my own."

We started off with a bang. The car found its stride—about thirty-five miles or more an hour—and let out. It tore around corners, pulled up sharply behind trucks, wove in and out between the lanes of moving traffic, waltzed between busses, skipped across street intersections, and with a snort and a sneeze pulled up all atremble in front of the Navy Department buildings. I did not get time to marvel at the man's uncanny skill. Several times we had been in positions where a less skilled driver would have piled up in the center of a bunch of cars.

Williams paid no attention to any other car—very little to his own. Deftly, without apparent effort, he jerked it in and out and back again, taking inches where even good drivers allow feet, and all the while kept up a running fire of question and answer on pianos and horse racing, the weather and the future of airplanes.

No history of the development of aviation will be complete without the history of Al Williams. Student pilots of today and many who are far past the pupil stage, who casually take themselves out of trouble aloft, who deftly handle bucking planes and, in trouble, know how to extricate themselves, can thank Al Williams for much, if not most of their knowledge.

There are killers among planes as there are killers among elephants and bronchos. Once in a while a model is produced that will suddenly act up in flight, throw the pilot, spin on him—kill him or injure him, and crack up. When that happens in the Navy, the flying Admiral William A. Moffett, chief of the bureau of aëronautics, calls on Al Williams to locate the trouble. His job is to analyze the ship, discover the cause of the trouble, and report in detail. His other and now more important job is to fly a ship faster than anyone else in the world.

Lieutenant Williams' first upside-down spiral, made in July, 1919, at Pensacola, Florida. It was also his very first flight in the inverted position.

TO do these things that Williams is called upon to do any hour in the twenty-four, a man must possess qualities not given in abundance to his fellow men. It may be true, as Elliott White Springs contends, that any man not blind in both eyes and not crippled in both arms can operate an airplane. It is not true that the ordinary man, be he ever so patient and persistent, can learn to operate a ship with anything like the degree of skill of Lindbergh, Doolittle, Chamberlin, or Williams.

International photo

Williams as a "rookie" pitcher before he took to the air. McGraw of the Giants considered him a brilliant comer.

Each of these men possesses something the average man hasn't got, something the man above the average hasn't got. They must and do have the coördination of mind and muscle possessed by the champions in sports. They have the courage of war heroes. They have the delicate touch of the musician. And they have them all in full measure. If they are not supermen, certainly they are perfect men, all that men may be and not be gods.

Al Williams is typical of his breed. Where he derived from, what circumstances, what environment sent him forth, must point a moral of some kind or other.

He was born in New York City in 1894, the son of a civil engineer whose lineage traces back to the Revolution. His mother was a choir singer and a belle of her day. The son's will to stick and win can easily be traced to the father. Alford J. Williams, the elder, is an older edition of Al. The same six feet of virility, the same

coldly blue eyes, the same dependence on self to carry him through. All his children—there are four of them—possess the same qualities in varying measure. Joseph, the younger son, starred for Lafayette's football squad until he joined the Texas Oil Company. For one year he played professional football with the New York Giants, and then left because his future as a football player could not extend beyond his youth. He is now twenty-eight.

If Al derived his sternness from his father his mother's gentleness leavened it. It has been noted that in the make-up of a flying ace some delicacy of touch, of perception, is needed. Mrs. Williams supplied them for her son. The romantic streak in him comes from her. Her ancestors were Irish and adventurous. She is a gifted singer and musician. She was leading the choir in a church in Harlem when Mr. Williams, a member of the congregation, met her. She is a gentle, retiring woman whose family is her whole life. There are two daughters —Gertrude, who is married, and Frances, who helps her father take care of his thousand social obligations as aldermanic representative of the thirty-second district in upper New York City. He has been alderman now for several years.

The family is typically American of the older type. The father is head of the house and his word is law. The children grew up in an atmosphere that seems to allow great freedom yet holds to a set of almost tacit rules that permit no deviation.

AL went to the public schools until he was fourteen and then transferred to Fordham Preparatory School. He was in his third and final year when he told his father he wanted to go out and work. It was his mother's ambition that one day Al should sit on the judicial bench. To her mind a judgeship held all the honor and esteem that were needed for this world. But the athletic life of her son was getting him. Already he was the best pitcher in his school. He was playing football, and morning and evening he was riding horses, bareback, Indian fashion, or recovering from the frequent falls that were due to his recklessness.

His father heard him to the end. Then he gave his decision. The sixteen-year-old Al could go to work and he, the father, would find the work for him.

Two weeks later Al started from home at 4:15 in the morning to work in a steel foundry in Long Island City. All day long, stripped to the waist, he labored at a forge, heating and hammering, hammering and heating, until his every muscle was raw with pain. It was 8 in the evening before he reached home. For the first three weeks he thought it would kill him. His mother begged him to quit. His father told her it was good training for a young fellow who didn't feel the need of education.

Al was stubborn. All summer long he worked. In the fall of 1910 his father called off the deal and asked him if he would enter college. Al started as a freshman in Fordham. Without neglecting his studies, keeping in mind his mother's and now his own wish that he might study law, he nevertheless found time for baseball. In his final year he made something of a college sensation by his pitching. During an intercollegiate game old Sam Crane, dean of American baseball writers, who could spot the one ball player in 10,000, was a spectator. Al pitched fourteen strike-outs and allowed three hits.

Sam Crane called up John J. McGraw, manager of the New York Giants, and told him he had something for him. In due time Al joined the big league under McGraw's own wing.

The little Napoleon of baseball sent the new recruit down South in Tennessee to pick up some finesse. Al, who always believed Christy Mathewson the foremost of living heroes, unconsciously developed something of the great hurler's style.

He had terrific speed but lacked control. He ripened in the sticks for two years, working doggedly and persistently for the day when McGraw would call him. John J. thought he had a find. The youngster was coming fast.

But in 1917, his second year as a McGraw recruit, Al

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

MORNING MOUTH?

WHEN YOUR TEETH HAVE MISSED THREE BRUSHINGS AND YOU NEED A SMOKE ...THERE'S STILL ONE CIGARETTE THAT TASTES GOOD.

IT'S MENTHOL-COOLED

SPUD CIGARETTES - 20 FOR 20c

THE AXTON-FISHER TOBACCO CO., INC., LOUISVILLE, KY.

You did Right!

IT IS always safe to give a Bayer tablet; there is not the slightest harm in genuine Aspirin. You have the doctor's assurance that it doesn't affect the heart. And you probably know from experience that Bayer Aspirin does banish all sorts of pain in short order. Instant relief for headaches, neuralgia, neuritis. Rheumatism, too. Nothing like it for breaking up a cold. At all druggists, with proven directions enclosed.

Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid

BAYER ASPIRIN

Keeps Hair Neat

Rich-looking — Orderly

IF your hair lacks natural gloss and lustre, or is difficult to keep in place it is very easy to give it that rich, glossy, refined and . . . orderly appearance . . . so essential to well-groomed men.

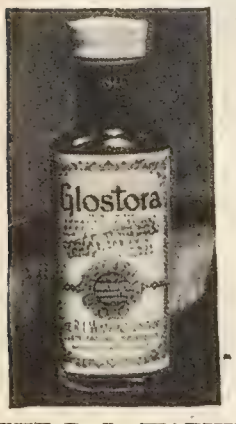
Just rub a little Glostora through your hair . . . once or twice . . . a week—or after shampooing, and your hair will then stay, each day . . . just as you comb it.

Glostora softens the hair and makes it pliable. Then—even stubborn hair—will stay in place of its own accord.

It gives your hair that natural, rich, well-groomed effect, instead of leaving it stiff and artificial looking as pastes and creams do.

Glostora also keeps the scalp soft, and the hair healthy by restoring the natural oils from which the hair derives its health, life, gloss and lustre.

Try it!—See how easy it is to keep your hair combed—any style you like . . . whether brushed lightly or combed down flat. If you want your hair to lie down particularly smooth and tight, after applying Glostora, simply moisten your hair with water before brushing it.



A large bottle of Glostora costs but a trifle at any drug store.

Try It FREE

29-G-42

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[THE TROUBLE SHOOTER OF THE AIR]
Continued from page forty-seven

drifted over to the Brooklyn Navy Yard to offer his services to his country, aviation preferred. That was the end of his ball career. To this day McGraw thinks the game lost a pitching ace when the Navy gained its greatest flier.

Getting into the Navy wasn't so easy as it might appear when one considers the brand of manhood Williams had to offer. He was rejected as physically unfit! An operation to right an internal muscle, strained while pitching, fixed him up and the Navy sent him to Massachusetts Tech to take its ground course in aviation.

That year he made his first solo flight at Bay Shore, Long Island, after three hours' instruction. He was sent to Pensacola for advanced flying. The following spring he had his wings, a full-fledged naval aviator.

Now he was to suffer the handicap of many good fliers. He flew too well, knew too much about ships. All the pleading he could muster would not get him to France. Like Eric Nelson, Jimmy Doolittle, and others, he was too valuable as an instructor to send away. The end of the war found him still training pilots, though in charge of an entire class.

P. & A. photo

Lieutenant and Mrs. Williams soon after their marriage. She longs to fly across country, but her husband, though personally fearless, says it is "not the place to take a girl."

BUT, if the end of the war was the end of glory and danger for most War Birds, it was only the beginning for Al Williams. Once the nations stopped trying to demolish each other's planes they turned to perfecting their own. Anything went in wartime. Peace was something else again. If, during a dog fight in France, an airplane turned upside down and crashed, it was tough luck. Not so in peace.

In 1919 at Pensacola students were killing themselves through their planes turning turtle in the air. Lieutenant Al Williams, even then a crack flier, went up with the delightful order to find out how the students did it. He took off in an N-9 seaplane. Motion pictures made from the ground recorded the flight. Williams turned the ship upside down deliberately. Then he righted her. He inverted her again, he righted her again. Then he made turns flying upside down. He came down with a full report on how the thing was done. He outlined in exact detail how the controls had to be worked. Result—the students no longer died that death.

Williams, for all his stunts, was never called reckless. At Pensacola he instituted the chart system for his class. When a plane had landed she was immediately inspected from stem to stern. Each part was checked off on Williams' list and reported on. To this day the system is part of Naval Air Service routine.

IT was at Pensacola that the first "killer" arrived among airplanes. The type of ship was normal in all appearance and gave no indication that it would misbehave in flight. It was a training ship, capable of making eighty miles an hour and with a landing speed of forty miles. They were heavily built and sturdy. Several of the students got into trouble with them. The ship would develop a tendency to get itself into a flat spin, something on the order of a dog chasing its tail, and the students could not get it out. They crashed and many of them were killed. Some of the veterans took up these planes and some were badly injured in crashes.

It was something new in aviation and something very much worth worrying about.

Finally Williams volunteered to try the type of ship and took one up. For forty minutes he tried to put her into the spin. He succeeded and spun three times. Then he pulled her out. He climbed higher and spun her again. This time he let her go. Three, four, five times she spun, flat. Williams tried to take her out. His mechanic was with him on the flight. The ship spun faster. She would not come out. The controls meant nothing to her.

The mechanic waited for orders to jump. Williams ordered him to sit tight and gave the ship full throttle. She spun faster and faster, tighter and tighter. A crash was inevitable. But Williams had a theory. So fast did he spin the ship in circles, she could not fall quickly. Her own momentum slowed her descent. Twenty feet from the ground he gave the accelerator the final fraction. The ship hit, engine roaring, spun, shattered, and fell away from the pilot and his companion. Save for a few

bruises, a missing tooth or two, they were uninjured.

Williams, who had watched the action of the ship all the way down, went to quarters and wrote his report. As a result the type was condemned and the term "autorotation" added to the list of aërial mysteries, and on the deadly side of the page. Later an army pilot, testing the same type of ship, leaped with his parachute when she spun, and was hit by the whirling ship and killed.

Before this, however, Williams had demonstrated his capacity as a test pilot. Certain types of seaplanes were constantly getting into spins and killing their pilots. Williams took them up, flew a few hundred hours, made dozens of spins, and brought back accurate reports that enabled other fliers to avoid disaster. His work put a stop to the fatalities and proved that these ships could be recovered from spins.

In 1922 the Navy was looking for a pilot to represent the service in the Pulitzer races. Several were chosen, chief among them Williams. Here, however, was something more than mere flying. Technical knowledge was essential. Racing ships must be understood to be flown. No ordinary pilot can fly them any more than a Sunday equestrian can ride a thoroughbred trained for the turf. Parachutes were not worn. The flier whose ship got into trouble got into trouble with it. He could not leave it in midair.

Williams, flying his racer for the first time, saw flames coming from the engine. He dived for the ground, landing at terrific speed. Seizing the cushion he used for a seat, he fought the flames, put them out, and took the same ship up again to win fourth place in the events. But he had located one of the probable causes of the trouble. The ignition wires to his engine ran in metal tubes. A break in the wires, and the current was transferred to the tubes themselves. Fire was the least of the possible dangers.

WILLIAMS learned some of the reasons why his ship didn't win the race. These lessons he carried with him, and in 1923 he sat in with the Curtiss company and helped them design a racer that he later took to St. Louis to win for the Navy first place in the Pulitzer contest. In winning the race he established a world's record over an inclosed course. In the same ship, during November of that year, he established a record as yet unbeaten in America when he flew a ship 266.59 miles an hour over a marked course.

After his racing venture Williams went back to his test work. The knowledge gained in racing was invaluable. After all, the chief value of racing planes to the military service is the chance they afford to study ships flown under great stress of speed. For war work, speed and utility are essential. Williams had the ability to observe as well as to pilot. Many of the things he learned as a racing pilot he passed on to the service. Admiral Moffett called him in to aid in the design of combat ships. His suggestions as to pilot visibility and instrument and gun layout have been utilized by the department.

The races for 1928 were to be held in Italy. Williams was again given a free hand by his department to design a ship. But the Navy failed to come across with the needed funds. Racing ships are expensive, and Williams draws a lieutenant's salary. Friends came to his aid. The money was subscribed, Williams personally collecting it. His heart was set on bringing back the International Schneider Trophy, won for Italy, the year before, by Major Mario de Bernardi with 318.5 miles an hour. Jimmy Doolittle had captured it for the United States in 1925.

Williams' new plane developed ignition trouble. The best experts in the country could not find a remedy. When the time came for the races the ship was not ready and was not entered. But Williams in his tests had flown over 302 miles an hour. He knew what his ship could do if it had the chance.

Once, in his anxiety to get his plane past the tests, he continued piling on speed in flight. Taking off from Long Island Sound, he had barely ascended 200 feet when his radiator started to blow steam. Williams shut off the gasoline. The engine continued to hum at racing

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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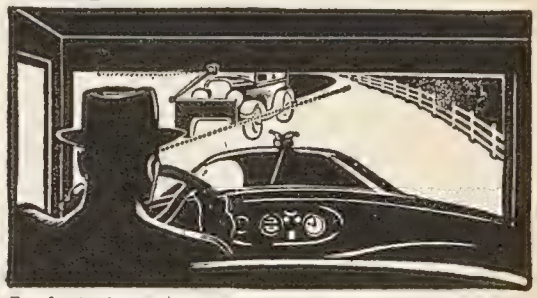

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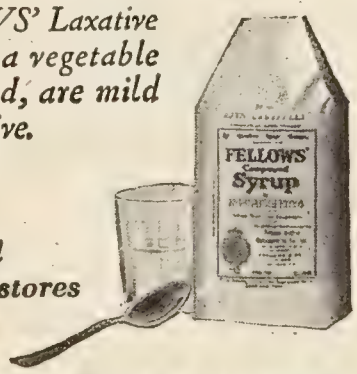

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[THE TROUBLE SHOOTER OF THE AIR]
Continued from page forty-nine

speed. Something was wrong. To shut off his ignition meant that he could not start his engine again in the air. He could not come down safely from 200 feet. Speed planes land fast enough at normal times, over 100 miles an hour. He shut off the ignition and came down straight ahead. He hit the water. Superb piloting kept him right side up.

Now he is building a ship for the 1929 races. What it will be only he and his backers and designers know. Certain it is that if human persistence can do it no ship will defeat him.

Inverted flying, flying a ship upside down, has always given pilots lots to think about. Controls change, reverse themselves. What is usually a right movement becomes a left and sometimes becomes something else. Pilots get into trouble. But military fliers must know all about inverted flying. War flights call on the pilot for his utmost skill. In the World War the aces got away from danger by falling into spins. When an enemy saw them go down, apparently out of control, he took it for granted they would crash, but instead they flew away. Nowadays flying is more complicated. Spins are common enough for the novice to understand. The ships are far superior. Go into a spin today with an experienced enemy watching and he would follow you down until you came out, dazed, and at his mercy. Then he would bump you off to Pilot's Rest.

NEW and more daring stunts must be discovered to outwit the other fellow in the air. Inverted flying thus comes into military vogue. But its attendant dangers make the service wary. The Army has barred fliers from attempting the much-discussed inverted loop. In the Naval Air Service only Williams is permitted to experiment with it.

All last summer he studied inverted flying in all its stages. He has studied inverted loops and outside loops—the inverted loop that starts at the top, in distinction from the true inverted loop which starts at the bottom. He has experimented with inverted tail spins, vertical figures S, and everything in inverted flying, and he is now making his report to his department.

The report will be of inestimable value in future fighting. Williams explains the matter: "Dog fighting in war, scouting, defending—any work calling for fast flying also calls for tricky flying. Not always do the fastest fliers get away. Take the potential value of the inverted loop. I am attacked by a faster plane. The enemy is on my tail trying to get within range. I cannot spin, for he will follow me down. I cannot turn right or left, for he will do the same. My one chance is to dive forward and turn under him, an outside loop. The maneuver is so fast he cannot get his ship around. When he does I am far away or in position to do some attacking myself."

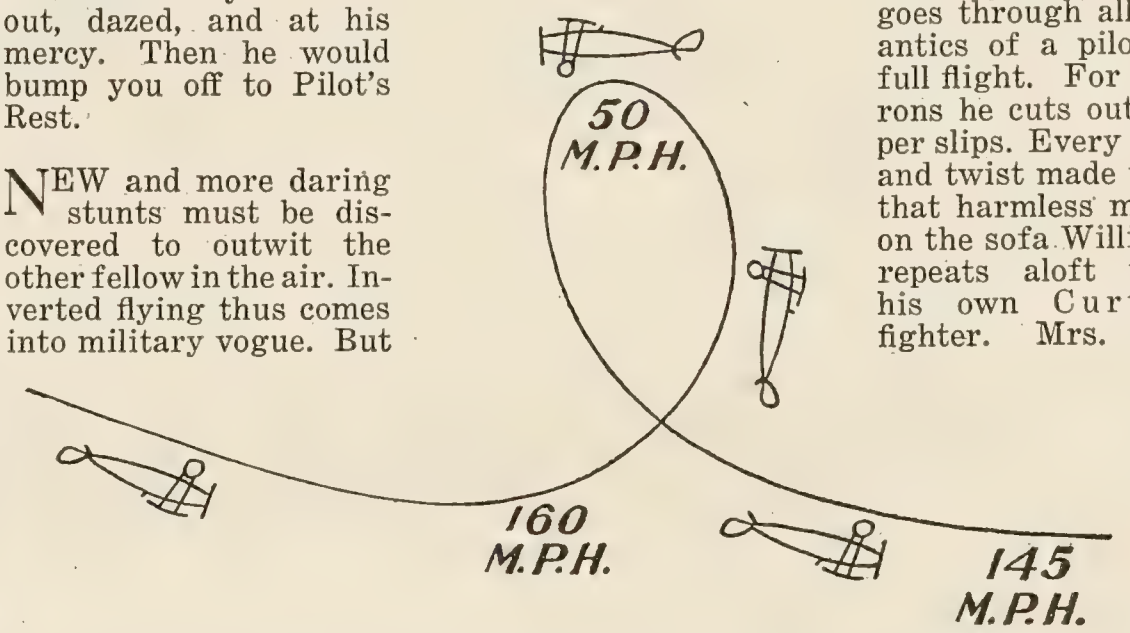
Williams explained how it was possible for him to try the stunts and do them after others had been killed or injured in their attempts, contemplated or otherwise.

Every new or difficult maneuver is studied at home with a model. To anyone but Mrs. Williams, the Georgia girl he met and married three years ago, the famous flier would appear in his work at home an eligible inmate for an asylum for the harmlessly insane.

HIS six feet sprawled on a sofa, the model in his hands, he tips it and twists it and turns it as a real ship would behave in real flight. All the while he kicks out his feet at an imaginary rudder, pushes around with a free hand, and goes through all the antics of a pilot in full flight. For ailerons he cuts out paper slips. Every turn and twist made with that harmless model on the sofa Williams repeats aloft with his own Curtiss fighter. Mrs. Williams, blonde and slim and decidedly pretty, doesn't mind her husband's lack of dignity. If it keeps him safe in the air, it's all right with her. She likes to fly, wants her husband to take her up. He does—around the flying field, never cross-country where she wants to go. She has no fears for him—at least, none that she will acknowledge. To her Al is master of any ship he sits in.

She cannot understand why he won't take her cross-country riding. He explains it:

"It's not the place to take a girl. It's safe enough, you know, but she's a girl and—you know what I mean."



The outside loop from an inverted start, which Al Williams was the first to study. He thinks it will prove invaluable to future air fighters. "M. P. H." means miles per hour.

I did know. It wasn't safe. Flying isn't. Williams won't admit that it is dangerous. But in eleven years of flying he has been forced down so often by faulty ships that he has lost track of the number. Only a bad crash is now remembered as noteworthy. Altogether he has flown and tested more than eighty different types of airplane from all sorts of manufacturers and from all nations. In spite of his myriad forced landings, he has never save once—knock wood—cracked up a ship. That once was when he intended to do it and carried through a deliberate plan.

His life has been a life of thrills. Danger he knows so well that he has developed a sort of contempt for it. As with most of the great pilots, his contempt extends, in an inoffensive manner, to his fellows.

THE great fliers are prima donnas. They are individualists. Their work has taught them to depend on themselves in any and all circumstances. Men who skim above the earth at unbelievable speed, dart in and out among the clouds, look down upon the dots of the earth's surface from their solitary eminence in the skies, can hardly be expected to worry much about the things or the creatures of the earth. What matters it to them, high in the heavens, if an Arnold Rothstein is shot?—if a Nick the Nicker gets a bullet in his wheezy chest?

They come to hold themselves aloof, not because they want to, but because they cannot do otherwise. It is not conceit, though conceit is their right. It is supreme indifference to anything that does not fly.

Williams is no exception.

Yet, over a cigarette in his quiet home in Washington, D. C., he is genial enough. Georgetown University gave him his degree of Doctor of Laws after he had spent many an evening, tired after his flying, studying to win it. New York State admitted him last year to practice law at its bar.

He is well read and keenly interested in literature and in music. He plays the piano with a touch marvelous for its softness when one looks at the muscular hands and iron fingers that press the keys.

It was impossible to resist asking him whom he considers the very best of present-day pilots. And it was surprising to get his answer:

"There is no very best. Any one of a dozen pilots is the best, and it wouldn't be fair to say that one was ahead of the others."

I tried a harder question:

"What do you think of the Army's crack pilot, Jimmie Doolittle?"

"No man in the air today can do anything Jimmie cannot do, and usually Jimmie does it better."

High praise indeed for the greatest Army flier from the greatest Navy flier.

Next week, if all goes well, I shall be able to tell you about Jimmie Doolittle.

THE END

Poems You Ought to Know

Go, Lovely Rose

By EDMUND WALLER

[Edmund Waller was born in Hertfordshire, England, in 1606. In 1643 he was exiled for participating in royalist plots. He returned to England under Cromwell's administration, died at Hall Barn in 1687, and was buried at Beaconsfield.]

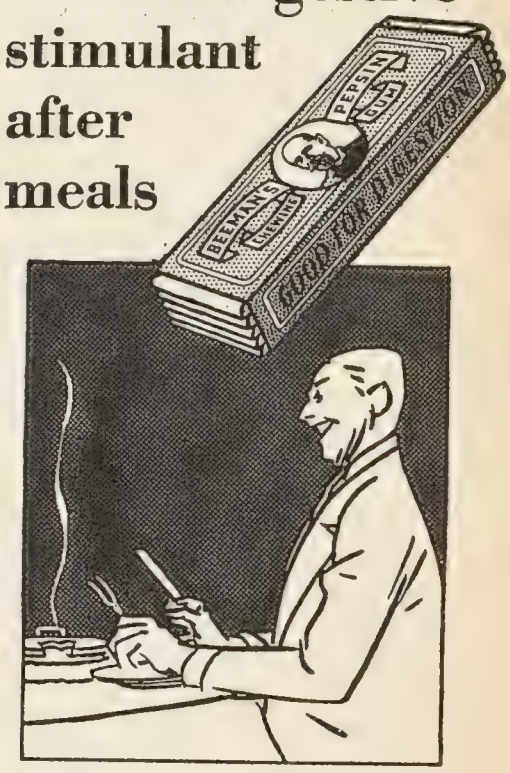
GO, lovely rose—
Tell her that wastes her time and me,
That now she knows,
When I resemble her to thee,
How sweet and fair she seems to be.

Tell her that's young,
And shuns to have her graces spied,
That hadst thou sprung
In deserts, where no men abide,
Thou must have uncommended died.

Small is the worth
Of beauty from the light retired:
Bid her come forth,
Suffer herself to be desired,
And not blush so to be admired.

Then die—that she
The common fate of all things rare
May read in thee;
How small a part of time they share
That are so wondrous sweet and fair!

Nearly everybody needs a *mild* digestive stimulant after meals



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Beauty's Inventory

By

Eileen Bourne

It is a dull-witted woman indeed who cannot endow herself with a fair share of beauty.

VIEWS on beauty never were more personal than they are at the present moment. Such and so various are the tastes in beauty that it is a dull-witted woman indeed who cannot endow herself with a fair share of beauty attributes such as the current broad standard employs.

Where, a generation or two ago, a sole individual might become the beauty toast of the town, today a hundred women might respond gracefully to the toast.

The pattern of beauty, one might say, has become a matter of parts rather than of a whole. Each separate part may not be a feature of perfection, but if the average is high in a summary of them all, no small distinction as an attractive woman may be earned. This, I believe, is the fundamental reason for the fact that the beauty business is now our fastest growing industry.

Check yourself without modesty, also without egotism. Mark off your eyes, teeth, hair, etc., as "good," "fair," "poor."

Woman recognizes that she does not have to accept with stolid resignation irregularities that a wayward providence may have visited upon her. Anything short of an abnormality may be coaxed, petted, nursed, starved, or operated upon into at least a not outstanding beauty deficit.

Let us put this modern beauty pattern under a microscopical eye. Let us divide the woman into so many features, as judgment is passed today. Imagine yourself the woman. Check yourself without modesty, also without egotism. Mark off your eyes, teeth, hair, etc., as "good," "fair," or "poor." Use the chart herewith.

If the "goods" are much in the lead after the checking is done, your beauty work will be to keep them up to their present high standard. If your chart shows a preponderance of "fairs" or "poors," you have but to ask the reason why and, learning it, set about to raise the standard of your appearance.

We will not attempt to list the separate features according to importance, since the personal taste of one judge might persuade him that a lovely complexion is a finer asset than a beautiful head of hair. Each is a superb beauty feature and, like the others we list, within the powers of cultivation. Fill in the chart for yourself.

In it you have, in toto, the ingredients. It is in the blend you get your attractive woman.

Outside of changing the actual bone formation (and cosmetic surgery claims for the nose, at least, exemption from the ban), a woman can actually make herself over from head to foot.

Perhaps we should have incorporated dress in the list. Taste in line and color is of inestimable value. But if you want the superlative effect with clothes, let the foundation be as nearly perfect as modern facilities permit. And the facilities are limitless.

A Chart to Aid Your Inventory of Beauty

	Good	*Fair*	*Poor*
Hair: Its life, luster, color are			
Its mode of dressing is			
Skin: Its tone (coloring) is			
Its texture is			
Its health (freedom from blemish) is			
Mouth: Its expression is			
Its health (condition of tongue, breath, and teeth) is			
Teeth: Their whiteness, regularity, beauty are			
Eyes: Color is			
(Judge for clarity, sparkle, not by discontent with their natural shade)			
Vision is			
Eyebrows: (Judge as to shapeliness, tidiness)			
Eyelashes: (Judge according to length and thickness)			
Chin and Jaw: (Judge by drooping muscle age signs or firmness)			
Neck: (If not slender-throated, count in your favor neck lines cleverly utilized to create slenderer look)			
Figure: (Judge as to weight—over or under)			
Posture: Walking, sitting, standing			
Hands: As to shapeliness, they are			
As to color			
As to manicuring			
Legs and Ankles: They are			
Feet: (Size may be ignored for shapeliness and well shod feet)			
Voice: (Soft, well modulated)			
Speech: (Controlled; good English vocabulary)			
Manner: (Charm of — kindliness, cheerfulness, sweetness, graciousness)			

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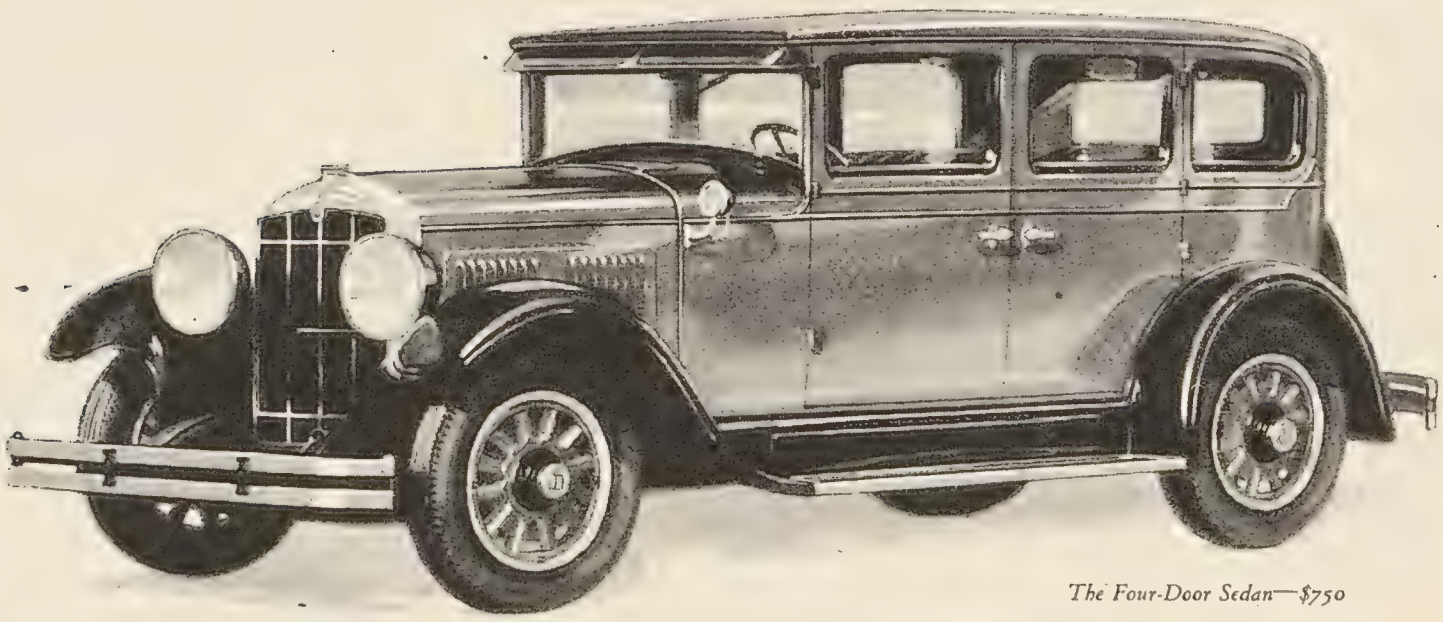

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Vox

Heaven for Privates: a Chance to Talk Back

YOUNGSTOWN, OHIO—Private Jones has read LIBERTY'S article entitled "Discipline—Why? An Explanation to Private Jones," by Brigadier General Henry J. Reilly.

The article says that Colonel Ardant du Picq was the author of what is considered to be the finest work on army discipline ever written. Colonel du Picq was a Frenchman who commanded Europeans and Asiatics in the Crimea, Syria, and Africa, and he died in 1870.

Private Jones always believed that the regular army officer's attitude toward him was fifty years behind the times, and now General Reilly confesses that the regular army has not, to this day, improved on the sixty-year-old theories of Colonel du Picq.

Private Jones is glad that the A. E. F. was officered by regulars only in the ratio of one regular officer to twelve officers from civil occupations, and he thinks it would have been a better army if all the regular officers had been left back home for the parades.—*Robert Jones, Ex-Private, A. E. F.*

TIMMINS, ONT., CANADA—I read the article "Discipline—Why?" by Brigadier General Reilly, and enjoyed it, but the General did not say quite enough.

I am a disciple of discipline myself, but I am not strong for men such as I

have frequently had to deal with as a private soldier.

For instance, I came out one Sunday morning for church parade, and on inspection a young lieutenant told me to get my hair cut.

I told him I had had it cut two days before, and he said: "Don't answer me back, or I'll put you in the guardroom."

Next Sunday I came on parade with a week's more growth, and the same officer passed me by without a word.

Again, once, while scrubbing tables, an officer told us to scrub out the tea stains, and day after day he was after us, banging his riding crop on the stains and shouting. We showed him that the stains had soaked right through the table, and the only way to remove them would be with a brace and bit. Again we were threatened with the guardroom.

Discipline is a good thing, but you can have too much of a good thing.—*A. J. Doling.*

Mr. S. Comes Out Strongly for Race Suicide and a Better World

CHICAGO, ILL.—In answer to E. J.'s remarks, in Vox Pop, that bachelors are cheap, I wish to say that there is a vast difference between being cheap and being a sucker.

In my opinion, a fellow is a chump to get married at this period—i. e., post-

war. The women are absolutely impossible. Their actions and talk are obnoxious, they will not keep house, and they will not work. So, I ask, who needs them?

If every unmarried man would take a complete inventory of the women he sees nowadays he would get ill when he compounded their assets.

In conclusion, I wish to add that I am a young bachelor, and have been living alone since I got back from the war. I am very lonesome for the company of a woman, but I will say this much: I would rather suffer a thousand times than give in to any woman just for the detestable ways they have about them.

If every single fellow thought the same as I do, the jewelers would go out of business, and the women would lose some of the venom they carry in their hearts toward men.—*Spartan.*

P. S. With no exceptions, *all* females are born mercenary. That is why they are willing to get married.

A Railroad Reservoir

CHICAGO, ILL.—Your editorial, "Hoover and the Reservoir of Labor," has been read with interest and approval.

In the same connection may I call attention to the fact that there is ready at hand, without the necessity of a three-billion-dollar revolving fund, the greatest equalizer of labor employment possible to find—viz.: the railroads.

A railroad is always building, but is never built. Rails must be relaid. Ties must be renewed. Banks wash away. Ballast wastes. Buildings require repairs. As traffic develops extensions are undertaken.

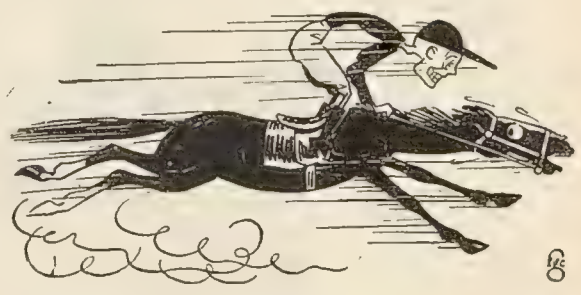
If the railroads could have a rest for a while from excessive regulation, amounting at times almost to management of their properties by others, and could rely upon income and surplus which would insure a reservoir of credit, these extension and improvement programs would be undertaken during periods of slack business when labor is less in demand in other industries and when materials are more promptly and cheaply obtainable, rather than during business peaks when the reverse of these conditions obtains.

But the ability to adopt this plan presupposes liberal earnings during peak periods and ample surplus with sound credit to be drawn upon for preparation during the leaner years for the next wave of business expansion. Only the strongest lines can so arrange their affairs.

Far too many lines must live from hand to mouth and confine extension and improvement programs to periods of maximum earnings because they lack the reserve to do the work at other times. The result is costly, it interferes with traffic, it absorbs labor when other industries need it, requires material much in demand in other industries, and tends to elevate the business peaks and depress the valleys.—*F. H. Plaisted, Freight Traffic Manager, Southern Pacific Lines.*

The Idea Is Slightly Goofy, but It Makes a Picture

BALTIMORE, MD.—Poor jockeys! I'll never watch a race again without thinking how they have to suffer to keep their weight down to somewhere near 110 pounds. Distilled water flavored by



running it over washed pebbles would be the perfect diet for them.

This problem of the men who ride the ponies was made real to me by John J. Fitz Gerald's article, "Slaves of the Scales."

If the owners want human skeletons to ride for them, I suggest, as a candidate for position of Greatest Jockey of All Time, a real "living skeleton" whom I saw in a circus the other day.

Oh, dear! How owners of racing stables ought to outbid each other for the services of that sideshow freak!—*Racetrack Mary.*

Pop

Quite So

NEW YORK, N. Y.—I want to correct an impression which many LIBERTY readers may get from Mr. Richard Carroll's article, "The Next War." In his statement that "the present chiefs who rule the future of military aviation are not aviators," he undoubtedly had reference to commanders of fleets and to the various bureaus in Washington—excluding the Bureau of Aëronautics—pertaining to the navy, and chiefs of staff, commanding officers of armies, etc., in the army.

He certainly could not have meant the three chiefs of aviation: General Fechet of the army, Admiral Moffett of the navy, and Major Brainard of the Marine Corps, as General Fechet and Major Brainard pilot their own planes.

Admiral Moffett, while not a qualified pilot, is a qualified observer. He has been flying since 1920 in both heavier-than-air and lighter-than-air ships; made a transcontinental flight in the U. S. S. Shenandoah, and was aboard that ship when she was flown to Bermuda.

Furthermore, the admiral does practically all of his traveling by air, whenever possible, and he certainly has complete knowledge of what it is all about.—*An Aviator.*

Really? She Must Be an Interesting Cow

LOUISVILLE, KY.—Tell Richard Carroll, who wrote "The Next War," that on the day when a bomb from a plane sinks a *modern* battleship, with bomb-proof armor—far different from the obsolete Alabama—my Jersey cow will

grow wings, spread them, and with a thundering "Moo!" take to the air and soar away.—*An Educated Farmer.*

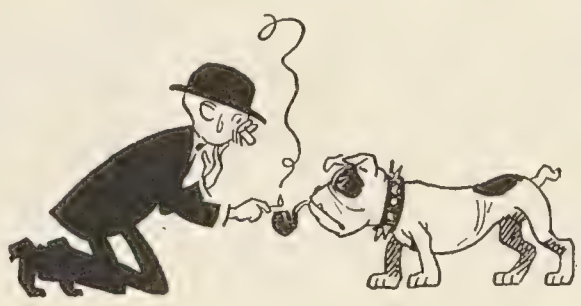
Yes, He Was in the C. E. F. (Infantry) Four Years

SAN FERNANDO, CALIF.—Mr. Editor, save LIBERTY'S reputation for good war stories by telling us you were on a vacation, and your stenographer acted for you in letting "The Next War," by Richard Carroll, get into LIBERTY. I don't believe that man was ever in the zone of fire in the World War.—*J. E. Huston, 150th F. A., 42d Div., A. E. F.*

Well, This Was Long Ago, When Yale Was Very Young

NEW HAVEN, CONN.—I am a Yale man. Did you get that? I said *man.* We're usually called men, occasionally referred to as "college boys"—but as for "children"—!

What I'm getting at is this extremely interesting sentence or two in "Bryan," by M. R. Werner, in LIBERTY for February 2: "At Yale University children broke up Mr. Bryan's meeting by singing, shouting, and yelling: 'Rah, rah, rah, Yale!' Bryan stopped speaking and ended the meeting; but he got angry first and told the students: 'I have been so used to talking to young men who earn their own living, that I hardly know what language to use to . . .



those who desire to be known, not as the creators of wealth, but as the distributors of wealth. . . .'"

What has Mr. Werner got against Yale? Kindly sentence him to get down, humbly, on his knees, before the first Yale *man* he meets. Or else force him to light the pipe of the first pipe-smoking Yale bulldog he sees in New Haven.—*A Yale Man.*

Dr. Straton Writes Us that He Didn't Admit He Broke the Speed Law

CHICAGO, ILL.—'Ray for the man who wrote that editorial, "Tolerance." To print in parallel columns accounts of John Roach Straton breaking the speed law and getting away with it, and a mother of ten children breaking the liquor law and going to prison for life—that was a slick idea.—*Jack Shelby.*

Laws and Laws

ECORSE, MICH.—In a spirit of charity I assume you are wholly honest in your statements made in your editorial, "Tolerance," and that it is the result of your best thought.

But it is extremely unfortunate that a man who addresses so great an audience, the majority of whom will accept your conclusions without analysis, should write so carelessly.

I refer especially to your declaration that "prohibition . . . is the Law of the Land," and coördinately that the restrictions on fast automobile driving are also the law of the land.

Your effort to place infractions of these two laws on an equal basis was peculiarly pernicious.

The veriest tyro knows that there are laws and laws—from misdemeanors to murders. He also knows that a minor offense is not as harmful to society as a major offense. You also, doubtless, know this.

Fast driving is prohibited by municipal or state law, and while it should be avoided, an infraction is harmful mainly to one particular law.

On the other hand, an infraction of the prohibition law is a blow at the Federal Constitution, on which all laws rest.—*C. S. Ford.*

Sure

LOGANSPORT, IND.—For the sake of all lovers of the cover picture, won't you please (now that they can afford it) have Lil buy another hat that isn't g-r-e-e-n?—*Bez.*

We'll Speak to Ed About It

BEVERLY, MASS.—"The Murders on the Roof," by Edward Doherty, is the best detective story I have read this year! Let's have more by him in the future.—*F. E. L.*

Gloomy Outlook for an Editorial Writer

FREMONT, NEB.—Whoever wrote the LIBERTY editorial entitled, "S. P. C. A. Again," deserves what he will eventually get: suffering caused by some animal.

And the more that editorial writer suffers, the more it will please the people who wasted their time reading what he wrote.

The idea of an upstart like that man telling the S. P. C. A. what to do!—*A. E. Tesler.*

And That Probably Is Very Good for You

ERIE, PA.—I read your magazine because the stories and articles in it rouse my ire. I cannot remember ever having laid a copy down in peace.—*Frank Elmer Green.*

Wise Crack

UNIONTOWN, PA.—You should call your magazine The Vacuum Cleaner. It gathers all the dirt.—*Iva Nickle.*

Nippy and Nell

The Love Story of a Man Who Lived on Laughter

By

COSMO HAMILTON

Pictures by ARTHUR LITLE

ODD creatures, men. More odd even than women—and one can't say more than that.

Here was one, for instance, young, or at any rate youngish, and really rather good looking in a sort of way—nice straight eyes, an exceptionally sensitive mouth, a very decent nose, not athletic, in fact a delicate looking man—who had come to Nice to find the sun, and had found it, with the result that only a small strip of his body, after two weeks of nearly complete sun worship on that part of the stony beach which is known all over the world as La Grande Bleue, remained its natural white. All the rest of it had taken on the deep tan of the unself-conscious Zulu.

And yet, in spite of having achieved his desire fully and brownly thus, he sat in an attitude of one-piece calamity and continued to repeat to himself this catastrophic chant: "Desolate—life so gray and desolate. Women and men in the crowd meet and mingle—yet with itself every soul stands single—deep out of sympathy moaning its moan—holding and having its brief exultation—making its lonesome and low lamentation—fighting its terrible conflicts alone."

To which, with the curious satisfaction that goes with an orgy of self pity, he added triumphantly, "I will indulge my sorrows and give way to all the pangs and fury of despair."

Unlike most people who wear a halo of martyrdom in place of a hat, it must be said in fairness, however, that he had a more than usually good reason for these pangs and furies, although he had found the sun.

His name was Legg, of which one now sees so many in this world. That conveyed nothing by itself—why should it? But when Nippy was placed in front of it in any part of England, Ireland, Scotland, Wales, the Isle of Wight, and the Isle of Man, a disturbance took place like that which flutters the seismograph when the earth has tummy trouble.

This serious young man had filled the largest music halls since 1924, when he sprang from the humiliation of a trial at a third-rate theater to the top of the bill at the Coliseum in one terrific bound.

From that epoch-making evening he had been assisted by a girl who had never spoken a word. This was perhaps as well, because most of those that she had picked up she was unable to pronounce. Nevertheless, she possessed a laugh which was worth its weight in gold, and it was her part of the partnership to break into constant and ostensibly impromptu outbursts at everything that he did.

She was pretty, too, which helps, and had been gifted by nature with a lovely figure of which she displayed, with great generosity, as much as she possibly could. Then, too, she had acquired a habit of tittering her feet which was irresistible.

Her name on the bill was Rosie Calf, which had been invented on the spur of the moment; but she insisted on changing it all of a sudden, and then the trouble began. She received a proposal of marriage and being awfully tired of the dismal routine of moving from town to town and forcing effortless ripples of mirth, she put her case to Nippy and begged to be released.

ALTHOUGH she was bound to him by contract for a period of six years, he knew that if he forced it the vital thing for which she had been engaged would go as flat as a tire. Then, too, as he had never considered the possibility of offering her a little gold ring, so that she might laugh with him legitimately at whatever are the domestic adventures which occur in theatrical lodgings or large provincial hotels, what was he to do? He hoarded ideals about marriage, being untouched by modern ideas—queer fellow—and never intended to destroy them by entering that state without love. He was obliged to let her go.

He hoped against hope that he might find another girl as pretty and with the same invaluable laugh among that vaster and vaster number of young women who swarm into agents' offices.

Miss Slipper gave a gasp. It was Boot, and it wasn't Boot. She held out both her hands in gratitude and joy. "You are saving my life," she said.

Having given Rosie away, he discovered, to his horror, that although there are plenty of girls who are pretty, there are none with spontaneous laughs. Laughing is an art which has gone completely out of fashion. The giggle has taken its place. His unsuccessful quest drove him, as you may imagine, first to a doctor in Harley Street, and afterward, on that gentleman's recommendation, to Nice, where there is sun—sometimes a little too much.

And here he was, on the verge of a nervous breakdown, facing the end of a successful career at the age of twenty-nine.

A cultured man was Nippy, who loved the best words in their best order and so read poetry. What more natural, therefore, than that he should ransack his retentive memory for other gems which fitted his dreadful case? But it was with a sense of horror which chilled him to the bone, even although at the moment he was in the act of applying coconut oil to an indignant burn on his shoulder, that he dug one out of Young's uncomfortable Night Thoughts which hung over his head like a pall. "Woes cluster," it ran. "Rare are solitary woes; they love a train, they tread each other's heel."

Whereupon, simply in order to demonstrate the truth of this awful fact, he fell in love.

SHE was always alone, like himself. Although by no means beautiful and with no pretense to it, she had been endowed with something which is infinitely better than that. She diffused the sort of charm that makes one say, "By Jove!" Legg said it on spotting her, though naturally under his breath, and came to the immediate conclusion that he had never seen anything so amusing in the way of noses, so honest in the way of eyes, so courageous in the way of chins, or so kind in the way of mouths.

"Reliable," he confided to himself, "and neat; keeps appointments, I'll bet you; carries a comb for her hair, and looks as healthy as a schoolboy who is very frequently spanked."

Curious words of praise! It must be remembered, however, that Nippy had begun life as a call boy, knew the ways, habits, and the frightful "side" of leading ladies and the others who imitated them, and based his conclusions on that.

All his early romance, which had made the word love just as preposterous as a soppy design for a fountain, had lifted from his mind. He now connected love with marriage, and together these words, with a hyphen, formed themselves, whenever he had time to think about them, into a house not far from London—Wimbledon, perhaps—on the always white gate of which there would be painted The Laurels, The Willows, or more probably Rosslyn Lodge. He watched her select a place in the shade after enjoying a capable swim. A man of quick decisions, he announced then and there to himself that here at last was Mrs. Nicolas Legg. And no sooner had he done so than he sprang to his feet with joy and dropped his coconut oil.

She had been watching the antics of a dog with a ball

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[NIPPY AND NELL
Continued from page fifty-seven]

and had burst into the most catching of all the spontaneous laughs that he had ever heard in his life. Even Rosie Calf's best and most practiced efforts were labored compared with it.

All this had happened on the morning of his third day in Nice—the sun-blister period, when it was an act of exquisite pain to go within a yard of a shirt. Since then, woes had clustered until the inevitable blue of the sky had been rendered black and lowering as by the clouds that cyclones love.

All Legg's nervous attempts to speak to this charming girl were repulsed—quietly, persistently, politely, and most expertly repulsed. In reply to his timid good morning there had never been anything more than a merely pleasant nod, the distant echo of his words, and an instant turning away of eyes to an imaginary sail.

On the raft, to which he always swam when she did, his "Nice here," won only a bright and chirrupy "Very," after which there was a slight movement of avoidance which said as plain as a pikestaff: "Mr. whatever your name is, we have not been introduced. I don't go in for promiscuous pickings up on the beach. Old stuff, I know very well. But there it is. That's me."

It was absurd. It was awful. It was catastrophic. It was bewildering. It was enough to make a stone bleed. Dash it, it wasn't human, and it certainly wasn't Nice, pronounce it how you like.

But on and on it went. He never was able to detect any antagonism in her eyes. Simply a cool indifference. A calm, quiet, and total immunity.

It was gigantic. It was amazing. Yet it was without doubt excellent, dignified, and proper. But it brought an endless caravan of sleepless nights in its wake, bitter and hideous disappointment, and thoughts of suicide. To have found The Laurels, The Willows, or even Rosslyn Lodge, the nicely trimmed privet hedges, the well rolled gravel path, the neat arrangement of furniture, all those nice little doilies and a handsome bedspread or two—but never, in any of its rooms, the Mrs. Legg of his choice!

ONCE more, therefore, as was natural, that dip into the tub of quotations. For instance: "Give sorrow words: the grief that does not speak whispers the o'erfraught heart and bids it break." And again: "Men die, but sorrow never dies; the crowding years divide in vain, and the wide world is knit with ties of common brotherhood in pain." And yet again: "Alone, alone—all, all alone; alone on a wide, wide sea." And this he turned into a song at which any dog must have howled. It lent itself to song.

One evening after dinner, brown inside and out, he made up his mind to present himself, completely defeated, at Cook's the following day. It was his unalterable intention to purchase that small collection of yellow pages the possession of which would enable him to return to Paris on the Blue Train and to Dover on the Isle of Thanet. He had brought himself up to the point of using one last week of life in the continuation of his search for a laugh, and, if he failed again, to wind up his shattered career by jumping over the Embankment at its most depressing point. As for that cool, calm, but very charming girl, he tried to agree with Tennyson, to whom he often went, as to its being better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all.

He meandered among the clouds. The new moon was lying shyly on her back in a transparent sky. Stars rivaled the string of lights which marked that lovely coast. A delicious breeze now tempered the summer heat and had blown away the haze. The whole of Nice was out. None of the girls wore stockings, although it was difficult to detect that fact because of the latest fashion, which demands that the sun shall give their legs the Riviera brown which is infinitely better than silk.

When Nippy pretended to become giddy and fell bang into the drum, the audience, to quote O'Callaghan, "went off its blinkin' nut."

VERY few men wore coats or bothered themselves with ties. All but the Germans had hair—the Italians too ample, perhaps. Most of them were hatless, though here and there a beret could be seen, and occasionally a straw.

On the terrace of the Ruhl Hotel the orchestra was playing Bohème. The rival band at the Savoy was in the middle of Butterfly. From the newly laid floor of the Lido Plage, with all its colored lights, red and white striped awnings, and every imaginable flag, jazz came up to the treble line of onlookers who peered from the Promenade. There were gnats and mosquitoes about.

Music, high spirits, and lemonade were the order of the night. Many families occupied the numerous seats, nearly always with a dog. Germans, French, Americans, English, Russians, Italians, and who knows who wandered about in couples, sometimes in somewhat disconcerting familiarity, or merely holding hands.

Without the slightest warning, someone smacked Nippy Legg's back.

He turned and saw Pat O'Callaghan, one of those hearty fellows, one of those men who are rightly called angels in America because they finance bad plays. As a member of the Eccentric Club he knew Nippy well enough to be able to drop the Legg. In fact, his only reward for losing money in the theater was the power it gave him to call the leading members of the profession by their Christian names.

"Hullo, hullo, hullo," he said. (He would.) "What the so and so and so forth are you doing here, old bird?"

At which, overwhelmed with gratitude at being able at last to pour out his soul to someone who recognized him as a human being with the troubles that belong to his kind, Nippy drew this angel to a vacant table on the terrace of the Savoy, opened the floodgates of his pent-up mind, and told him everything.

O'Callaghan was Irish and it goes without saying, therefore, that he was a sympathetic man. He was moved about the lost villa, though he refused to believe in that girl—he had never met one like that. But what seemed to him to be most tragic, distressing, and even absurd was that a little genius like Nippy should be removed from his work for the public because he couldn't find a laugh. He knew a great number of young women who did nothing but laugh.

And then, with a remarkable brain wave, he announced the fact that he had heard of a girl in Nice—yes, actually here in Nice—who was not only extremely pretty and

already in the profession, but was earning her living at that very moment by the simulation of mirth. "They tell me that she is doing what Rosie Calf used to do, and that her partner is a man who tries to imitate you."

Becoming nicely excited—he was from Dublin, you see—he went on to say that she was making her appearance nightly at the larger of the two casinos, wedged in between a family of gymnasts and a lady with a voice. He wound up by shouting, "Let's go!"

Without a shred of confidence or the fag end of faith, Nippy permitted himself to be hoisted into a cab. This drove off at once to the building in the Place Masséna, outside which all sensible people had remained to snuff the air. There they were, in shirt sleeves, seated at the round blue tables among eager but quiet waiters who were serving constant drinks.

An interval was on, and the small square of dancing floor was alive with jigging couples. How very foolish they looked. The orchestra, which blared brass during the turns that took place on a platform without wings or flies, had slipped away to smoke. A small but all too efficient jazz band was indulging its exhibitionist complex in the usual way. The audience was wholly coatless and all the men waved fans.

"Come along, old bird," said O'Callaghan, taking Nippy's arm. "I know the joker who runs the stage—English, an awfully decent sort. He will tell us about this girl and give you the chance to look her over at close range before she does her bit. How's that?"

"Thanks most awfully," said Nippy.

HE wasn't remotely interested in the girl—there was, indeed, only one girl alive on earth, and she, so far as he was concerned, might just as well be in heaven—but it was good to be with someone who took an interest in him. Would he ever forget those tongue-tied days, that agonizing introspection, his unrequited love, his appalling loneliness, and his final certainty that he was anathema to the Mrs. Legg of his dreams?

O'Callaghan headed straight for the manager's office. He knew this place. He knew every place. He had an immense bump of geography and an irresistible knack of going in where other angels always feared to tread.

"Hello, George," he said heartily. "How and when and what, and all that sort of thing?"

The person thus addressed was not George. He never had been George. He never would be George. He loathed the name of George. But it made no difference then. As a matter of fact, he was too frazzled to notice the O'Callaghan method of applying the difficult duty of godparent to his numerous acquaintances.

"How and when and what, eh? You may well ask. I'm in the cart, I am. In a rotten cart with most of its wheels off. My next turn has gone phut and there's going to be a gap. It's awful. Boot and Slipper—seen 'em? Jack Boot and Nelly Slipper. Nothing to write home about, but the girl's liked and they've been getting over."

"Great Scott!" said the sympathetic O'Callaghan. "It *is* a cart, by Jove. How did it come about?"

Without the slightest warning, someone smacked Nippy Legg's back. He turned and saw Pat O'Callaghan.

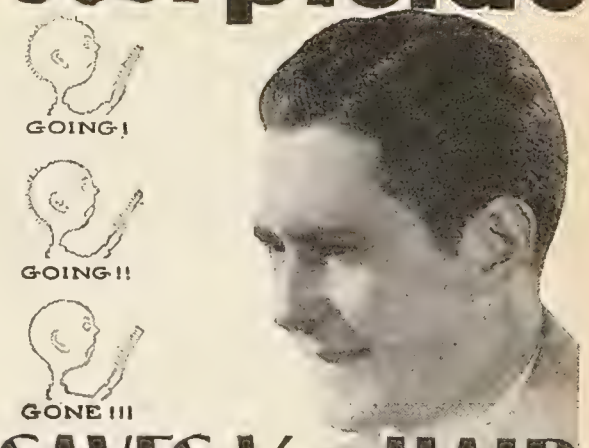
THE temporary George ran both his anxious hands through his already disheveled hair. "That fool Boot has been drinking again. He was fairly all right at the beginning of the week, but he came on pickled last night. Ten minutes ago a message came through over the telephone to say that he'd been run over on the Promenade and carted to a clinic. All the people on the first half have mooched off, and who's to substitute? Anybody can have my life, I don't want it." He almost dropped a tear.

Nippy was near the door. He was always near the door. Someone with a charming voice was talking just outside. There was a little desperate quiver in it which moved him instantly.

"It isn't as though he hadn't asked for it—he's only just missed being smashed up a dozen times this week. But to think of his being in hospital more or less in bits! Oh, poor Jack—poor, silly Jack! And what's to become of me? No partner, no money, no career, and a black mark against the turn after all this work."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Herpicide



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Address _____

My Druggist is _____

ALL Legg's nervous attempts to speak to this charming girl were repulsed — quietly, persistently, politely, and most expertly repulsed.

[NIPPY AND NELL
Continued from page fifty-nine]

No partner, no money, no career, and after all this work? Familiar words indeed! "Women and men in the crowd meet and mingle, yet with itself every soul stands single, making its lonesome and low lamentation —fighting its terrible conflicts alone."

Nippy peered into the passage.

There, with her back toward him, talking to an elderly woman with her fingers to an open mouth, stood a girl dressed as though she were Rosie waiting to go on with him. She was not, perhaps, so pretty; but as she turned her face, on which her make-up was being badly spoiled by tears, he saw the amusing nose, the honest eyes, the courageous chin, and the kind mouth that would have brought ecstasy to The Laurels, The Willows, or even Rosslyn Lodge, if only he had had any luck.

He turned and marched to the table. There was chivalry and a curious glint of triumph in his eyes. Here was the chance to do a kind deed in a very naughty world. Here was the chance, for which he gave praise, to render a service to one of the under dogs of the profession of which he was so proud. Here was the chance to be revenged for all those days of cold shoulder—cold, though brown and more brown—of dignified aloofness, of indifference to his instant but pent-up love.

"Look here; you needn't worry. I'll substitute," he said.

"*You?*" The manager looked up in amazement. "But what on earth do you do?"

O'Callaghan had lost the use of words.

"Much the same as Boot does," said Nippy, "from what I'm told."

"That's all very well; but how do I know—how can I risk—"

"It'll be all the better if his clothes don't fit. I never wear a wig, and all I shall want is a little bit of paste for my nose."

"Yes; but—you are very kind and all that—but have you ever been on the professional stage before?"

Legg had removed his tie. Even in that place and in that heat he somehow clung to a tie. He clung to his principles, too.

"For fifty-one weeks during four whole years I've never been off," he said. "Twice a day at that, until Rosie Calf got married."

The manager sprang to his feet.

"Calf? Calf?" It was a name which was linked in his mind to that of— Which was absurd. "You—you —you *can't* be—"

"Legg," said Nippy. "Yes. Er—thanks for getting up. It is kind of you to remember the combination. It'll never be seen again." His voice broke, but he unbuttoned some of his shirt. "This'll probably be my last appearance on any stage—unless, that is, I do well enough now for you to let me finish the week."

Whose leg was this man pulling—the highest paid artist in England, a genius, one who couldn't have been booked at the casino at any possible price? The manager extended both his hot hands.

"I don't know what to say."

And still O'Callaghan had no words. He might have been born in England or the Isle of Man.

"I shall be frightfully glad if you will say nothing," said Nippy, "especially to the—the lady with whom I'm going to perform. Will you promise me that? I happen to have my reasons."

"Laddie, I'll promise you anything. I'll build a statue to you sitting in a cart!"

"Just tell her to try to laugh at everything I do as though I were doing something that we'd never rehearsed. Ask her to convey the impression that she simply *has* to laugh. See? But they tell me that she's been doing that with Boot. I wish I'd seen his work. If I'd been going to continue I could have got some valuable tips." He continued to babble quietly the while he removed his belt. "Boot and Slipper, eh? Rather funny, that. It's better than Legg and Calf."

The brass commenced to blare, and the manager said, "Five minutes."

"Show me where the dressing room is," said Nippy, "and I'll try to do it in two." He had often done it in two.

At which O'Callaghan found a few characteristic words. As was his hearty and obnoxious habit, he slapped "George" on the back and said in a loud voice, puffing out his chest, "Well, old bird, how about brain waves, eh? I am making you a handsome present of about two hundred quid tonight. Who says I haven't the knack of putting wheels on a cart?"

A SHADE under two minutes later Nippy was back in the office. He was not to be recognized. Not even his late dear mother would have known him for her boy. His sun-tanned face was, as he put it at such moments, "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought." His idealistic nose was tipped with cunning paste. He had reddened his eyelids with grease paint and put idiocy round his mouth. The seat of his baggy black trousers came almost down to his knees, and he had combed his hair over his forehead into a fringe. No one else knew that his body was efficiently padded to protect him from breaking his limbs. Boot's imitation had been very complete indeed, even to the braces which supported nothing at all.

The manager came in with Nelly. She had made up her face again. She was in a state of wild excitement and immeasurable relief. She was saying in her chirrupy voice, "But this is perfectly wonderful! I've never had such good news in my life! I feel at least ten years younger!" Which would have made her but eleven years old. "But how did you get him down here? Where in the world does he come from? What do you suppose he can do?"

"Wait and see." The manager might have been the originator of that irritating phrase, from his prophetic glee. He waved his hand toward Nippy, who might have been Boot himself.

Miss Slipper gave a gasp. It was Boot, and it wasn't Boot. Somehow, there was as much difference between this boot as there is between one made in Bond Street to order and one taken out of a box in Battersea which had been turned out by a machine. It was something in the eyes, those mirrors of the soul; something in the cunning lines of thoughtful melancholy round the mouth.

She held out both her hands in gratitude and joy. "You are saving my life," she said, and once again there was that quiver in her voice.

"Not at all," said Nippy. "I'm only too glad, I'm sure." Oh, you Laurels, you Willows, you pompous Rosslyn Lodge—never for him, not one. Emotion shook his heavily padded frame. He said to himself once more, "'Tis better to have loved and lost—"

"Now," said the manager, "quick!"

On the way to the back of the airy, wingless stage, Miss Slipper spoke again. "But what do you do?" she asked, in a state of nervous excitement. "Have you seen this turn?"

"Every night," said Nippy, "for four years, for fifty-one weeks a year, mostly twice a day."

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[NIPPY AND NELL Continued from page sixty-one]

But before she could recover from her amazement at this remark they were on. The brass blared, the drums became absolutely hectic, and the four indifferent attendants followed with the props—an enormous number of props, among which were tennis balls, Indian clubs, fake cigars, rings on ropes, strange gymnastic appliances, wires for tightrope walking, and a tank into which to dive. Several of the waiters remembered to applaud. The audience, if that were possible, was cold.

Then followed that series of ingenious fooleries, that elaborate succession of grimly earnest incompetencies, that solemn and painstaking preparation for breakneck deeds which never were tackled, which had put Nippy on top of every bill.

Not for a single moment during that hilarious twenty minutes did Nelly find it necessary to feign spontaneous mirth. Her laughter was genuine. It bubbled from her lips. She simply *had* to laugh. Indeed, she almost died. One stitch after another put her into agonies. My word, but this was no mere Boot! This was a Riding Boot! This was a Boot with Uppers—a Patent Leather Boot!

Instead of the usual unasked return which Boot and she had made to an audience consulting its programs and thinking about drinks, they ate their way hunkishly into the period allotted to their successors because of endless calls. Never in the history of the casino had there been such roars of applause.

AND finally, when Nippy pretended to become giddy and fell bang into the drum—at which Miss Slipper's scream disturbed the sleeping swallows under the building's roof and almost stopped the tram—the audience, to quote O'Callaghan—who felt that he had made a dent in history, and for a wonder had—" went off its blinkin' nut."

It must be said that " George " was wringing wet. He would save his reputation for his error in engaging a performer who drank before his turn, and make his name along all that coast's casinos for picking up a substitute who would treble the receipts. Treble—aye, quadruple. It was a triumph. It was a riot.

There was a queer little glint in Nippy's eyes when he staggered into the office panting and fell into a chair. The manager was slapping one of his shoulders and O'Callaghan the other. And near the door stood Nelly Slipper, holding her sides.

Before O'Callaghan could shape an exuberant word, the manager cut in. " What'll you take to stay in the bill for a couple of months? " he asked.

" You are very kind," said Nippy, " but as a matter of fact I'm booked a week from tonight for an appearance on the Embankment—unless, that is, Miss Slipper—"

" Yes, yes! Well—go on."

WITH an odd and whimsical timidity, Nippy rose to his feet. His eyes were on Nelly's charming face, and they were alive with hope, approval, deference, amusement, and gleaming with tenderness.

" Unless, that is, Miss Slipper will, if she can, consent to detach herself from Jack Boot and join up with me—fit on to another limb, in fact, that has a foot. I would like to ask her that question personally, but a very dreadful fortnight has warned me that I shan't be able to do so until we've been introduced."

He had removed the putty by this time, rubbed off the lines about his mouth, and smoothed back the hair from his forehead. The man who stood before her was that most ridiculous person whom she had been egging on for a fortnight by the policy of keeping off.

" Good heavens, it's—it's *you!* " she gasped beneath her breath. Somehow, she had made up her mind that he was no ordinary man.

Once more George, who was really Harry, forestalled the bouncy Irishman, which annoyed him very much.

" Miss Slipper, allow me to have the honor and gratification of introducing "—he made a dramatic pause—" the famous Nippy Legg."

My dears, it wasn't from The Laurels or The Willows from which Harry received a picture postcard three weeks later, on which a white satin slipper was tied behind a car with a leg sticking out of each window, upon the front of which was written, and quoted, " Love better is than Fame."

It was from Rosslyn Lodge.

THE END

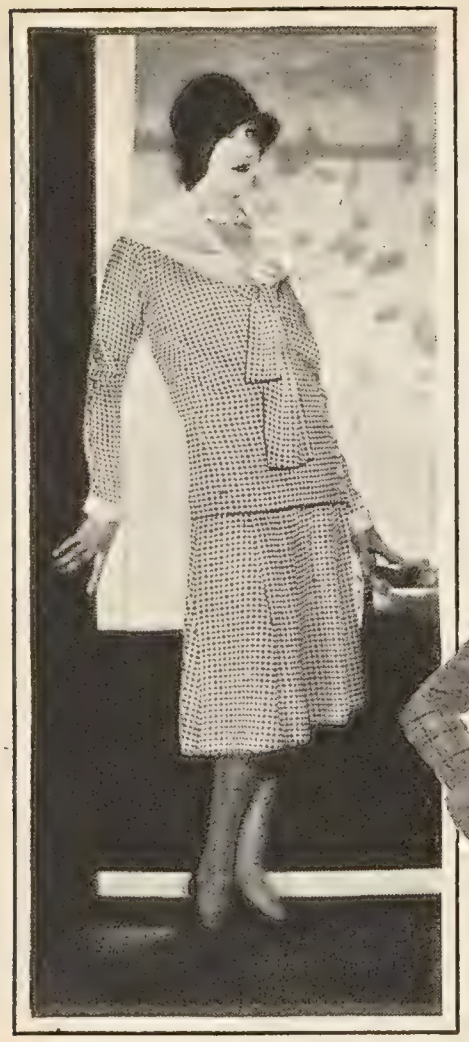
ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 32

1—Wyoming.
2—Host.
3—The science which treats of poisons.
4—All are names of American Indian tribes.
5—Because of the resemblance of its leaves to a hand.
6—A kind of couch, usually having a support for the back at one end only.
7—One who makes charts or maps.
8—Beyond the province of law.
9—Lieutenant general.
10—She was beheaded by order of Queen Elizabeth.
11—An angle less than a right angle.
12—That part which fastens in the ground, especially the broad end of each arm.
13—Don Quixote.
14—An innkeeper.
15—London.
16—A guiding star; especially the polestar.
17—Michigan; borders upon lakes Michigan, Superior, Huron, and Erie.
18—A republic.
19—A parasite; a flatterer, especially of princes and great men.
20—St. Patrick.

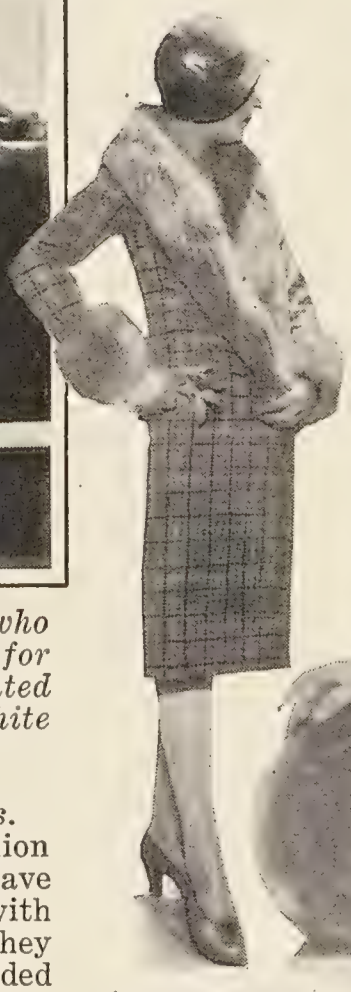
Figures of Fashion

By

BETTINA BEDWELL



Louiseboulanger, who launched the vogue for gingham checks, created this suit of navy and white silk gaberdine.



An unlined coat of English wool from Molyneux has beige fox collar and strap cuffs.

The filmy black georgette of this Lelong evening frock is a very popular evening material.

Paris likes this evening gown of black flowered taffeta from Worth.

Paris.

FIGURES of fashion this spring will have something to do with the Venus variety. They will be controlled and guided to an extent by the impersonal figures we meet between the covers of a geometry book. They will also conform to the rule of the sweet figures of beauty that appear in the old-fashioned garden. Crossbars and candy stripes will not be lacking. And that great collection of English-born figures, leading units of which are chevrons, checks, and diamonds, will have to be figured in the fashion parade.

The book of the mode is to be written with many checks. You will remember that, last spring, dots were scattered all over the fashionable materials that made our spring frocks. This year it is checks. In Paris clothes these checks vary from the tiniest of pin checks through all of the gingham types, and increase to shadow and even checkerboard varieties. Checked cottons will appear in quantity for resort wear. Checked silks, such as silk gaberdine, surah, tussah, and shantung, will be used for frocks, and in combination with plain materials for city ensembles.

In the spring woolens the English figures will rule. They will include checks, and the smartest of spring ensemble coats will be made of unlined figured wool. Crossbars are placed on the sheerest of summery fabrics this season, and flowers bloom on taffetas, failles, and quaint moirés, as well as on crêpes and chiffons.

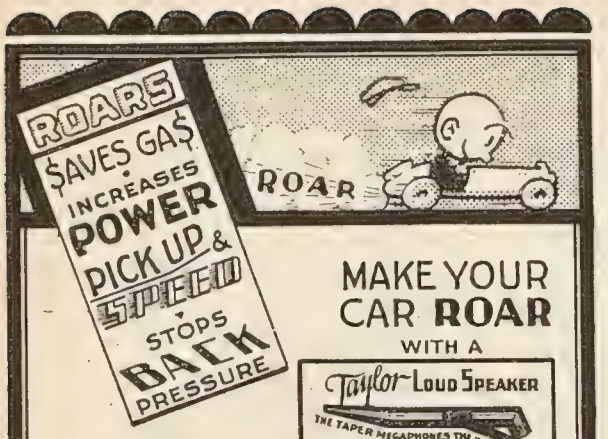
Remember, however, all figures are secondary to your own. The fashionable silhouette remains slender and willowy. For women with ample curves, then, the equally smart plain tissues are essential to personal chic. Particularly and personally made for them is the vogue for black.

It is usually the daytime mode that follows the checkered career. Louiseboulanger, who designed the navy and white checked suit shown in our first photograph, made it of silk gaberdine with a surpliced collarless jacket and a gored skirt. A white crêpe blouse with a sailor collar and checked tie is worn with it.

Our second photograph, from Molyneux, shows an unlined checked coat of beige, black, and red English woolen, with beige fox collar and cuffs.

BLACK has cast such a powerful shadow over the evening mode in Paris that colors are to a great extent eclipsed. And the fashionable evening frock is less sheer than we have seen for some time. The most successful Paris evening gown for spring is the black georgette frock from Lucien Lelong, shown in our third photograph. This dress is so cut that it gives height and slenderness to virtually any figure. Five narrow tiers of self material circle the tube of the dress below the waistline, crossing and drooping in a checkerboard pattern at the back, where they hang in very long panels. The very narrow double shoulder straps are a smart feature, and the sash tied in front is another.

Modified black is also very smart for evening. Flowered taffeta with a black ground is a leading example of this, and an exclusive frock of this type is shown in our fourth photograph. Worth designed this dress, with its smart innovation, the separate hem of ruffled lace.



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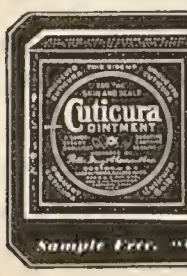

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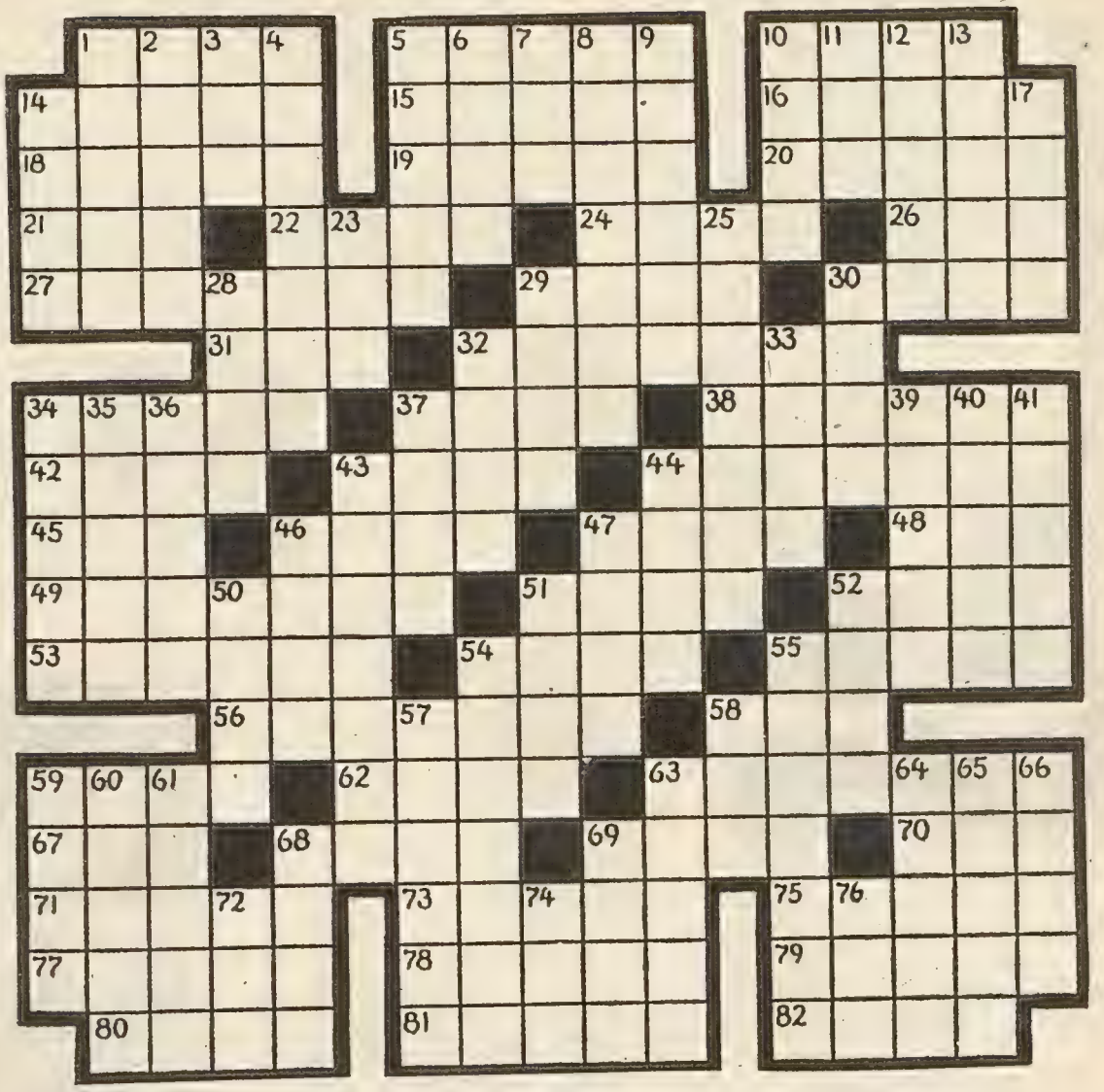
An *Easy* Puzzle—

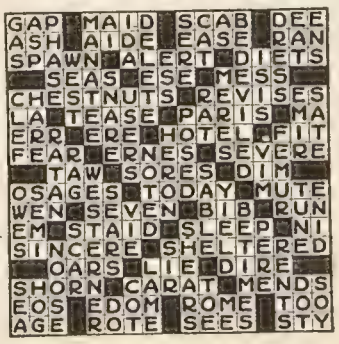


HORIZONTAL

1 Expectorate
5 A flower
10 Small mounds
14 A compass point
15 To use stintingly
16 Therefore
18 That which brings evil
19 The President of Turkey
20 Forest mentioned in As You Like It
21 Peer Gynt's mother
22 Imitated
24 To percolate
26 Termination
27 Scolded vehemently
29 Melody
30 Day of the Roman month
31 A fowl
32 Periods of conspicuous activity
34 Bower
37 Easy gallop
38 Recount
42 Liliaceous plant
43 Dreadful
44 Sour liquid condiment
45 Monkey
46 Such and no more
47 Fine ravelings
48 A constellation
49 Pertaining to tension
51 Carol
52 Hastens
53 Continue
54 Father (French)
55 Make rigid
56 Irritated
58 By
59 Low-bred fellows
62 Sheep
63 Delicate skill
67 Malt liquor
68 A Norse god
69 Make crooked
70 A pronoun
71 Sedate
73 Point opposite the zenith
75 Brings to maturity
77 Growing out
78 Not ripened or matured
79 A bay or recess
80 Periods of time
81 Those who gaze steadily
82 Allows

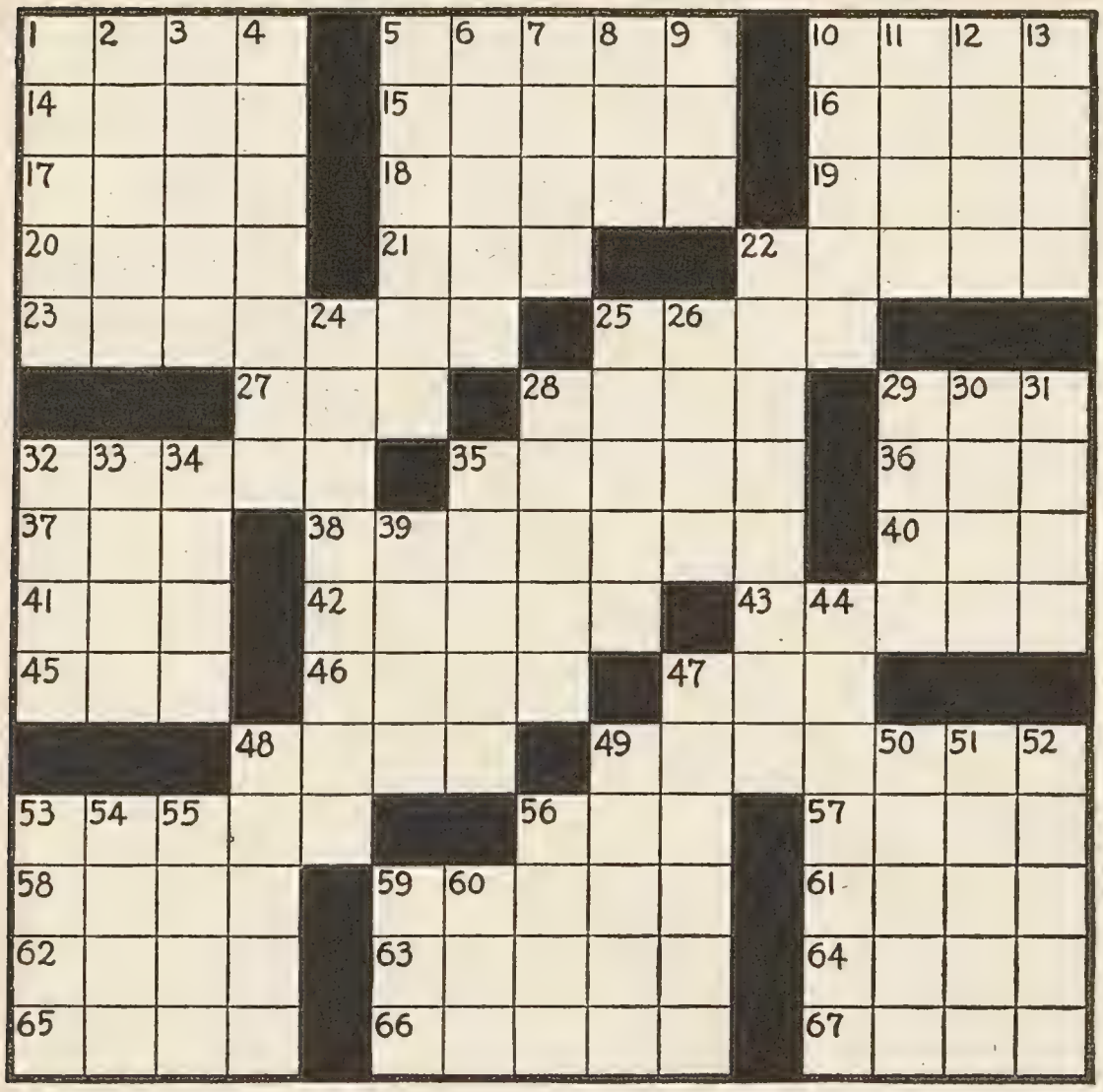
VERTICAL

1 Immerse in a liquid
2 More chaste
3 A pronoun
4 Sphere of operation
5 Inquired
6 Hurried
7 Scotch cap
8 An obliteration
9 Refurnish with an inner covering
10 Demonstrative word
11 Always (poetic)
12 Finished
13 Division of a drama
14 Incrustation over a sore
17 Concludes
23 Sty
25 Looking askance
28 Hailing term used by sailors
29 Binding material
30 Island
32 Heart
33 Torn
34 Having wings
35 Come to maturity
36 Mix together
37 Italian coins
39 Anew
40 Weeds of grain fields
41 Expunge
43 Struck out
44 Climbing or creeping plant
46 Mud
47 Title of an English nobleman
50 Exposes to solar rays
51 Observes
52 At this point
54 Fully attended
55 Organ of climbing plants
57 Sudden sharp pain
58 Fastening device
59 A container
60 Solitary
61 Shut out
63 Flowerless plants
64 Ancient or formal form of shall
65 Becomes withered
66 Formerly
68 Crude metal (plural)
69 Litter for bearing a corpse
72 Greek letter
74 River in England
76 Compass point



Answer to last week's easy puzzle

and a *Hard* One



HORIZONTAL

1 A three-handed card game
5 Combiningformmeaning feather; wing
10 One of the sons of Noah
14 One of the dots mottling the sun
15 Intertwined
16 Part of a horse's harness
17 Exterior covering of certain seeds
18 A fine powdered lava
19 Feminine proper name
20 Scottish Highlanders' dance
21 Prefix; equality
22 Anticipatory terror
23 Province of Italy
25 An outbuilding
27 A usual or fixed practice
28 Discharged, as a firearm
29 Bird of the crow kind
32 A gap or break
35 To stand on end, as hair
36 Intoxicating pepperplant of Borneo
37 Rouse into quick action
38 Defames
40 Small fishing boat
41 An artificial language
42 Twelfth sign of the zodiac
43 Sinews
45 Cardinal number
46 Intestines
47 Insect of the order Hymenoptera
48 Incloses and confines
49 Character in Aïda
53 Mariana Islands canoes
56 Put in place
57 An assumed part
58 Points
59 Aft (nautical)
61 Labor
62 Let it stand (printing)
63 Beast of burden
64 Pertaining to an era
65 Dry and withered
66 Thither
67 Lairs

VERTICAL

1 Boxes
2 A territory of Japan
3 Character in Shakespeare's Tempest
4 Narrators
5 Audible utterance of grief
6 Sixteenth-century Italian poet
7 The daughter of Air and Earth (Greek mythology)
8 Portuguese coin (variant)
9 Alleged force or natural power (plural)
10 Wing cover of a beetle
11 Haul or drag
12 Woman's name
13 Meadow
22 Abhorred
24 Creates turmoil
25 Unkempt wildgrowths
26 A cornu
28 Hordeolums
29 Fish of the carp kind
30 In a line or rank
31 Wits
32 A shoot or sprout
33 To withhold from knowledge
34 Immeasurable period of time
35 Cuts into long pieces or strips
39 Genus of starch-bearing plants
44 Filled in with rubble (masonry)
47 Combat between armed forces
48 Urgency
49 Have relation or reference
50 Irish poet
51 Pertaining to an ancient Greek school of philosophy
52 Vends
53 A defile
54 Act of performing solemn service
55 Hebrew liquid measure
56 Indistinguishably like
59 Represent dramatically, on the stage
60 Exclamation of extreme contempt

Answer to last week's hard puzzle

Fat Comes at Forty

Fat Need Not Come

Science has found the reason why people grow fat. That reason lies largely in a defective gland. To some that trouble comes in early years, but to most people after 40.

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Delicious Economies

By Ethel Somers

THERE are many uses for stale bread: Water toast, creamed toast, and French toast; croutons and bread fingers for soups. In scalloped dishes, as corn, tomatoes, potatoes, apples. Here the bread is used both as a thickening agent and as a brown upper crust. In forcemeat stuffings for vegetables and meats, as stuffed peppers, onions, carrots, cucumbers, tomatoes, and eggplant.

To extend foods, as eggs in an omelet. Here more milk may be used because of the thickening effect of the crumbs.

In bread puddings: plain, butterscotch, chocolate, or fruited; brown Bettys, suet puddings, and English plum puddings. Cake also may be thus used. In griddle cakes, steamed brown breads, and muffins, where the bread crumbs are substituted for part of the flour.

As a thickening agent in sauces or gravies to be used with poultry, fish, or croquettes.

BREAD CRUMBS—There are three methods for crumbing dried bread: crushing very dry bread under a rolling pin on a bread board; grinding it through the fine blade of a food chopper, or in the new rotary grinder.

FRESHENING BREAD—Bread, muffins, cup cakes, cake slices, or steamed puddings may be freshened by any one of three methods:

1. Dampen the outer surface of bread or cake. Place on a rack in a baking dish and rebake for ten to twenty minutes, according to the thickness of the product being freshened, at 375° F.

2. Steam the slices of bread or cake soft over water. Care must be taken not to let the moisture which collects on the lid drop back on to the product being freshened when the steamer is opened.

3. Wrap in parchment or wax paper or cover tightly in a kettle and rebake ten to fifteen minutes at 375° F.

CROUTONS—Whole slices of bread may be cut for croutons into cubes of one-half inch or three-quarter inch size before storing. When well dried, place in a moderate oven (375° F.). If the cubes are placed on a wire rack they will brown quickly on all four sides. If placed directly on the baking dish they will need rather frequent turning.

Croutons can be more quickly made by frying in deep fat (375° F.) for one to two minutes or by pan-frying in a bit of fat in a hot skillet.

If you prefer croutons that are brown on the outside but still moist inside, the bread may be buttered as it is cut into cubes. A tasty crouton may be made by buttering the cubes of this type and rolling them in grated cheese before browning in the oven.

Stale bread, cake, etc., are freshened by steaming.

Freshen bread by brushing with a wet cloth and rebaking in a moderate oven.

French Toasts in Variety

6 slices stale bread
1 cup milk
1 to 2 eggs, slightly beaten
¼ teaspoon salt
1 cup hot water if the bread is hard or increase the milk to 2 cups
2 tablespoons butter

SHOULD hot water be used, dip the bread slices in it quickly and then into the egg-milk-salt mixture. If a richer product is desired, use milk, increasing the amount to two cups, and let the bread soak from one-half to one minute in the milk-egg mixture. Have a griddle or fry pan hot, add the butter, and fry the dipped slices until browned on both sides (about four minutes). This recipe may be varied by adding one tablespoon of sugar to the egg-milk mixture, in which case the finished toast should be served with jam. Another pleasant variation is to soak a washed orange peel in the egg-milk mixture several hours or overnight and then serve the finished product with orange marmalade or orange sauce. Still another variation is possible if the dipped slices are coated with grated cheese or if very thin cheese sandwiches are made into French toast. Cheese French toast is especially suited to a luncheon service if tomato juice is substituted for the milk.

COTTAGE PUDDING—Stale cake may be freshened and served with fruit or chocolate sauce as a cottage pudding.

Pudding Made from Cake

2 cups scalded milk
1 cup stale cake crumbs
¼ cup stale bread crumbs
1 to 2 tablespoons sugar (depending on sweetness of the cake itself)
1 tablespoon butter
1 egg
¼ teaspoon salt
¼ cup raisins, dates, or currants
½ teaspoon vanilla
2 tablespoons nuts or coconut, if desired

ADD the crumbs to the scalded milk. When cool, add the butter, sugar, slightly beaten egg, and other ingredients. The proportion of butter, sugar, and flavoring will depend upon the richness of the cake used. Bake in an oiled baking dish set in a pan of water in a very moderate oven (350° F.) for one hour. If not sufficiently browned, raise the heat at the last part of the baking, for five to ten minutes, to 400° F. Some prefer to bake bread pudding in like manner as it gives more of a puffed top. With such a slow oven there is less chance of curdling.

IN the three LIBERTY cookbooks housewives will find additional recipes using bread that has lost its first freshness—bread puddings, various ways of preparing toast, etc. The price of each of these handy, helpful little books (compiled by Ethel Somers) is 10 cents, but you may have all three for only twenty-five cents. Send for them today, using the coupon herewith.

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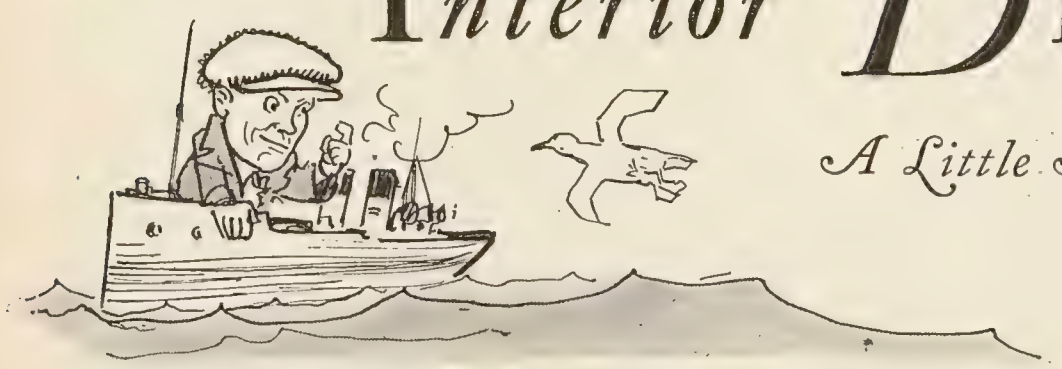
Love Letters of an Interior Decorator

A Little Message from the Big Drink



Words and Pictures by
BERT GREEN

On board the S. S. France.

DEAR MARG,

Well, here I am on the Frantic Atlantic again, bound for the Meditterranian See. Gosh, I wood have cent you a wire from the dock but they poured me on bored. I didn't know weather I was on a boat or in your old ladys kitchen. I had a friend with me from Massachewsits. You know—one of those very proper Bostonianians—yea, and she got properly plastered too, don't kid yourself.

Listen Heart Beat I'm goin to write you everything I do and see on this trip and take it from me you'll get plenty! I'll write what happens every day in a dairy so you won't feel bad if we go no place on our funnymoon.

Gosh! this is some boat!!! I got a stateroom what looks like Camille's bedroom. The steward says its a Louis the 14th room. If Louie even slept in a room like this he'd get fuller charm an nonsence.

The steward is a guy like a waitor. I guess they just call him that because he takes care of the stews.

You should see the main saloon!!! Talk about it bein beautiful! On the square youd think you were in a Ritzy New York hotel. The main saloon is where all the passengers flock at night to go blotto. The men put on the boiled shirts and their motormen coats. The wimen blow in with about enough clothes on to puncturate a paragraph. Oh what swell times they have.

Everybody gets half plastered and fuller monkey business and the joints a riot. Corks poppin to the right of you and corks poppin to the left of you. Gee what an awful play the bubble water gets! Oh and is it good—WOW!!!! If you think we live in America, youre goofy!!! It takes these foreigners to enjoy life and what I mean!!

The way these society goofs put on the airs would panik you. They walk into the saloon with their stuffed shirts on in the evening and put on the dog. The frails carry ther eyeglasses on a handle like a soup strainer. They look round the room as though their neck was made outa Portland Cement. They all start that way the first day out—but after a few shots of *real* gigglesoup they all loosen up and do their stuff. WOW!!! and I dont mean maybe!

To sit in the lounge on this ship Marg and see yurself surrounded with honest to God tonsil syrup puts you in heaven. Johnny Walker, King George, Haig and Haig, Bill Hennessy, Paul Roger, Mr. Mumm—theyre all here and how! The hole gang!! And the cocktails!!!! Mother burn my clothes. Oh this is a hard life—heres the dope.

You get up in the morning if youre able as soon as the bar opens. After a coupla quick shots you begin pacin the deck. A few times round the ship you hafta go back in the bar to recooperate. Three shots in the bar and youve got to go back on deck and walk it off. Its just a case of takin it on and wearin it off all day. By the time noon comes round youre just partly boiled.

Then in the dinin saloon they give you free wine—*two bottles*!!! Sweet lady! After lunch is over youve got

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

There's another game they call shuffle board. You play it with a crowbar.

dust dulls eyes

March gales are here again, with their accompanying dust. Don't let it rob your eyes of their sparkle or, worse still, cause a bloodshot condition. Use *Murine* daily to rid them of irritating particles and keep them clear and bright. Positively contains no belladonna or any other injurious ingredient.

MURINE FOR YOUR EYES

DANDRUFF

A Sure Way to End It

There is one sure way that never fails to remove dandruff completely, and that is to dissolve it. Then you destroy it entirely. To do this, just apply a little Liquid Arvon at night before retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

By morning, most, if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and two or three more applications will completely dissolve and entirely destroy every single sign and trace of it, no matter how much dandruff you may have.

You will find, too, that all itching of the scalp will stop instantly and your hair will be lustrous, glossy, silky and soft, and look and feel a hundred times better.

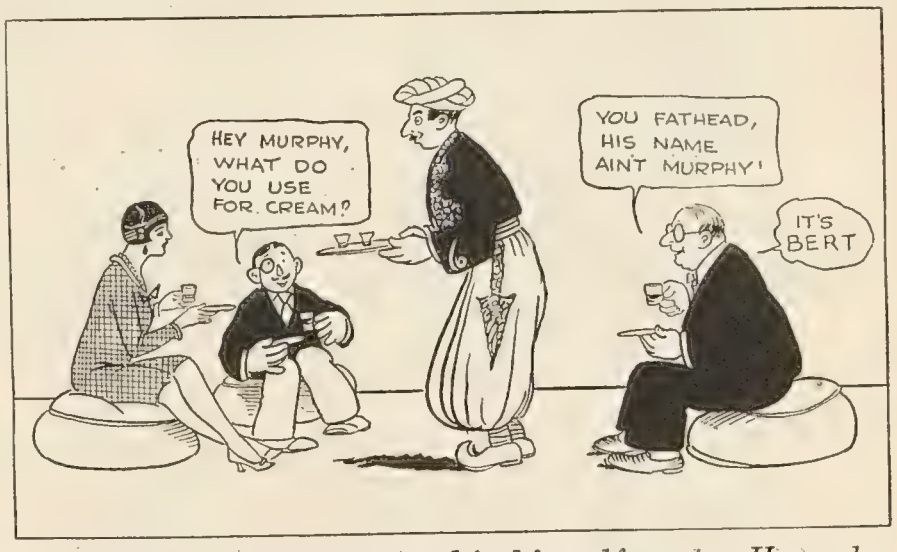
You can get Liquid Arvon at any drug store, and a four ounce bottle is all you will need.

This simple remedy has never been known to fail.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SIXTY-SEVEN]

to go back on deck and do some more anklework to ease up the wine and by the time dinner comes round youre goin good. Then its time to get into the dress shirt and clown suit. Thats a laugh!!! If theres anything worse than takin 600 pins out of a dress shirt and tryin to climb into it half soused with the ship doin the Oceania Roll I wanna see it! The Great Herman himself couldnt make it even if Houdini helped him!

As soon as you get the shirt over yur head like a tent the ship does a Brodie into an air pocket and yur nose kisses the door. Then youve gotta ring for the steward and get a small cocktail so you can get the collar connected onto the rivit in the shirt front. The sap that invented dress clothes should get six months in a pie factory with a muzzle on.



You could hide a baby grand in his golf pants. He cooks the coffee on a little stove the high hats call a brazzier.

As soon as dinner is over the doods all go up into the Smokin Room and lounge around with the lickeers. That is—them what can make it! Right away everybody is gettin acquainted because everybody else is plastered anyhow. Oh its the *life!*

Theres a swell vamp on the ship. Shes a WOW!! She puts on the English axsent heavy. She says she was born in England, but her girl friend tipped the mit and said she thought her old man was a cattle hurder in the stock yards and that she was born in Chicago. She used to work in a department store or wore out a switchboard I dont know which. You should see the PARTY lines in her face!!! Sweet Pertoot, shes fuller $hecks apple.

She wears clothes just like a child —four feet from the ground. And HOW!!

Oh I forgot to tell you about the guy they have on board here what makes trick coffee. Hes a turkey or a Mohamed or somethin—I think he used to pinch hit for the Sultan of Turkey when he had a hangover because he wears a funny lookin uniform like he was playin first base. Hes got a load of wet wash rapped around his head and you could hide a baby grand in his golf pants without suspichon. No foolin. He cooks the coffee on a little stove what the high hats on the boat call a brazzier. Gosh I've seen plenty of brazziers but they never cooked coffee on em!!!

This Mohamed has a little room all to himself on the ship. Its Moorish and so pretty you just hafta go for the java thats stewed on the brazzier.

On deck they have a great many games. One is called QUARTS because you play it afta youve been drinkin a couple. Then there's another game they call shuffle board. You play it with a crowbar—you shove little meat cakes along the deck. The idea is to knock out the other guys meat cakes and you win the game. Nobody plays it unless theyre well oiled.

Listen Kid, I got to beat it now and get a whiskey and soda. We arrive at the Canary Islands tomorrow and I'll write you the hole business in my next letter.

Hopin your mothers tonsils are out by now and wishin you the same.

Your pal
MIKE SHEA.

The next mail from the Canary Islands should be chirping with news.

Bright Sayings *of* Children

LIBERTY will pay $5 for every published original bright saying of a child. Contributions cannot be acknowledged nor returned if unavailable. Address Bright Sayings Editor, LIBERTY, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

Smart Child!

Daddy and mama, engrossed in a private argument, drove past the red light. A traffic officer appeared at the car window and asked with polite sarcasm, "Perhaps one of you folks know of a good slogan on saving time?"

Daddy and mama were crushed, but Bobby, in the back seat, piped up: "I know—don't waste the green light!"—Dorothea M. Rae, 2530 Boulevard Ave., Scranton, Pa.

Some Climb!

The Sunday school teacher told the class about Moses climbing to the top of Mount Sinai. When she got through she asked, "Now, which one of you can tell me what Moses did when he got to the top of Mount Sinai?"

Louis raised his hand and was called on. His answer was, "Moses was hot and took off his collar."—Louis J. Finkelmeier, Jr., 3497 Vine St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

Ted Looks for Molly—and Almost Finds Death

in

The Murders *on the* ROOF

A Serial of Mystery on Broadway

By EDWARD DOHERTY

Pictures by DALTON STEVENS

He poised himself a moment on the edge — and jumped.

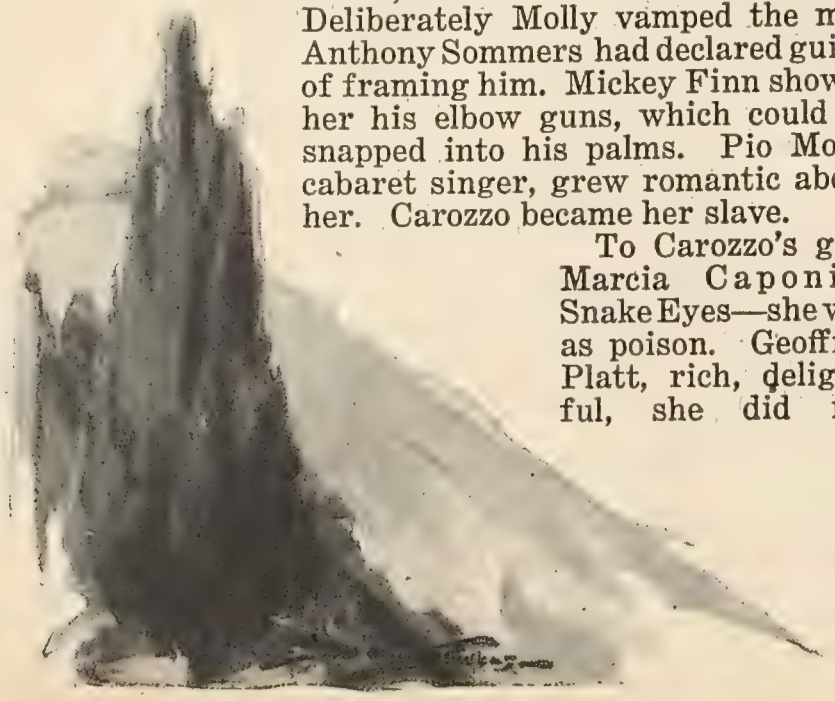
BEAUTIFUL Molly Sommers, out in Milwaukee, read the verdict of a New York jury. It was "Guilty. Murder second degree. Twenty years to life imprisonment."

The condemned man was Molly's father, Anthony Sommers. Molly made a resolve. She would go to New York and establish her father's innocence. This meant that she must break her engagement to Ted Morehouse.

Sommers had been a brilliant lawyer, but drink had got him, and he sank to taking cases for Big Joe Carozzo, who owned The Corsairs Club, a roof cabaret. Here Spots Larkin had been killed with a spindle.

Circumstantial evidence convicted Sommers. Spots had had an enormous diamond for sale. This was never found, but in the wastebasket was a bloody handkerchief of Sommers' and a fake diamond coated with chewing gum.

Molly arrived in New York determined to find the real diamond. She became a singer at The Corsairs, under the name of Eileen Drew, and the roommate of Babe Wolfe, who nicknamed her "Dearie." Deliberately Molly vamped the men Anthony Sommers had declared guilty of framing him. Mickey Finn showed her his elbow guns, which could be snapped into his palms. Pio Mora, cabaret singer, grew romantic about her. Carozzo became her slave.



To Carozzo's girl, Marcia Caponi—Snake Eyes—she was as poison. Geoffrey Platt, rich, delightful, she did not vamp, but he fell in love with her. He had been at The Corsairs the night of the murder. Molly knew he had left the country immediately, knew that Monica Lane, a cigarette girl, had taken her own life for love of him. But what Molly did not know was that Platt had carried a large diamond with him to Europe.

Into The Corsairs Ted Morehouse hurled himself, violently jealous. He fought Mora and manhandled Carozzo. But Molly ministered to Big Joe. He had given her a ruby necklace. This had been stolen from her, but he had promised her the Larkin diamond. If she gave herself to this beast, would she solve the mystery?

PART SEVEN

THE day was pricked with little perplexities.

Babe Wolfe awoke late in the afternoon. The room was dark and cold. Despite all the bedclothes that covered her, Babe shivered.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE MURDERS ON THE ROOF
Continued from preceding page]

"Dearie!" she called, "get up and close the window, you lazy thing! And I wish I had a hot water bottle for my feet!"

She turned, watching the stiff curtains that reached out toward her from the window, crackling. She waited for Molly to stir and answer. She remembered finally that she was alone, and swore. She wrapped the bedclothing about her, and worked at the window—using only one hand, because the other hand must hold the blankets and the quilt in place—and when the window was closed she scampered into the kitchen and lit the oven.

When she had dressed and had started the coffee, she called up Mr. Blum.

"Listen, boy friend," she said. "Dearie hasn't showed up, and I'm getting the heebie-jeebies. Honest, I could bite my nails like Carozzo—only he ain't got none left to bite. I'm worried. See if you can get a hold of that guy Morehouse. Maybe he knows where Dearie is. Maybe he kidnaped her. If he didn't— And make it snappy, will you?"

She took in the milk and the papers, and read as she breakfasted. Molly's picture was in nearly every one of the papers—and there were columns and columns of type narrating the events that had occurred that morning. Babe cut out pictures and stories with her nail file. Great publicity for Dearie, she thought—but if Dearie had disappeared? Good night!

Some of the stories hinted that the fight had been arranged to give the thief a chance to take Molly's rubies undetected and escape. Some of them declared there was some connection between the throwing of the spindle and the Larkin murder. "Mystery surrounded" everything, even in the newspapers that handled the yarn facetiously.

BABE looked in vain for any story or comment under the names of Henschell or Retticker. She was disappointed. The thought crossed her mind that these two reporters had slighted her roommate. But her other favorites were well represented.

Wallace Sullivan in the Telegraph called Ted "the unknown socker."

He played a peculiar game [Sullivan said]. Having batted Pio Mora for a neat safety, he caught Carozzo on the fly and threw him out at the plate. It happened to be a plate of hot spaghetti, but Carozzo didn't mind. He didn't know it. After this the happy warrior turned umpire, and the crowd had a nice time throwing bottles at him.

Walter Winchell of the Graphic headed his column with a bit of doggerel:

Rubies are red;
Carozzo is blue.
Who stole the necklace
From Eileen Drew?

And his last line was written for the sophisticates: "What beautiful cabaret yodeler has displaced which torso tosser in whose (roof garden prop.) affections?"

Mark Hellinger of the News dwelt more on the fight than he did on the theft of the rubies. It might be news, he said, when a Broadway blonde had her tonsils or her jewels removed. But when a boob went into a sucker club and knocked the host for a row of cover charges instead of being thrown down the elevator shaft—that was real news.

Hellinger had one line that made Babe laugh: "They poured liquor down Carozzo's throat, but he didn't give a dram."

"That guy Hellinger," she said aloud, "never pulls his punches, but he always pulls his puns."

It was more than an hour before she heard from Mr. Blum.

"Morehouse has checked out of his hotel," he reported. "And guess who paid his bill and took his luggage out?"

"The sheriff!"

"Wrong. Geoffrey Cameron Platt!"

"I was gonna say! Listen, boy friend, I'm more scared than ever. Dust up here right away, and bring me the late editions. And if you see any reporters hanging around, keep the trap shut. If they find out that Morehouse has disappeared—and Dearie too—wuff, wuff!"

BUT Molly had not disappeared. She had gone to Ossining, determined to see her father, or at least to send him a note of explanation. She knew what he would think when he saw her picture in the papers. And she knew he would see it.

The train stopped at every station. Sometimes it stopped between stations. Once Molly feared she was snowbound. The snow fell thickly, evenly, constantly, and rain fell now and then with the snow, making a weird world. The prison was a white cake, with icing dripping over its sides. Little white figures of men were stuck on the frosting—candy figures with candy rifles.

She sat in the warden's office for a long time, quiet, unmoving, before anyone appeared. Then an old man in convict uniform entered—a thin man who looked at her as though he hated the sight of her.

"I saw your picture in the newspapers this morning," he said. It was an indictment, the way he said it.

"Escaped?" she asked. The old man whispered: "Ask Geoffrey Platt—"

"Yes? I came to see my father, Anthony Sommers."

He glared at her.

"He's not here," he said.

She knew he had said it, because she heard it; but she had not seen his lips move.

"Escaped?" she asked.

The old man winked at her, looked all around quickly, and whispered: "Ask Geoffrey Platt—Geoffrey Cameron Platt."

He darted out through a door. Molly waited until she had seen the warden. She asked for her father.

"Sorry," the latter said; "you can't see him."

"He's still here?"

"Of course he is."

Molly told him of the convict. He laughed at her.

"Some of these stir rats get crazy ideas," he said. But Molly felt that he was uneasy, and she determined to find Platt and make him tell her why she could not see her father. She was sure, now, that he knew.

NOR had Ted vanished. He awoke in Geoffrey Platt's suite in the Allegheny. He was dressed in his own pajamas. His toilet articles, his watch, his keys, and his money were on the dresser. His evening clothes lay on a couch near the bed. A somber young man, Platt's secretary and valet, informed Ted where he was.

"Mr. Platt thought it might be convenient for you to stay here for a little while," he said. "He feared the police might be looking for you. But he called up a few minutes ago to say that everything was all right and you might leave as soon as you wished."

The man was polite, but in spite of his politeness Ted realized he was inviting him to hasten his departure. He bathed, thinking of Molly's face, wondering where she

was. He determined to find her and take her back to Sommerville. He dressed quickly. His watch showed 11:23.

"Is it morning?" he asked.

"Almost," said the young man.

Ted went to the window and looked out. He stepped back quickly, frightened.

"I must get out of here!" he cried, trying to quell the panic he felt at the realization that he was so high above the earth. "Tell Mr. Platt I'll come back to thank him—as soon as I can. Or—or I'll call him up and have him send my things to the McAlpin."

He hurried out into the corridor, and just as he stepped into the elevator he saw a man entering the door of Platt's suite.

It was Anthony Sommers.

Ted was so amazed he forgot to be frightened as the car plunged down the shaft to the lobby.

"Platt wanted me to get out of there before Sommers came," Ted thought. "But why is Sommers not in jail?"

II

IT was nearly midnight when Ted arrived at Molly's apartment in Seventy-second Street. He found Mr. Blum there. Mr. Blum was alone. He had been waiting all evening.

"I was just going to give you up," he greeted Ted. "I was going to quit this joint at twelve sharp and go to The Corsairs. I looked at my watch. It was eleven fifty-five. 'I'll give him five minutes more,' I said to myself, I said; and I hadn't hardly shoved my ticker back in my pocket when I heard you coming up the steps."

"Where's Molly?" Ted demanded.

"Yes, sir; I was just going to give you up," Mr. Blum went on. He did not look at Ted.

"Where is she?" he asked again.

"Babe says for me to stay here. She had a hunch that you'd either come or phone. Molly ain't showed up, and Babe's wild. She's—well, she don't know what to think."

He sketched out for Ted the things that had happened in Carozzo's bedroom after the fight.

"Babe waited in the dressing room an hour and a half," he finished. "But Dearie she was still in Carozzo's room. Babe knocked on the bedroom door and Dearie answered. She said for Babe not to wait, and—and—well, we don't know what to think."

"They were alone!" Ted said. "But—but Carozzo was—"

"You beat him up pretty bad. But he's O. K. now, Babe says—and after tonight's show—"

"God!" Ted staggered toward the door. "I'll kill that man," he said. "I'll kill him!"

The elevator men in the lobby of the Allegheny later declared that Ted had "come rushing in like a streak" and "like an engine runnin' wild with a full head of steam on."

He had tried to get into the elevator that ran to the roof, and one of Carozzo's roughnecks had tapped him on the back of the head with a blackjack. Ted fell, and almost before he realized it he was being led out of the building by a policeman.

"Easy does it," the policeman was saying. He had a queer hold on the sleeve of Ted's coat. Ted could easily have broken that hold, and probably would have done so had not the holder worn the uniform of the police. Ted had a profound respect for the law.

Even without that hold, he knew, the policeman could have taken him easily.

He was under arrest! He was helpless, going away from the girl he loved—the girl who needed him so.

"Officer," he began, "please let me go. I must get up to The Corsairs. I must! It's—it's a matter of life and death to me."

He stopped, but the policeman dragged him on with that gentle hold.

"You can tell it to the lieutenant at the station house, me lad," he said.

Disconsolately Ted walked on. He would tell the lieutenant how much he loved Molly, would describe to him the danger she faced. Maybe the lieutenant would let him go back to the Allegheny. Maybe those men would let him go up to the roof. He had plenty of money. If they wouldn't be bribed— He shoved his free hand in his pocket.

It closed on the butt of a revolver!

"Framed!" he thought. "One of those men put that gun there, so it would be found on me. How many years in jail can they give me for that?"

Carozzo was not only making love to Molly, but he was trying to frame the only man who could save her from him! Ted saw the plot now. Carozzo knew he would come back. He had baited a trap for him, and Ted had walked into it. He had rushed into it—and here he was, going to jail.

And Molly? How many years before he would see her again?

He jerked his arm free. He tripped the policeman. He ran toward the Allegheny Building. He heard a shot. He darted into the building across the street from the Allegheny. He recognized it as the building Mr. Blum was "running up." He remembered Mr. Blum's saying something about a bridge between this building and the Allegheny roof.

He wouldn't have to go up in the Allegheny elevator at all. He would go up this one, and cross over on the bridge! He would walk up all the steps in the world if he had to, cross all the bridges there were, no matter how high they were. Heights? What were heights now?

A man stopped him—an old man. The watchman, Ted realized. Ted eluded him, passed him, found a stairway, and started up.

His head ached from the blow of the billy, but he didn't mind. He felt strong. He felt a fierce gladness. He would climb. He had a gun. Thank God, he had a gun; and he would use it to kill Carozzo.

III

SOME few flights below him, the policeman, Officer Patrick Kelly, was talking to the watchman.

"Did a big guy come in here a minute ago?" he asked.

"Did he? The wind of him near knocked me over. He went up the steps."

Kelly groaned.

"How many floors up must I chase that bletherin' billy goat?" he asked.

"She's sixty-one stories now," the watchman said with not a little pride. "Going to be eighty 'fore she's done. Tallest in the world."

"Is there an elevator?"

"An elevator? Tush, tush! How could they put in elevators when the shafts ain't done yet? They's steps up nineteen floors, and mind you don't break your shins on them. And then it's ladders all the rest of the way. It's worth your life to go up there a night like this. What's the poor felly done? Murder?"

"Murder? Sure, he must be wanted for murder in some jerkwater town to run from me like that—taking chances with a bullet. Sure, I thought it was only a drunk and disorderly it was, and a matter of putting up a cash bail with the lieutenant, and a few minutes' polite conversation with the boys in the back room, and I'm taking him easy, when what does he do but trip me up and skedaddle like a bletherin' goat!"

"Leave him alone, Pat, and he'll freeze to death up there, if he doesn't fall and break his neck."

"Leave him trip me up and get away, is it? Out of me path, O'Leary. There never was a Kelly yet afraid of any skyscraper in the world. And, if you get a chance, drop a word to the sergeant, so he won't be worried about me health."

Ted Morehouse stopped climbing only when he came to the top of the stairs. He stepped on to a cement floor, and saw about him nothing but great steel girders. He could look up through them, far up. White girders, they were, rimed with snow and sleet.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE MURDERS ON THE ROOF
Continued from page seventy-one]

The wind shrieked at him, jeered at him, taunted him; and he knew he was afraid. He was afraid; but he was going up—up to the top and across the bridge.

He stumbled over a plank half buried in the snow. He fell against a girder. But he was up again in a moment. He had found the ladder to the twentieth floor. He was climbing it. It wasn't so hard—at first.

The lashing of the wind tore tears out of his eyes, tears that began to freeze as they trickled down his cheeks. His gloves were wet. His coat grew heavier and heavier. But he went up, and up, and up.

The ladders shook, and the lights far down below winked maliciously; but Ted's hands caught the rungs of the ladders, one after the other, clung to them tightly, pulled up his body. Right hand, right foot, left hand, left foot—up, up, up!

Every little distance up he found a boarded-over floor where he could rest for a moment and wipe the frozen tears off his face and dig the snow out of his ears. The planks threatened to give way beneath him. They sagged with his weight. They were uneven, and sometimes tripped him. But they were planks, substantial. He could sit on them, and hold on to a girder, and breathe deep, and take courage and strength for the new spurt.

And as steadily as Ted climbed, Kelly climbed. He came easily, going more quickly up the ladders, but taking longer periods of rest. His hands gripped not the rungs of the ladders but the sides. And he kept talking to himself:

"Imagine me romping all over a skyscraper in the dead of night—me, that should be down on me quiet beat, or home in me nice, warm bed! Gettin' me hands all cut and me shins all barked—and maybe pneumony in the bargain. If I wasn't a Kelly I'd let him climb straight up to hell itself."

TED shed his coat when he reached the planks that marked the forty-eighth floor. It was too heavy. It was dragging him down, he felt; it was hindering the movement of his legs.

He threw it down—watched the wind catch it and bear it away.

The coat sailed out and down, sailed in and down, fell on the policeman, covered him, almost unnerved him.

"Mother of God!" he said. "'Tis a ghost!"

He fought it with one hand, until he realized it was only a coat.

"Might as well throw me off as scare me to death," he said. "Ah, wait till I get me hands on that one!"

And he went up a little faster than he had before—which only meant that he had to rest a little longer.

A few floors more, and Ted threw away his wet, torn gloves, and tore away his collar so he could breathe.

He was more confident now. He believed he had conquered his fear. He felt himself strong enough to climb all the rest of the night, if he had to.

The work of climbing generated heat in him that combated the cold of the wind and the snow, except in his hands and his feet. His hands were growing numb. His feet seemed turning to ice.

He didn't mind so much, now, the swaying of the ladders, nor the lights so far beneath him. The ladders were lashed securely to the top and bottom girders, lashed with heavy rope. They swayed, but they couldn't come loose. As long as one had something to hold on to, Ted told himself, one had nothing to fear. Your icy feet would slip on the icy rungs, but your bare hands would hold on, keep holding on. You couldn't fall—you need not fear. Up, up, up!

So he came to the ladder that had broken away from the rope that had held it to the bottom girder. So he came to the greatest peril of his life, and the cruelest test of his manhood.

HE heard a shot. He darted into the building across the street from the Allegheny.

It was between the fifty-sixth and fifty-seventh stories, this ladder—this loose ladder that he must climb, this ladder that swung like a frightful pendulum between heaven and earth. It swung out over the street. It swung back, banging against the steelwork. It swung out again with the next contrary wind, out and up, to bang against the girder above.

The sight almost unmanned Ted. He felt sick. He felt that the building itself was swinging like that crazy, wild ladder. He wrapped both arms around the nearest upright, and he wanted to scream with fear.

He could not go up save by that ladder; and he must go up—he must!

He watched it for a long time, ashamed, desperate; and then he stood erect and lifted his face up to the storming heavens and cried aloud:

"I'm a damned coward, but I'm going up!"

He caught the ladder and held it, fighting the wind that would tear it out of his hands, held it, mounted it, started to climb it. The wind pounced on him merrily, swung him out—over the street.

He looked down. His foot slipped. He thought he was going to fall into that terrible abyss. He closed his eyes, held his breath, clung to the rungs until his fingers hurt. If the rope holding this frail bit of wood to the top girder should fray—if his hands should slip—

The ladder swung back. He went up another rung, another, another—and now that he knew the wind couldn't swing him out over the street again, he felt suddenly weak and limp—and happy.

"I'm all right now—Molly," he said. "The wind is blowing me to you this time." And he laughed and climbed to the top—the boarded-

over floor that was a story higher than the Allegheny roof—and lay there panting, done with fear forever.

IV

OFFICER KELLY arrived at the fifty-sixth floor in due time. The ladder was still swinging. He flashed his light everywhere. There was no sign of Ted, save his footprints on a crossbeam and the marks of his arms on an upright girder.

"Be still," the policeman shouted to the ladder. "Isn't it enough to make a poor cop come up here in the bitter cold, with his feet slipping on the icy ladders, without giving him a dirty swing to climb as well? He did it, that bletherin' monkey. How he did it, the divil knows; but who else would do it? And what'll me sergeant say, the dirty Swede? 'Off post again,' he'll say."

He caught the ladder, held the bottom rung in his left hand—though it pulled like a frightened steed to get away—and fished out his handcuffs. He snapped a bracelet on the rung—though it almost cost him his life—and fastened the other on the strand of rope remaining on the girder.

"Now let's see you break away," he said.

The ladder tugged, but the gyves held it. Kelly went up quickly.

"My only pair of come-alongs!" he mourned. "Well, I won't need them with that one. He'll lie still when I'm done. And someone else can bring him down."

He went cautiously up the last ladder, feeling for his gun. It was awkward, trying to get the revolver out of its hiding place and trying to climb too. But when he reached the top the gun was in his right hand and the flashlight in his left. Only his feet kept him on the ladder; but he had no fear of falling.

He flashed the light, and a voice in back of him said quietly:

"Drop the gun, officer."

Kelly dropped the gun. It must have fallen in the snow on a boarded-over floor below, for it made no sound. Ted waited to hear it clink against steel. He heard nothing. He fancied the weapon was falling down to the street, a harrowing distance. For a moment the old fear clutched him and then he laughed.

"That's right—laugh," said Kelly in an injured tone. "Bring me up here, clean off the world, and laugh at me!"

He flashed his light on Ted.

"AND you without your fine fur coat, freezin' to death, when you might be snug and cozy in a nice, clean, warm jail. Ah, if I knew you had that gun on you, me fine friend, you'd never got away from me. I'd have shot to kill. What are you doing up here? Ain't you the lunytic, now?"

"Yes, maybe I am a lunatic," Ted said. "I came up here to cross a bridge and kill a man. And there isn't any bridge. Look—they've only started it."

"To kill a man? What man?"

"Carozzo!"

"Well"—and Kelly laughed a little—"I don't know anyone needs killing so much; but you'll not kill him tonight, or any other night."

Ted put his weapon inside his dress coat.

"Officer," he said, "I've got to tell you the whole story because I need your help."

"That's good," said Kelly. "Now I'll tell one."

"Please listen!" Ted shouted.

It was necessary to shout sometimes because of the wind. It was necessary to draw close to the policeman. It was necessary, Ted knew, to be absolutely frank with him. So he told him swiftly about Molly Sommers and her father; about her coming to New York; the reason for her being in the roof garden cabaret; and the peril that now confronted her. Kelly did not interrupt him, though at times he flashed the light on Ted's face to see if he was really in earnest.

Two men sitting on top of a white steel world, in the snow and the wind and the icy rain; two tired, bruised, and freezing men, talking—rather, shouting—of love and murder and a woman's danger; two animated snowmen, one sworn to uphold the law, the other self-sworn to break it—was it strange, in such circumstances, that

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE MURDERS ON THE ROOF
Continued from page seventy-three]

one should find on him a full pint bottle of liquor and pass it to the other? Was it strange that these two men should become firm friends over the bottle and the story? Was it strange that the policeman should agree to help the man he had come to arrest?

It seemed the only natural outcome to each of them.

"Eileen Drew!" said Kelly. "Aye, I know her. That sweet she is and innocent she might be my own Mary. And her the daughter of Anthony Sommers! Ah, there was a gentleman, drunk or sober. I always knew that he was framed."

The bottle passed again and again.

"Carozzo! He ought to be murdhered in cowld blood!" Kelly's brogue came out with the warmth of the whisky. "The dirty foul beast o' the divil. But I mean it, lad, when I say I'll not let you do murdher this night."

Ted went on with his story, telling now how he had wakened in Platt's suite, and how he had seen Sommers.

"Platt?" said Kelly. The name warmed him more than the liquor. "Oh, well, if you're a friend of Geoffrey Platt's, that's different. Don't be afraid of anything at all. Sure, here in New York it isn't so much 'What have you got?' or 'Who may you be?' But it's 'Who do you know?' that counts.

"Sure, Geoffrey Platt is that close to the commissioner he might be his brother—only more friendly, of course. And his pull wid the district attorney!

"But mind ye now, lad, if ye kill this ould divil I had no part in it! And if you leave the gun be his fat carcass, d'y' see, nobody can prove it wasn't his own. And I'll swear you were up on the building with me all the time. Oh, if you know Geoffrey Platt, son, you can have lunch wid Jimmy Walker."

"Thanks!" said the shivering Ted.

KELLY handed him the bottle again.

"Finish it," he said. "You need it more nor I. Well, glory be—who'd think it? Here I am, like a flagpole sitter, aidin' and abettin' the crime o' murdher. I had hell's own work climbing up here to put ye undher arrest for assault and battery, dhrunk and disorderly, disturbin' the peace, resistin' an officer, attemptin' escape, entherin' a skyscraper in the night wid felonious intent, carryin' concealed weapons, makin' threats, and desthroyin' a laddher.

"And I'm plotting murdher, breakin' the prohibition law, connivin' at the escape of a prisoner, dhrinkin' on duty, desertin' me post, and settin' a bad example to the young. Well, leave us go down now, and I'll see that you go up in the Allegheny elevator, and be damned to them all."

"No; I've got another plan," said Ted.

He stood up, stamped his feet, rubbed his numbed hands.

There was a derrick on the roof, and piles of snow-covered girders. It would be comparatively easy, he pointed out, to hoist a long girder out over the space between the two buildings and to use it for a bridge.

"They've started the bridge from this building," he said, "and possibly from the Allegheny side also."

"How did you know the derrick was up here?" the policeman asked.

"I didn't," said Ted. "I thought the bridge had been completed. You can imagine how I felt when I saw it had only been started. Well, will you help me?"

"Will I? Sure, who could go to hell for a better reason?"

He began to clear the snow off a long I-beam.

It took time to fasten the boom cable about the beam, and to swing it out into the space between the two buildings. Their stiff fingers were bleeding and bruised before they had even fastened the cable. Then they hunted for the bullstick needed to turn the derrick. It was Kelly who thought of that.

"You put the stick in a socket," he explained, "and then walk in a circle, for all the world like a spavined horse in a merry-go-round. Manny's the time I watched them do it. You walk around in a circle, and the derrick boom thravels wid you, d'y' see?—wid the girder hangin' from the cable. And when the girder gets above the place you want it, you stop and take out the stick. And there you are."

Kelly found the bullstick, and walked around the derrick. Ted stood, holding to a girder at the very edge of the building, directing operations. The beam was swung over the gap, and lowered to the level of the sixtieth story.

It was too short.

"No," Ted said. "it can't possibly do. It's at least six feet from the bridge on this side—and about the same from the other side. If we could only make it firm on this side, I could jump from the other end of it on to the roof garden."

"Jump, is it? Jump six feet?"

"A SCHOOLGIRL could jump farther than that," said Ted. "Isn't there some way we can anchor that beam to the sixty-first floor?"

"Sure; but that would give you twelve feet to jump. Is it crazy you are?"

"Twelve feet—but it's down. I can make it if you can hold that beam steady some way."

"Lindbergh could do it," said Kelly. "But, then, he was half Irish, and he had a plane."

Kelly, with the aid of the derrick, raised the beam and swung it in. He attached another cable to the beam, hooking it in the loop of the boom cable, and wrapping it several times around the near half of the beam, and then around the outer crosspiece on the sixty-first floor.

"There," he said. "There's two feet or so of cable between the edge o' the roof and the end o' the beam. Do you get on, now, and hang on to the boom cable in the center. I'll shwing you out as far as I can. That'll give you a ten-foot jump. Not twelve feet, me lad—only ten."

"Ten feet, and a down jump," said Ted. "It's easy."

"Is it indeed? I wouldn't do it for all the money in the world. And you'd best take off your shoes—and you'd best walk out to the end o' the beam before you jump. Don't run. The beam's shlippery, and it's a long, long drop to Broadway."

Ted took off his shoes, his coat, his vest. He must not be hindered by his clothes.

"Stop there, me lad," Kelly commanded. "I may compound a felony, God forgive me, but indacent exposure I will not permit. Put on your vest. You'll need it. Are them socks silk or wool?"

"Woolen."

"Good. And good luck to you, Mr. Morehouse. 'Tis a fine gentleman you are, and may God make your bed in heaven—but not this night, amen! And remember what I said about the gun."

Ted took his place on the girder. Kelly moved him out, farther and farther from safety, nearer and nearer to the Allegheny. His eyes were on a level with the bungalow. Below him was nothing but the street, and a girder six inches wide.

The wire rope to which he clung seemed as thin and fragile as a string—and it swung!

Ted looked down. But he was not afraid now. He felt nothing save the desire to get to the Allegheny roof and take Molly from Carozzo. The revolver was in his trousers pocket. The lights in the roof garden bungalow crept near and nearer.

They stopped, and Ted knew that the beam had traveled as far as it could.

He looked back, and was surprised to see Kelly so clearly. The dawn had come. It was time for him to act. The Corsairs' show was nearly over.

He walked calmly out to the end of the beam. Slowly. Slowly. It quivered under him, but he didn't notice it. He poised himself a moment on the edge—and jumped.

Did Ted fall sixty-one stories, or did he land on the Allegheny roof? And if he landed safely, what fantastic adventure might await him? You'll learn next week.

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Cuba Libre!

A New FOR THE LOVE O' LIL

THE one white star in the Cuban flag winked like a witch's eye as it flapped above old Morro Castle in the hot March wind. The harbor glittered blue and gold, mottled waves hissed their ancient pirate legends to the rocks, and spires flashed above the gleaming red-tiled roofs of the city—the New World's Old World city of Havana!

"If you had short trousers and I had a high comb and a mantilla," Lil told Sandy as they promenaded on the Prado, "I'd feel exactly like a heroine in the opera!"

Taxis, wildly upholstered, sped past. Excited couples, swearing or wooing in Spanish, tête-à-têted under the trees. Gay awnings sloped from flower-boxed windows. Parrots and red-crested birds shook their tails and flirted from balconies. Rose-blotched fringed shawls beckoned from shop windows.

This week's cover picture.

"I think I bought eleven shawls," Lil was saying as Sandy hailed a taxi. "I've forgotten just how many. Did you give me two one-hundred-dollar bills or just one?" And she smiled as she visioned the riot of color tossed upon her hotel bed. Shawls, shawls, shawls. Red, pink, yellow, with cool silk fringe.

They whizzed through narrow-sidewalked streets. Would the curbs remove the car's hubs? Great banks. Meats, purpled by the sun, collecting flies. What was behind those closed shutters? Glimpses of patios through grilles. Blue walls, overheated women filling doorways. Would the low balconies dent Sandy's panama?

"Stop!" Lil suddenly yelled. "I see perfumes in that window. I want to get some gifts and save duty."

"Casabianca bandanna banana!" Sandy shouted. He had held his nose, to sound as foreign as possible.

"I hope all this perfume won't evaporate before Christmas," Lil said twenty minutes later.

Three delightful days in gay Havana! They visited cabarets, cathedrals, and Sloppy Joe. They got nervous at cockfights; watched jai-alai and learned how to pronounce it. They won $250 at roulette, lost $900 at the Oriental Race Track, watched hundreds of cigars being rolled, and puffed to the top of a sugar mill. Now, their last night, they must bid *adios* to this Spanish city of fairy lights and black, black shadows cast by old, old walls.

"Our final fling," Sandy hiccuped, "so don't keep track of my Daiquiri cocktails—you'll only get sore." He rubbernecked at a red-shawled dancer, a ravishing creature with come-hither looks.

"Silly," Lil giggled. "Don't keep track of mine. Look at that woman's thick ankles. If I had them, I'd hide them behind a counter, home at Flynn's."

"Don't insult her ankles," Sandy whispered. "Some gent may up an' stab me. D'you want to start a revolution an' get the U. S. to butt in like it did in 1898?" He puffed importantly upon his cigarette. That made two historic dates he knew. The other was 1492!

The rhythmic Argentine tango sent crisscross shivers through every guest. Feet tapped to the accented clap-clap-clap-clap of the clattering castanets. The Spanish dancer tossed her shawl to her partner and whirled gracefully toward Sandy in a great circle.

"Bold thing," Lil whispered, as the girl slowly lifted one artistic creamy shoulder. Poor Lil was enjoying her husband's back.

Cuba libre!

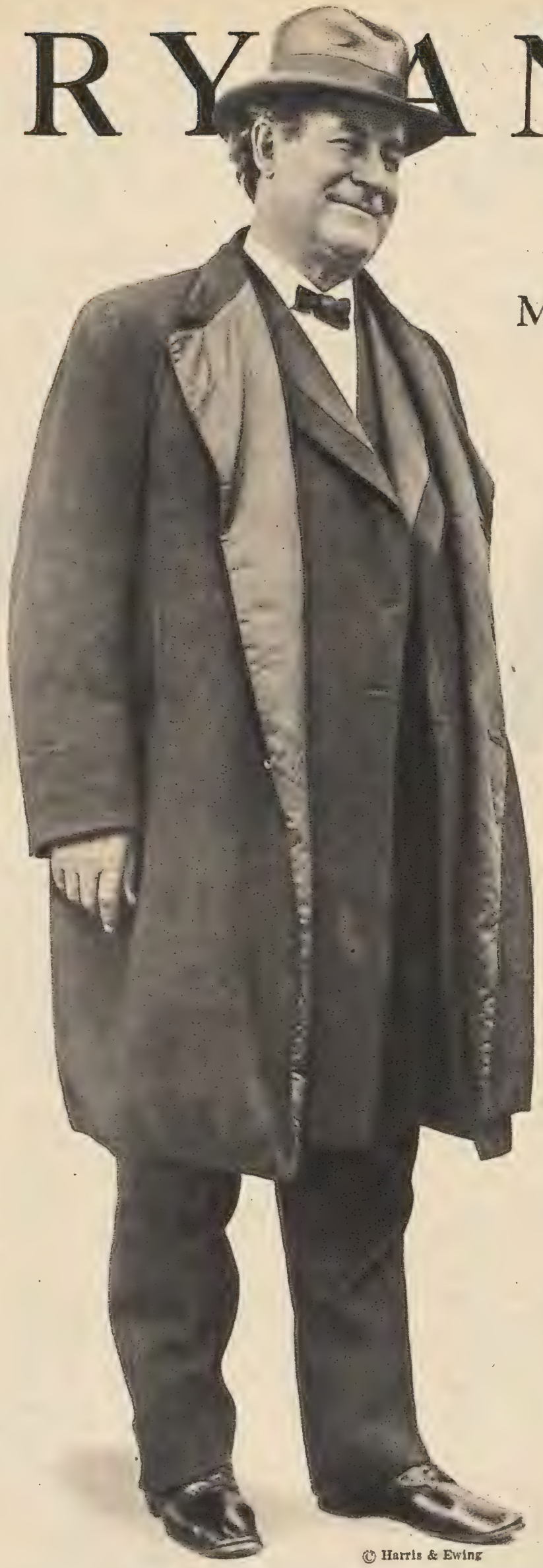
(Next week's cover adventure: Speeding North)

BRYAN

An American Phenomenon

By M. R. WERNER

(Author of Barnum, Tammany Hall, etc.)



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The Commoner as he looked two days before taking office as Secretary of State.

HAVING previously recounted Bryan's life down to and including his third run for President, last week Mr. Werner described the efforts made, toward 1912, to win him to the support of Woodrow Wilson. He then told how Bryan went to Baltimore noncommittal, and introduced a resolution opposing any candidate identified with "Morgan, Ryan, Belmont" and demanding the withdrawal of delegates who represented them. This caused a prolonged uproar.

PART EIGHT—WILSON REWARDS THE COMMONER

MEANWHILE, Bryan did a clever thing. Many Democrats who were not friends of Murphy, Morgan, Belmont, and Ryan objected to the second half of Bryan's resolution providing for the withdrawal of delegates representing those interests, for they maintained that they had been duly elected and were entitled to their seats. Bryan felt that many delegates would use this legitimate argument as an excuse for not voting for the first part of the resolution, denouncing Murphy, Morgan, Belmont, and Ryan, and therefore he withdrew the second part of it, and made his resolution pure denunciation without providing for the withdrawal of any delegates.

"I do not know how many in the convention," Bryan wrote, "understood what I had done; they were too excited to distinguish between the two paragraphs. When the roll was called, the tumult reached its height. A state would be called; its chairman would announce its full vote, 'aye.' Then half the delegation would jump to their feet and demand a poll, shaking their fists and shouting in violent language.

"I do not think that there were ever before so many people in one hall wildly excited and swearing at one another without someone being hurt. I heard afterward of delegates who were loudly expressing the hope that somebody would take me out and hang me. One delegate, whom I afterward aided to a high position, stated that he would give $25,000 to anybody who would kill me."

But the delegates did not dare vote against Bryan's general sentiment that the convention must not be controlled by Wall Street or "the privilege-hunting and favor-seeking class." The resolution was carried by more than four to one, and even New York voted for it. Someone told Bryan afterward that Murphy turned to Belmont and said: "August, listen and hear yourself vote yourself out of the convention."

After the passage of this resolution the delegates were showered with telegrams from their constituents approving Bryan's course. "When I was given credit for having exerted an influence in the convention," Bryan wrote, "I replied that I had simply turned the faucet and allowed public sentiment to flow in."

The next day, Friday, balloting began for candidates. Champ Clark had the most votes from the start, but not nearly enough to get the required two-thirds. Bryan tells us that he purposely remained away from the floor of the convention hall because he did not wish his great influence to be used against or for any of the

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[BRYAN
Continued from page seventy-seven]

candidates, except those he had bitterly opposed as the tools of Wall Street. The voting went on all day without much change, with Champ Clark and Wilson leading, and with Champ Clark in the majority.

On Saturday, June 29, Woodrow Wilson called his managers by telephone, according to Maurice Lyons, secretary to William F. McCombs. He had this message for Mr. Bryan, which Mr. Lyons and Mr. Vick delivered:

It has become known that the present deadlock is being maintained for the purpose of enabling New York, a delegation controlled by a single group of men, to determine the nominee and thus bind the candidate to them. In these circumstances it is the imperative duty of each candidate for the nomination to see to it that his own independence is beyond question. I can see no other way to do this than to declare that he will not accept the nomination if it cannot be secured without the aid of that delegation. For myself I have no hesitation in making that declaration. The freedom of the party and its candidate and the security of the government against private control constitutes the supreme consideration.

WOODROW WILSON.

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Bryan in fighting mood at Baltimore, the day he introduced his resolution.

John T. McCutcheon in the Chicago Tribune, July 3, 1912

A cartoon expressive of the widespread approval of his victorious assault upon "Morgan, Ryan, Belmont," and Tammany leader Murphy.

Then Mr. Wilson asked that Mr. Bryan be informed: "The only reason the governor does not cause the publication of this statement is because, his vote in the convention having stood still, he [the governor] would regard it as a reflection on himself because his position of independence is so well known."

This message was received while the thirteenth ballot was being taken. Bryan was in the room of the resolutions committee. He heard an uproar on the floor of the convention and went out to learn what was happening. New York, with its ninety delegates voting as Tammany Hall leader Charles F. Murphy told them to vote, had just switched its support from Judge Harmon to Champ Clark. This caused a great demonstration, and while the cheering was going on, Bryan took his seat with his Nebraska delegation, and he never left the hall again until the sessions adjourned, not even for food. His brother brought him sandwiches, and an assistant sergeant at arms brought him water. When Nebraska was called, a delegate requested that Nebraska be passed for the moment.

When the convention roll was being called for the fourteenth ballot, Bryan arose when Nebraska was called. William Sulzer of New York, who was presiding temporarily, demanded to know what the gentleman from Nebraska wanted. The gentleman from Nebraska wanted to explain his vote. An attempt was made to declare him out of order, and there were howls of protest and approval from delegates. Mr. Bryan began to say: "As long as Mr. Ryan's agent—as long as New York's ninety votes are recorded for Mr. Clark, I withhold my vote from him and cast it—" Whereupon he was howled down. Senator Stone arose and asked that the delegates hear with patience the distinguished delegate from Nebraska. Unanimous consent was then voted to Bryan to speak.

BRYAN went on to explain that his delegation, which had been instructed in Nebraska to vote for Clark, was divided, and since a poll was demanded, he wished to explain his own personal reasons for his vote, and he assured the delegates, "When I speak for myself I speak for some others in this hall, and I am sure for a still larger number outside of this hall. [Applause.] . . . I anticipated that this necessity would arise sometime during the day," he said, "and in anticipation I wrote out what I desire to submit. It will take me only a moment to read it, as I prefer that there shall be no mistake in the reporting and transcribing of it."

He then repeated that the nominee of this convention must be a progressive Democrat. Then he came to the momentous point of his statement:

"By your resolution, adopted night before last, you, by a vote of more than four to one, pledged the country that you would nominate for the Presidency no man who represented or was obligated to Morgan, Ryan, Belmont, or any other member of the privilege-seeking, favor-hunting class. This pledge, if kept, will have more influence on the result of the election than the platform or the name of the candidate. How can that pledge be made effective? There is but one way, namely, to nominate a candidate who is under no obligation to those whom these influences directly or indirectly control.

"The vote of the state of New York in this convention, as cast under the unit rule, does not represent the intelligence, the virtue, the Democracy, or the patriotism of the ninety men who are here. It represents the will of one man—Charles F. Murphy—and he represents the influences that dominated the Republican convention at Chicago and are trying to dominate this convention. [Applause.]

"If we nominate a candidate under conditions that enable these influences to say to our candidate, 'Remember now thy creator,' we cannot hope to appeal to the confidence of the progressive Democrats and Republicans of the nation. Nebraska, or that portion of the delegation for which I am authorized to speak, is not willing to participate in the nomination of any man who is will-

ing to violate the resolution adopted by this convention, and to accept the high honor of the Presidential nomination at the hands of Mr. Murphy. [Applause.]

"When we were instructed for Mr. Clark, the Democratic voters who instructed us did so with the distinct understanding that Mr. Clark stood for progressive Democracy. [Applause.] Mr. Clark's representatives . . . contended that Mr. Clark was more progressive than Mr. Wilson, and indignantly denied that there was any coöperation between Mr. Clark and the reactionary element of the party.

"Upon no other condition could Mr. Clark have received a plurality of the Democratic vote of Nebraska. The thirteen delegates for whom I speak stand ready to carry out the instructions given in the spirit in which they were given, and upon the conditions under which they were given [applause]; but some of these delegates . . . will not participate in the nomination of any man whose nomination depends upon the vote of the New York delegation. [Applause.]

"Speaking for myself, and for any of the delegation who may decide to join me, I shall withhold my vote from Mr. Clark as long as New York's vote is recorded for him. [Applause.] And the position that I take in regard to Mr. Clark I will take in regard to any other candidate. . . . I shall not be a party to the nomination of any man . . . who will not, when elected, be absolutely free to carry out the anti-Morgan-Ryan-Belmont resolution, and make his administration reflect the wishes and the hopes of those who believe in a government of the people, by the people, and for the people. [Applause.]

"If we nominate a candidate who is under no obligation to these interests which speak through Mr. Murphy, I shall offer a resolution authorizing and directing the Presidential candidate to select a campaign committee to manage the campaign, in order that he may not be compelled to suffer the humiliation and act under the embarrassment that I have, in having men participate in the management of his campaign who have no sympathy with the party's aims, and in whose Democracy the general public has no confidence.

"Having explained the position taken by myself and those in the delegation who view the subject from the same standpoint, I will now announce my vote."

HERE Bryan was interrupted by terrific noise. As he said, "I will announce my vote," a powerful voice from North Carolina shouted, "For God's sake, do!" Some of the delegates demanded permission to ask Bryan questions, and he expressed his willingness to answer. One delegate shouted at him, "Are you a Democrat?" This made Bryan angry, and he answered:

"My Democracy has been certified to by six and a half million Democrats; but I will ask the secretary to enter on the record one dissenting vote, if the gentleman will give me his name. Some gentleman asked me if I was a Democrat, and I would like to have his name, that I may put it by the side of Ryan and Belmont, who were not Democrats when I was a candidate for the Presidency. [Applause.]"

After some more arguments between Bryan and delegates, he said: "Now I am prepared to announce my vote, unless again interrupted. With the understanding that I shall stand ready to withdraw my vote from the one for whom I am going to cast it, whenever New York casts her vote for him, I cast my vote for Nebraska's second choice, Governor Wilson." There was great applause.

Then Bryan was attacked in speeches by several delegates, and the most effective attack came from John B. Stanchfield of New York, who defended the reputation of the delegates of New York and declared: "We say to that money-grabbing, selfish, office-seeking, favor-hunting, publicity-loving marplot from Nebraska that if the ninety delegates from New York, who are of the character I have described, are within the control and power of one man, they are moved by wires of tremendous human voltage." Then Mr. Stanchfield said openly what many were believing but not saying:

"Colonel Bryan never intended to support the candidate of this convention unless that candidate should be Bryan himself. [Applause.] We have heard for months gone by that Colonel Bryan, by his voice and influence, was supporting Woodrow Wilson in one place; that he was supporting Champ Clark in another; that he was combating Harmon here and Underwood there—all of the time desiring and intending, in pursuit of his own selfish ends, to produce a deadlock in the convention, in order that he might be the recipient of the fruits of the controversy and the discord so engendered." Mr. Stanchfield ended his speech with this statement: "So far as I am personally concerned, I have said what I desired in explanation of my personal vote, and it is cast for Woodrow Wilson of New Jersey. [Applause.]"

International photo

Wilson as President-elect with Colonel House in 1913, at the time when they were discussing what to do with, and for, Mr. Bryan.

ONE of those most convinced of Mr. Stanchfield's charge was Wilson's manager, McCombs. Clark had about one-half the votes of the convention when Bryan switched his vote from Clark to Wilson, and Wilson needed more than 100 votes for a majority. By Bryan's switch of his support, and thereby the support of the delegates who were under his influence or in his favor, Wilson and Clark were made about even. It was this condition that McCombs said Bryan was planning, and he wrote in his memoirs that he had reports that this would be Bryan's purpose months before the convention assembled. Bryan expected, so those who held this theory claimed, that a deadlock which could not be broken would follow, and then the convention would be compelled to nominate Bryan.

After Bryan changed his support to Wilson telegrams came in from all over the country urging delegates to support Wilson. Soon after Bryan's speech the convention adjourned from Saturday to Monday. Going up in the elevator of his hotel Bryan rode with some newspaper men and cartoonists. "Well, boys, I put it over, didn't I? I put it over?" he insisted eagerly.

Champ Clark hurried from Washington to Baltimore for the purpose of answering Bryan, but when he arrived the convention had already adjourned. It was his contention that one of Bryan's henchmen saw Clark leave for Baltimore, and informed the anti-Clark forces that Clark was on his way to denounce Bryan before the convention, and that thereupon the Wilson managers secured the adjournment until Monday. Clark had to content himself with a newspaper statement and statements in his memoirs.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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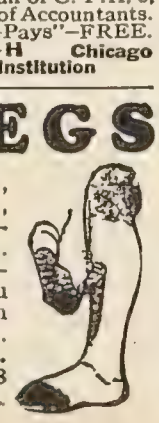

[BRYAN
Continued from page seventy-nine]

But meanwhile, both his supporters and other politicians were determined that Bryan should not succeed in creating a deadlock and making his own nomination possible. They preferred to support Wilson rather than bring about what they would have regarded as such an enormous calamity.

Saturday night, the night of Bryan's dramatic speech in the convention announcing his change from Clark to Wilson, there was much political jockeying going on in the Baltimore hotels. McCombs reported this incident in his memoirs:

At this stage Mr. Bryan was permitted among us by his speech for Wilson, although he had delivered only eighteen votes. We had had about as much of Bryanism as the convention could endure.

Nevertheless, about midnight, Mr. Bryan's brother Charles came to my room, which was at the other end of the hall from Mr. Bryan's room, and asked if I would have a talk with Mr. Bryan. I said, "Of course!" . . .

Friends who were in Mr. Bryan's room disappeared instantly. We were alone. He was standing in a corner, with his side face to me. His appearance was very grim. His mouth looked like a mouth that has been created by a slit of a razor. He was clad in a brown undershirt, baggy black trousers, and a pair of carpet slippers. His hair was ruffled.

Mr. Bryan turned to me and, greeting me briskly, said:

"McCombs, *you* know that Wilson cannot be nominated. *I* know that Clark cannot be nominated. You must turn your forces to a progressive Democrat like me," placing a forefinger vigorously on his chest.

I replied with great moderation, because I did not want him to have a chance to break out again:

"Mr. Bryan, you have been in national politics longer than I have; but Mr. Wilson has entrusted me with the management of his campaign in Baltimore. I told him before I left Sea Girt that I would rise or fall with his fortunes. We have not fallen!" and I rapidly left the room.

Mr. Bryan was in a rage. I had secured the true Bryan position, which I had suspected since in March of 1912; namely, to create an equal Wilson and Clark strength, break through the middle and get the nomination.

In the little book which Mr. McCombs' secretary, Mr. Lyons, wrote, there is this passage: "Let me in all fairness and with all kindness deny the statement in Mr. McCombs' biography that he had any interview with Mr. Bryan in the Emerson Hotel that night in which Colonel Bryan suggested himself as the only logical candidate and that Governor Wilson's cause be deserted, because he (McCombs) was not there."

Whether Mr. McCombs was imagining what he feared most, or whether Mr. Lyons was mistaken, it is impossible to determine, but it is a fact that when he compiled his memoirs, with the aid of Louis Jay Lang, McCombs was both very ill and deeply hurt. He had slaved to make Woodrow Wilson President, and he himself had wanted to be Secretary of the Treasury. His statements concerning various people are obviously erroneous, and those about Bryan may also be inaccurate.

On Sunday morning Governor and Mrs. Wilson went to church in Trenton, New Jersey, and when they came out, Wilson, it is said, remarked to ex-Governor Fort: "Bryan tells me I should withdraw, and McCombs also advises that. What do you think?" Wilson added: "Mrs. Wilson thinks I should stay in. She says I've nothing to lose." Governor Fort agreed with Mrs. Wilson. Wilson laughed and said: "Well, I believe I shall."*

McCombs, however, in his memoirs, maintained that Wilson called him on the telephone and requested him to withdraw his name at a crucial period in the convention fight. Others have maintained that it was McCombs who became panicky.

THE feeling that Bryan was trying to force his own candidacy helped Wilson a great deal, and Roger Sullivan, boss of the Illinois delegation, was among those who made up their minds that anything, even Woodrow Wilson, was preferable to Bryan again. Meanwhile there was an agonizing deadlock, during which Wilson was gaining votes slowly but surely.

After the thirty-third ballot had been taken, Champ Clark's Missouri delegation took out a huge banner on which in red letters were printed these words: "I have known Champ Clark for twenty years. He is absolutely incorruptible, and his life is above reproach. Never in all these years have I known him to be upon but one side of the question and that was the side that represented the people.—W. J. Bryan in 1910." The Missouri delegates turned this banner about so that various delegations could see it, and finally put it right under Mr. Bryan's nose. Bryan became enraged. The Missourians booed and hooted at him, but other delegates cheered for him, and policemen protected him. Bryan demanded the right to make another speech in answer to the question raised by the banner, but his demand was refused.

Brown Bros. photo

Champ Clark in 1912.

Wilson gained strength slowly, and finally on the forty-sixth ballot, on July 2, 1912, he was nominated for President. Champ Clark made the

* Woodrow Wilson, by William Allen White, pp. 257-8

statement: "I lost the nomination solely through the vile and malicious slanders of Colonel William Jennings Bryan of Nebraska. True, these slanders were by innuendo and insinuation, but they were no less deadly for that reason." In the evening an attempt was made to nominate Bryan for Vice-President, and he said:

"I recognize that a man who fights must carry scars, and long before this campaign commenced I decided that I had been in so many battles and had alienated so many, that my party ought to have the leadership of someone who had not thus offended, and who thus might lead with greater hope of victory. [Applause.]

"Tonight I come with joy to surrender into the hands of the one chosen by this convention a standard which I have carried in three campaigns, and I challenge my enemies to declare that it has ever been lowered in the face of the enemy. [Applause.]

"The same belief that led me to prefer another for the Presidency, rather than to be the candidate myself, leads me to prefer another rather than myself to be a candidate for the Vice-Presidency. It is not because the Vice-Presidency is lower in importance than the Presidency that I decline it. There is no office in this nation so low that I would not take it if I could serve my country by so doing. [Applause.]"

At the end of July Mrs. Bryan wrote to Colonel House from Fairview:

MY DEAR MR. HOUSE:

Just between us three, it was a remarkable fight. I was never so proud of Mr. Bryan—he managed so well. He threw the opponents into confusion; they could not keep from blundering and he outgeneraled them at every point. After all their careful planning, he wrested the power from their hands. Under the circumstances I am sure the nomination went to the best place and am entirely satisfied with the result. Will said all the time he did not think it was his time, and when we found the way things were set up we were sure of it.

The people through the country regard him as a hero—he is filling Chautauqua dates in larger crowds than he has ever had, and is perfectly well. . . . I am not telling you these things to boast, but because I know you are interested to know how he is getting on since he has been "buried" again.

As to the possibilities in case of Democratic success, I am not sure what he would do. I know he dislikes routine work exceedingly, but believe he would do anything to help the cause. . . .

In an article on the conventions of 1912 Bryan made this generalization: "Nothing is more likely to be overestimated in politics than that peculiar quality known as personal popularity."

. . . . .

Woodrow Wilson was elected President after an extraordinary campaign in which Bryan helped out by his exceptional ability to make stirring speeches. The great question then became, what was to be done with, and for, Mr. Bryan. Even as early as the September before the election day, Wilson and his friend Colonel House had agreed that "it would be best to make him Secretary of State, in order to have him at Washington and in harmony with the administration, rather than outside and possibly in a critical attitude." "Mrs. Bryan's influence, too," wrote Colonel House, "would be valuable."

International photo

William F. McCombs.

BUT, in spite of the fact that he knew the importance of having Mr. Bryan's influence with him instead of against him in his legislative recommendations and executive acts, Mr. Wilson was reluctant to appoint Bryan to the head of his cabinet, for he also realized Mr. Bryan's limitations.

He discussed the difficulty with his friends, and Walter H. Page wrote to his friend Dr. E. A. Alderman, an eminent educator who was then recuperating from tuberculosis at Saranac Lake: "You are the only man I know who has time enough to think out a clear answer to this: 'What ought to be done with Bryan?' What *can* be done with Bryan? When you find the answer, telegraph me." And Colonel House noted in his diary: "Martin says Y. has a plan for disposing of Bryan. I answered that a lot of people were busy with such plans, but I thought Governor Wilson and Mr. Bryan would be able to manage the matter themselves."

McCombs was very much against offering Mr. Bryan the post of Secretary of State, and while the convention was still sitting in Baltimore he called Mr. Wilson on the telephone. Wilson's secretary, Tumulty, has described the scene at the Wilson end of the telephone:

I was seated just outside of the telephone booth. When the governor came out he told me of the talk he had had with McCombs, and that their principal discussion was the attempt by McCombs and his friends at Baltimore to exact from him a promise that in case of his nomination William Jennings Bryan should not be named for the post of Secretary of State; that a great deal in the way of delegates' votes from the eastern states depended upon his giving this promise. The governor then said to me, "I will not bargain for this office. It would be foolish for me at this time to decide upon a cabinet officer, and

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[BRYAN
Continued from page eighty-one]

it would be outrageous to eliminate anybody from consideration now, particularly Mr. Bryan, who has rendered such fine service to the party in all seasons."

Later in Washington, when Tumulty told this incident to Bryan—in telling it he gave the words of the Presidential candidate as "I told him to go to hell"—Bryan was touched. He went home and told Mrs. Bryan, and she recorded it in her diary, with the note: "I want it to go down in history and fear it may not be recorded elsewhere." Mrs. Bryan added: "When Will told me about this his eyes filled with tears and he could hardly control his voice. He said, 'Doesn't that show the man? Wasn't that fine?'"

After the election McCombs begged Wilson not to appoint Bryan to any position, for he maintained that Mr. Bryan "will, if appointed, seek to build up, out of patronage, a machine to plague you." But Wilson "laid stress upon the point that even if Bryan was out for mischief, he could accomplish less in the State than in any other department."

Mrs. Wilson, it has been said, was also against the appointment of Bryan as Secretary of State. Colonel House, however, was of the opinion that Mr. Bryan must be offered the post, and he thought that Mr. Wilson might suggest "that it would be of great service if he would go to Russia at this critical time." Twice again Mr. Wilson asked Colonel House for advice about Mr. Bryan. "It shows," noted Colonel House, "how distrustful he is of having Mr. Bryan in his cabinet." At one time they considered offering Bryan the post of Ambassador to the Court of St. James's, and Sir Almeric William Fitz-Roy has recorded that King George, when he heard of this intention, was "very much disturbed."

Brown Bros. photo

Bryan at a typical Chautauqua gathering.

FINALLY President-elect Wilson invited Mr. Bryan to visit Trenton, New Jersey, and he formally offered him the post of Secretary of State. Mr. Bryan was delighted, but there was one little thing he wanted to know from the President-elect before he accepted: Would it be necessary for him to serve intoxicating liquors at his table? Mr. Wilson thought that was a matter for Mr. Bryan to decide as he pleased. It was also understood between Mr. Wilson and Mr. Bryan that Mr. Bryan might be permitted to deliver a number of Chautauqua lectures each year. Those questions having been settled, Mr. Bryan accepted the appointment with pleasure.

Meanwhile Bryan left for Miami, Florida, where he was building a home. Colonel House visited him there in order to give him an opportunity to offer suggestions of other men who were to be invited into the cabinet, for it was not yet considered advisable to ignore Mr. Bryan's opinions. Colonel House found Mr. Bryan "in a delightful humor," and "as pleased with his new place as a child with a new toy. He is really a fine man, full of democratic simplicity, earnest, patriotic, and of a fervently religious nature. Mrs. Bryan is the 'salt of the earth.' She has all the poise and good common sense which is lacking in her distinguished husband."

Mr. Bryan was not at all dictatorial. "He is very earnest in his advice that a Catholic, and perhaps a Jew, be taken into the family," wrote Colonel House. But later Mr. Bryan "was much distressed when I told him that Governor Wilson had offered the Chinese mission to Dr. Charles W. Eliot. He thought it the poorest selection that could be made, for the reason that Eliot was a Unitarian and did not believe in the divinity of Christ, and the new Chinese civilization was founded upon the Christian movement there."

Mr. Bryan was very happy at his appointment to the highest office in the gift of the President, but many other people were not so pleased. The eastern newspapers were bitter in their criticism, as usual, and the most charitable of the editorial writers could only regret that Mr. Wilson was compelled by the exigencies of politics to appoint Mr. Bryan. One newspaper remarked, "President Wilson, instead of 'knocking Mr. Bryan into a cocked hat,' knocked him into a silk hat!"

"I WISH our descendants to know," wrote Mrs. Bryan concerning this remark, "that this was by no means the first silk hat in our family. When I first met Mr. Bryan when he was nineteen years old, he was wearing a silk hat as a college boy, and he has had one ever since."

Mr. Bryan's many admirers telegraphed and wrote their satisfaction with the appointment, and this offset somewhat such criticisms as that of the New York Sun: "With all his abilities and possibilities, the Hon. William J. Bryan is about as well fitted to be Secretary of State as a cherub to skate or a merman to play football."

After the appointment had been made public and the criticism had followed, Wilson sent Bryan this letter in his own handwriting:

23 Feb'y, 1913
Princeton, New Jersey.

MY DEAR MR. BRYAN:

How contemptible the efforts of the papers are, the last few days, to make trouble for us and between us, and how delightful it is—to me, as I hope it is to you—to know, all the while, how perfect an understanding exists between us! It has been to me, since I saw you, a constant source of strength and confidence.

I had nothing in particular to write to you about today. I have written these few lines merely by impulse from the heart.

Mrs. Wilson joins me in warmest messages to Mrs. Bryan and yourself.

Your sincere friend,
WOODROW WILSON.

Hon. Wm. J. Bryan.

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Next week Mr. Werner will deal with Bryan's service as Secretary of State, giving particular attention to its much-discussed features: the "grape juice luncheon," the Chautauqua lecturing, and the Bryan treaties, regarded by Bryan himself as his highest achievement.

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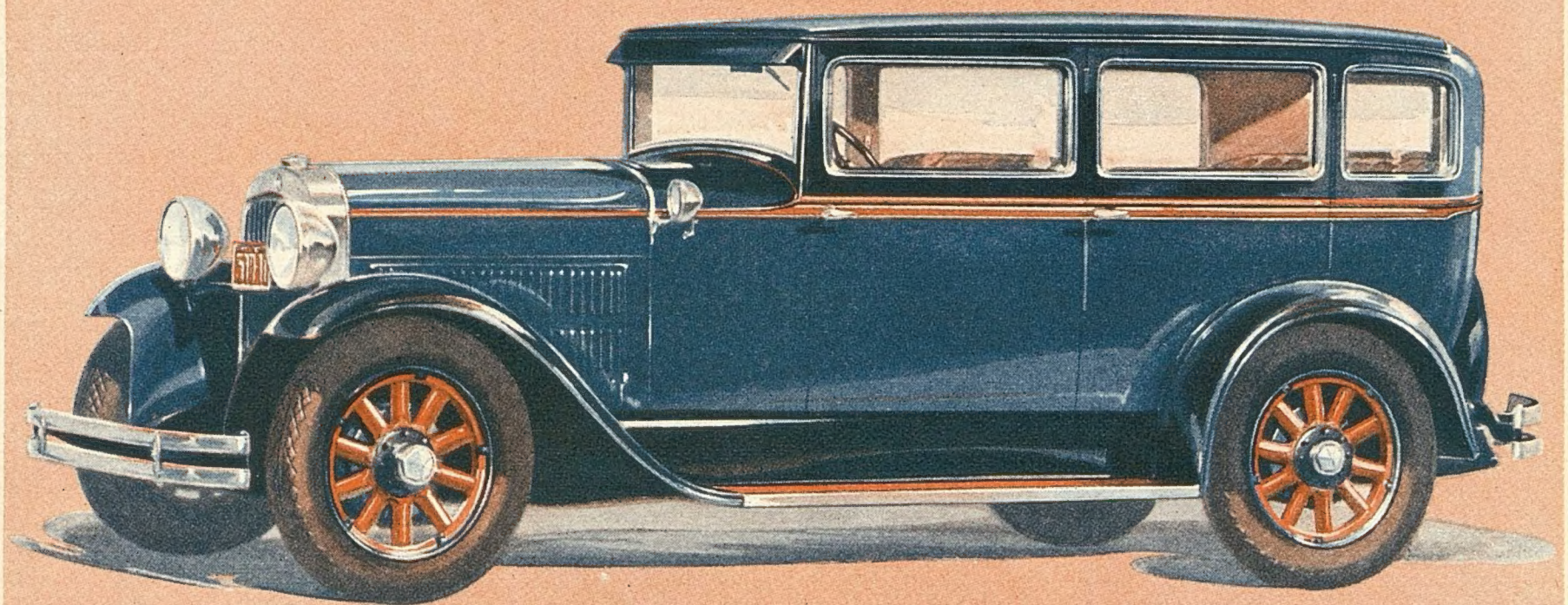

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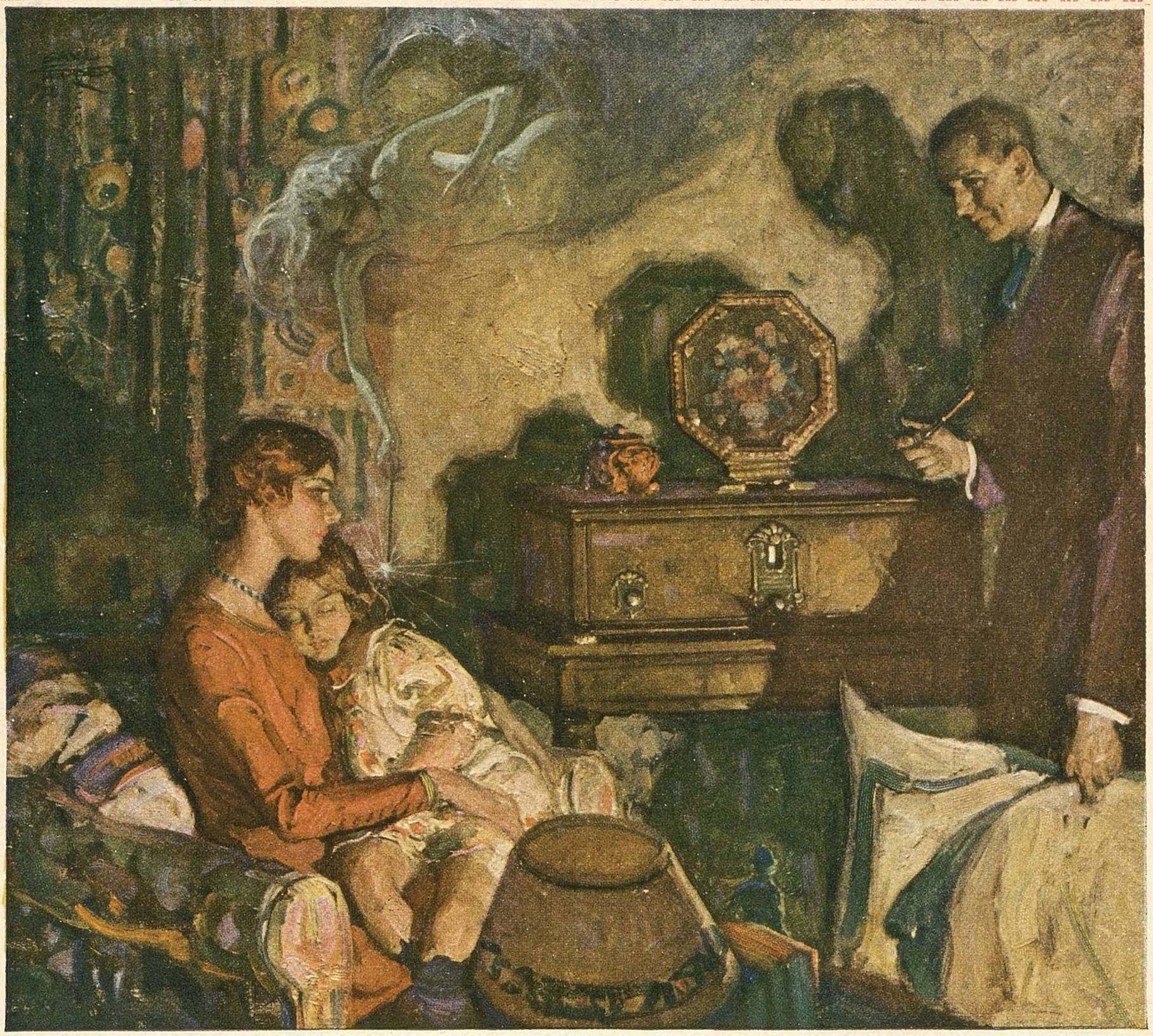

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